10 July 1982 US $1.95 (by air) 30p ISSN 0028 6362

Aus 70c NZ 80c Den Kr 10.75 Fr. NF 7.50 Ger Dm 4.50 Malaysia $2.25 Spn 175pts IR 46p (inc. VAT)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

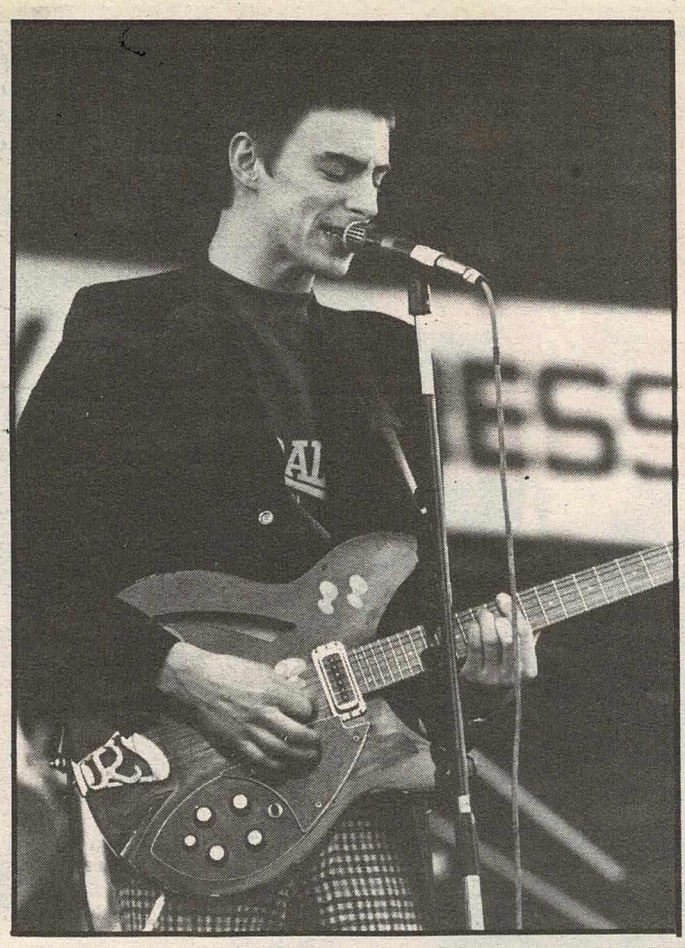
BANANARAMA
BENEATH THE SKIN

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE
MARC ALMOND'S CLUB GUIDE
ORNETTE COLEMAN
HAYSI FANTAYSEE
SLY 'N' ROBBIE
SUNNY ADE
AFRIKA BAMBAATA
CAT PEOPLE
THE WALL

Yes, we have three Bananaramas / Photo Anton Corbijn. Tinting by Yvette Anna.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	13	**HAPPY TALK**	**Captain Sensible (A&M)**	2	1
2	4	INSIDE OUT	Odyssey (RCA)	3	2
3	9	ABRACADABRA	The Steve Miller Band (Mercury/Phonogram)	3	3
4	23	MUSIC & LIGHT	Imagination (R&M)	2	4
5	1	I'VE NEVER BEEN TO ME	Charlene (Motown)	6	1
6	5	I'M A WONDERFUL THING (BABY)	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze/Island)	5	5
7	26	JUST WHO IS THE 5 O'CLOCK HERO	Jam (Polydor)	2	7
8	7	WORK THAT BODY	Diana Ross (Capitol)	5	7
9	16	NO REGRETS	Midge Ure (Chrysalis)	3	9
10	12	BEATLES MOVIE MEDLEY	The Beatles (Parlophone)	5	10
11	14	IKO IKO	Natasha (Towerbell)	3	11
12	2	TORCH	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	6	2
13	18	A NIGHT TO REMEMBER	Shalamar (Solar)	2	13
14	3	GOODY TWO SHOES	Adam (CBS)	8	1
15	15	HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF	Duran Duran (EMI)	8	4
16	8	AVALON	Roxy Music (EG)	3	8
17	27	NOW THOSE DAYS ARE GONE	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	2	17
18	30	MURPHY'S LAW	Cherie (Polydor)	2	18
19	(—)	FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK	AC/DC (Atlantic)	1	19
20	6	I WANT CANDY	Bow Wow Wow (RCA)	5	6
21	10	THE LOOK OF LOVE	ABC (Neutron / Phonogram)	8	4
22	11	DO I DO	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	5	11
23	17	LAS PALABRAS DE AMOR	Queen (EMI)	3	17
24	25	HEART (STOP BEATING IN TIME)	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	2	24
25	(—)	FAME	Irene Cara (RSO)	1	25
26	(—)	FREE BIRD	Lynyrd Skynyrd (MCA)	2	20
27	28	THE BACK OF LOVE	Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	6	20
28	(—)	SHY BOY	Bananarama (London)	1	28
29	19	WE TAKE MYSTERY	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	3	9
30	(—)	VIDEOTHEQUE	Dollar (WEA)	1	30



The Jam up 19 places — *Pic: Andre Csillag*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**AVALON**	**Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)**	6	1
2	18	LEXICON OF LOVE	ABC (Neutron)	2	2
3	3	COMPLETE MADNESS	Madness (Stiff)	11	1
4	2	STILL LIFE (American Concert '81)	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)	5	2
5	6	TROPICAL GANGSTERS	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Island)	6	5
6	4	NON-STOP EXOTIC DANCE	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	2	4
7	5	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	7	2
8	12	NIGHT BIRDS	Shakatak (Polydor)	8	6
9	7	THREE SIDES LIVE	Genesis (Charisma/Phonogram)	4	3
10	8	HOT SPACE	Queen (EMI)	8	2
11	11	THE CHANGELING	Toyah (Safari)	3	6
12	(—)	FABRIQUE	Fashion (Arista)	1	10
13	10	TUG OF WAR	Paul McCartney (EMI)	10	1
14	24	ABRACADABRA	The Steve Miller Band (Mercury/Phonogram)	3	14
15	29	TURBO TRAX	Various (K-Tel)	3	15
16	14	ORIGINAL MUSIQUARIUM	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	7	6
17	(—)	THE LOVE THAT WHIRLS	Bill Nelson (Mercury/Phonogram)	1	17
18	9	WINDSONG	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	4	9
19	(—)	ALL THE BEST COWBOYS HAVE CHINESE EYES	Pete Townshend (Atco)	1	19
20	(—)	PELICAN WEST	Haircut 100 (Arista)	18	1
21	17	ASIA	Asia (Geffen)	8	13
22	(—)	OVERLOAD	Various (Ronco)	1	22
23	15	CHARIOTS OF FIRE (Soundtrack)	Vangelis (Polydor)	27	6
24	(—)	ALL THE GREATEST HITS	Diana Ross (Motown)	1	24
25	(—)	THE CONCERT IN CENTRAL PARK	Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)	4	17
26	21	THE HUNTER	Blondie (Chrysalis)	6	8
27	(—)	THE EAGLE HAS LANDED	Saxon (Carrere)	5	8
28	(—)	COMBAT ROCK	Clash (CBS)	7	6
28	(—)	BODY TALK	Imagination (R&B)	9	12
30	24	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic)	36	9

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(6)	**Woman**	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
2	(1)	**Temptation**	New Order (Factory)
3	(2)	**The House That Men Built**	Conflict (Crass)
4	(3)	**17 Years Of Hell**	Partizans (No Future)
5	(4)	**Waiting For The Blackout**	Damned (Big Beat)
6	(12)	**Sick Boy**	GBH (Clay)
7	(—)	**The Big Bean**	Pigbag (Y)
8	(8)	**Total Noise EP**	Various (Total Noise)
9	(10)	**Farce**	Rudimentary Peni (Crass)
10	(7)	**Brave New World**	Toyah (Safari)
11	(21)	**Running Away/Time**	Paul Haig (Twilight)
12	(14)	**Night And Day**	Everything But The Girl (Cherry Red)
13	(13)	**Tearing Up The Plans**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
14	(5)	**Only You**	Yazoo (Mute)
15	(9)	**Faithless**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
16	(11)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
17	(—)	**Take No Prisoners**	Red Alert (No Future)
18	(19)	**View From Her Room**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
19	(22)	**I Don't Wanna Be A Victim**	The Varukers (Inferno)
20	(29)	**Angel Face**	Outcasts (Outcasts Only)
21	(—)	**Caged**	1919 (Red Rhino)
22	(23)	**I Think I Need Help**	Farmers Boys (Waap)
23	(15)	**Xo Yo**	Passage (Cherry Red)
24	(17)	**El Salvador**	Insane (No Future)
25	(—)	**Wild Sun**	999 (Albion)
26	(—)	**Loud, Political & Uncompromising E.P.**	Chaos U.K. (Riot City)
27	(24)	**The Warfare EP**	The System (Spider Leg)
28	(28)	**Nazi Punks Fuck Off**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
29	(27)	**Rosemary**	Dislocation Dance (New Hormones)
30	(—)	**IEYA**	Toyah (Safari)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(5)	**2 × 45**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
2	(2)	**Troops Of Tomorrow**	Exploited (Secret)
3	(1)	**We Are The League**	A.N. League (WXYZ)
4	(3)	**The Changeling**	Toyah (Safari)
5	(4)	**He Who Dares — Live**	Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
6	(7)	**Thermo Nuclear Sweat**	Defunkt (Hannibal)
7	(8)	**Degenerates**	Passage (Cherry Red)
8	(11)	**Greatest Hits**	Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)
9	(9)	**Riotous Assembly**	Various (Riot City)
10	(6)	**Wargasm**	Various (Pax)
11	(10)	**Hear Nothing, See Nothing**	Discharge (Clay)
12	(13)	**4th Drawer Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
13	(12)	**Scientist Wins The World Cup**	Scientist (Greensleeves)
14	(15)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive**	Pigbag (Y)
15	(28)	**Change Of Heart**	Positive Noise (Statik)
16	(18)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
17	(14)	**Two Bad DJ**	Eastwood and Saint (Greensleeves)
18	(—)	**Caution In The Wind**	Anti Pasti (Rondelet)
19	(16)	**Seven Songs**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
20	(17)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
21	(19)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
22	(27)	**The Good, The Bad And The 4-Skins**	4 Skins (Secret)
23	(30)	**Big Ship**	Freddie McGregor (G/Sleeves)
24	(—)	**Inflammable Material**	Stiff Little Fingers (R.Trade)
25	(21)	**Hex Enduction Hour**	Fall (Kamera)
26	(—)	**Still**	Joy Division (Factory)
27	(—)	**Blurt**	Blurt (Red Flame)
28	(—)	**Sky Skating**	Annette Peacock (Ironic)
29	(—)	**Those French Girls**	Those French Girls (Safari)
30	(24)	**Metal On Metal**	Anvil (Attic)

Compiled by NME from a nationwide survey of independent record shops.

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**Love In The Morning**	Leroy Sibbles (Gorgon)
2	**Assassinator**	Eek A Mouse (56 Hope Road)
3	**Ebony and Ivory**	Mighty Diamonds (Music Works)
4	**Come When Jah Call You**	Michigan & Smiley (Jah Guidance)
5	**Pain**	Brigadier Jerry (Jaryanza)
6	**Africa We Want To Go**	Norwells (TR Int)
7	**Take Heed**	Johnny Clarke (Crazy Joe)
8	**Declaration Of Rights**	Abbysinians (Clinch)
9	**African Queen**	Edi Fitzroy (Musical Ambassador)
10	**Jack Sprat**	Yellowman (Nura)
11	**Three Wicked Men**	Reggae George (56 Hope Road)
12	**In The Army**	Peter Metro & Zu Zu (Dynamite)
13	**Nice Up The Scene**	Leroy Smart (WW)
14	**Carry On Henry**	Jackie Edwards (Joe Gibbs)
15	**Love At First Sight**	Trevor & Joy (Hitbound)

LPs

1	**Operation Eradication (10")**	Yellowman (Pama)
2	**Big Ship**	Freddie McGregor (Greensleeves)
3	**Dub Duel**	General Bunny/Scientist (hawkeye)
4	**Love Has Found Its Way**	Dennis Brown (A&M)
5	**Dance Hall Style**	Horace Andy (Bullwachies)
6	**Never Stop Fighting**	Johnny Osbourne (Greensleeves)
7	**Tribute**	Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
8	**Chill Out**	Black Uhuru (Island)
9	**Across Red Sea**	Bim Sherman (On U Sound)
10	**SWALK**	Mikey Dread (DAM)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, W1

US SINGLES

1 **Don't You Want Me** — Human League (A&M/Virgin)
2 **Rosanna** — Toto (Columbia)
3 **Ebony & Ivory** — Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Columbia)
4 **Heat Of The Moment** — Asia (Geffen)
5 **Hurts So Good** — John Cougar (Polygram)
6 **Always On My Mind** — Willie Nelson (Columbia)
7 **Let It Whip** — Dazz Band (Motown)
8 **Love's Been A Little Bit Hard On Me** — Juice Newton (Capitol)
9 **Eye Of The Tiger** — Survivor (Epic)
10 **Caught Up In You** — 38 Special (A&M)

US LPs

1 **Asia** — Asia (Geffen)
2 **Tug Of War** — Paul McCartney (Columbia)
3 **Always On My Mind** — Willie Nelson (Columbia)
4 **Dare** — Human League (A&M/Virgin)
5 **Toto IV** — Toto Columbia)
6 **Still Life** — Rolling Stones (Atlantic)
7 **Diver Down** — Van Halen (Warner Bros)
8 **American Fool** — John Cougar (Polygram)
9 **Stevie Wonder's Original Musiquarium 1** — Stevie Wonder (Tamla)
10 **Get Lucky** — Loverboy (Columbia)

Courtesy Billboard

SPAIN

1 **Me Cole En Una Fiesta** — Mecano (CBS)
2 **Ebony & Ivory** — Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (EMI)
3 **Me Estoy Volviedo Loco** — Azui & Negro (Fonogram)
4 **Bienvenidos** — Miguel Rios (Polydor)
5 **Bailando** — Alaska & Los Pegamoides (Hispavox)
6 **Joan Of Arc** — Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark (Virgin)
7 **Don't You Want Me** — Human League (Virgin)
8 **New Balance** — Ana Belen (CBS)
9 **Hasta Manana** — Juan Pardo (Hipsavox)
10 **Eye In The Sky** — Alan Parsons Project (Arista)

Courtesy Billboard/El Gran Musical

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Ma Baker** — Boney M (Atlantic)
2 **So You Win Again** — Hot Chocolate (Rak)
3 **Fanfare For The Common Man** — Emerson, Lake and Palmer (Atlantic)
4 **I Feel Love** — Donna Summer (GTO)
5 **Show You The Way To Go** — The Jacksons (Epic)
6 **Baby Don't Change Your Mind** — Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)
7 **Peaches** — The Stranglers (United Artists)
8 **Pretty Vacant** — Sex Pistols (Virgin)
9 **A Star Is Born (Evergreen)** — Barbra Streisand (CBS)
9 **Do What You Wanna Do** — T Connection (TK)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Puppy Love** — Donny Osmond (MGM)
2 **Rock And Roll Parts 1 & 2** — Gary Glitter (Bell)
3 **Little Willy** — Sweet (RCA)
4 **Take Me Bak 'Ome** — Slade (Polydor)
5 **Circles** — New Seekers (Polydor)
6 **Sylvia's Mother** — Dr. Hook & The Medicine Show (CBS)
7 **Vincent** — Don McLean (United Artists)
8 **I Can See Clearly** — Johnny Nash (CBS)
9 **Ooh-Wakka-Doo-Wakka-Day** — Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
10 **An American Trilogy** — Elvis Presley (RCA)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

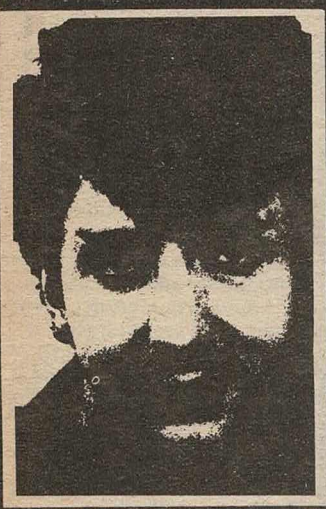
1 **All You Need Is Love** — Beatles (Parlophone)
2 **Alternative Title** — Monkees (RCA)
3 **Whiter Shade Of Pale** — Procol Harum (Deram)
4 **She'd Rather Be With Me** — Turtles (London)
5 **There Goes My Everything** — Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)
6 **It Must Be Him** — Vikki Carr (Liberty)
7 **Carrie Anne** — Hollies (Parlophone)
8 **Paper Sun** — Traffic (Island)
9 **Groovin'** — Young Rascals (Atlantic)
10 **See Emily Play** — Pink Floyd (Columbia)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **I Can't Stop Loving You** — Ray Charles (HMV)
2 **Picture Of You** — Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
3 **Come Outside** — Mike Sarne (Parlophone)
4 **I Remember You** — Frank Ifield (Columbia)
5 **Good Luck Charm** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
6 **Ginny Come Lately** — Brian Hyland (HMV)
7 **Here Comes That Feeling** — Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
8 **English Country Garden** — Jimmy Rodgers (Columbia)
9 **I'm Looking Out The Window** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
10 **The Green Leaves Of Summer** — Kenny Ball (Pye)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

INSIDE INFORMATION



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Associates play after 18-month lay-off . . . Bowie sets charity show

FOR CLUB & COUNTRY

THE ASSOCIATES are returning to the stage after a 1½-year absence, and they make their comeback by playing a three-night season at Edinburgh's George Square Assembly rooms on August 19-20-21, during the city's annual international festival.

Prior to this, they have a new single released on July 23 on their own Associates label (through WEA), titled '18 Carat Gold Love Affair' — on the B-side of the 12-incher there's 'Love Hangover', while the seven-inch has the instrumental 'Australia' as its coupling.

The group play five other dates after their festival stint — at Glasgow Ultratech (August 23-24), Manchester Hacienda Club (25), London Cambridge Theatre (29) and London Camden Palace (30).

The Associates' onstage line-up will feature the nucleus of Billy Mackenzie (vocals) and Alan Rankine (guitar), with one-time Cure and earlier Associate Michael Dempsey (bass), ex-Muffin Martha Ladly (keyboards) and former Rumour Steve Goulding (drums). A further instrumentalist and back-up singers might be added, if they fit into the new show being rehearsed at the moment.

Associates — Billy Mackenzie (left) and Alan Rankine.

BOWIE'S £50 BALL

DAVID BOWIE is set to make his first British appearance in four years at an exclusive charity concert at London's Dominion Theatre on July 21, which will be attended by Prince Charles.

It is not a Bowie concert as such — it is understood that he will only be doing a 20-minute spot — and neither is he topping the bill. Headliners are Madness, and others appearing include concert organiser Pete Townshend and Phil Collins, while Joan Armatrading, Stevie Winwood and Eric Clapton are tipped to show.

The concert is being produced by George Martin for the British Phonographic Industry, who are staging the event to raise money for the Prince's Trust — a charity set up to raise money for groups of young people under 25 with an aim to encouraging self-help and community activities. Some of those involved with the charity will be invited to attend and chances are they'll be the only young people present, as tickets will only be sold — at £50 a throw — by invitation only!

Bowie — supporting Madness. *Pic: Vinnie Zuffante*

The Joke drags on

KILLING JOKE are back in action with three of their original members, now that drummer Big Paul has joined Jaz and Geordie in Iceland, plus a new bassist. Paul's surprise reunion with the two apparent defectors explains why he opted out of Brilliant, the new band he launched with bassist Pig Youth, just one week after the announcement of its formation.

This leaves Youth as the only joker in the splinter group, while Killing Joke themselves have now been joined by a new bass player named Mister Raven — who, besides being a capable musician, is said to be 'deranged'. The outfit say they will continue to be based in Iceland, except when they are touring or recording.

And to emphasise that this is no mere pipedream, Joke begin a two-month tour of North America next week (opening in Vancouver on Monday), to be followed by dates in Japan. The tour goes under the banner of "The Gathering", and they are now planning a series of major British dates in the autumn.

Royal Xmas for Elvis!

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions — whose extensive autumn tour was announced last month but, at the time, didn't include any London concerts — have now provided for the capital. They are to headline at the Royal Albert Hall in two special Christmas shows — on Friday, December 24 (Christmas Eve) and Monday, December 27 (which this year is Boxing Day). Tickets are available immediately, and full details of booking arrangements are on page 30.

Billy quits ToH P.4
Reading details P.30

Skidoo, Trigger join Bath line-up — and Dexys too?

AN ALL-STAR benefit double album is to be issued in conjunction with next weekend's World Of Music Arts & Dance Festival, at the Royal Bath and West Showground near Shepton Mallet in Somerset — and the organisers have now announced most of their plans for the event's special party show on the final night, Sunday, July 18.

Besides the previously announced Netherlands based salsa group Salsa de Hoy, the Sunday bill also features two groups specially organised for the occasion. The first is called La Place De La Concorde, and comprises two thirds of the current Teardrop Explodes line-up, Julian Cope and David Balfe. And the other features Peter Gabriel, together with Police drummer Stewart Copeland and violinist Shankar, best known for his work in John McLaughlin's Shakti.

The headline act for the Sunday won't be annouced until next week, though *NME* understands that negotiations are in hand for Dexys Midnight Runners.

As previously reported, the other two evening concerts feature Peter Gabriel, Simple Minds and Ekome (Friday, 16); and The Beat, Echo & The Bunnymen and the Drummers of Burundi (Saturday, 17), and these are both now virtually sold out.

Latest additions to the daytime events include King Trigger (Friday) and 23 Skidoo (Saturday). They join dozens of other multi-media acts who'll be performing throughout the mornings and afternoons, among them Pigbag, The Chieftains, Robert Fripp, Rip Rig & Panic, Rico, OK Jive, Talisman, Black Roots and The Electric Guitars.

Special coaches are being arranged for the weekend by Luxury Coaches (Reading), Cyclops Sounds (Birmingham), Spillers Records (Cardiff), Berricks Records (Swansea) and Piccadilly Records (Manchester).

The double LP 'Music And Rhythm', released through WEA International on July 16 with all proceeds donated to UNICEF, combines specially commissioned pieces by name Western artists with tracks by some of the leading exponents of different styles of popular music throughout the world.

The 21 tracks, compiled by the organisers of the WOMAD Festival, include contributions from Peter Gabriel with Stewart Copeland and Shankar, The Beat, Pete Townshend, Rico, Peter Hammill, The Jam's producer Vic Coppersmith-Heaven, David Byrne, XTC, Holger Czukay, Drummers of Burundi, The Mighty Sparrow, Ekome and Morris Pert.

A track by Shankar called 'Himalaya' is being released as a single on the same day. The B-side is a specially recorded number, not featured on the album — titled 'Branches', it's by Will Sergeant, guitarist with Echo & The Bunnymen.

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NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 England. Annual subscription $97.00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing; U.S.A. Postmaster: send address changes to NME, Publications Expediting Incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, N.Y. 11003, USA.

SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Topper trial

FORMER CLASH drummer Nicky 'Topper' Headon is to be sent for trial on a charge of stealing a London Transport bus stop.

Topper, 26, was granted bail at Horseferry Road court last week after being accused of taking the bus stop — worth £30 — in Fulham Road, London, during March.

He was also charged, along with 23-year-old Donna Gardner, with receiving a stolen Technics amplifier, and a cassette and record deck. Headon and Gardner, both of Fulham Road, were committed to trial at the Inner London Crown Court. Both were granted unconditional bail.

Bye bye Billy

THEATRE OF HATE are down to a four-piece following the departure of guitarist Billy Duffy.

They played the Hammersmith Palais on Sunday night as a quartet following a split which the band put down to good old-fashioned musical differences. At present the group have no plans to replace Duffy, preferring to place greater emphasis on the contribution of bassist Stan Stammers and sax player John Lennard with Kirk Brandon reverting to lead guitar.

"There were no big arguments," said Theatre manager Terry Razor. "It was a very amicable decision. There wasn't as much clarity as there should be in the music. There was a clash of styles. I think Billy was more interested in a straighter rock'n'roll thing . . ."

Whether or not his ears were of the required size is open to conjecture.

□ A new club called The Duma Express will be opening at Birmingham's Opposite Lock on Thursday July 15 with a concert by **The Three Courgettes.** The club aims to achieve an atmosphere somewhere between Club Left and the now defunct Cabaret Futura, providing an outlet for the more offbeat performers and poets.

Coppola Cop

POLICE drummer **Stewart Copeland** has been commissioned by renowned director **Francis Ford Coppola** (of *Apocalypse Now* and *The Godfather* fame) to write the music for his new feature film *Rumble Fish*, now in production on location in Tulsa. The movie stars **Dennis Hopper, Matt Dillon** and **Diane Lane**, and the plot — set in the future — deals with adolescent disillusionment with society.

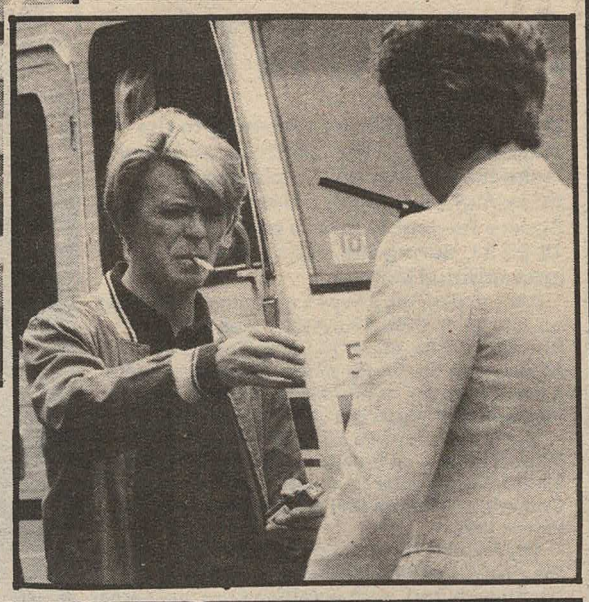
Copeland flew to America last week to discuss the music with Coppola and, when he returned to London a few days ago, he started work on the project — based upon videotape rushes of sequences filmed so far. "It's basically a percussive soundtrack concept with the theme of 'time is running out'," he explained.

□ **LENE LOVICH** is to play the title role in *Mata Hari*, a stage musical she has written herself in association with **Chris Judge Smith** and **Les Chappell**. It opens at London's Lyric Hammersmith Studio Theatre on October 19 and runs for four weeks. The engagement marks Lane's return to the British stage after a two-year absence.

Mata Hari was the notorious Great War spy, who was convicted and shot in 1917. She was renowned for her exotic dance costumes, and Lene — who is said to bear an uncanny likeness to Mata Hari — is designing her own costumes for the show.

Pix: Vinnie Zuffante

VAMPS..



..AND..

..VAMPIRES!

HERE WE SEE three on-set stills taken from the soon-to-be-released motion picture *The Hunger* — a much publicised venture featuring David 'don't say Baal bombed' BeerBowie, Catherine Deneuve and Susan Sarandon. A futuristic little parable, it concerns the dilemma of Miriam (Deneuve), a possessor of eternal life, and her lover (Blearbum) who is starting to degenerate.

What we want you to do is match the following captions with our photos. The first three most sensible answers will receive a crate each of outsize PR T-shirts emblazoned thusly: "WOO! WHATTA HUNGER MUNGA - BE THERE OR BEERBOLM!"

Picture a) shows . . . Susan Sarandon sporting the eyes of a 300-year-old junkie and Catherine Deneuve wearing a special wrap-around 'Converts into a shawl! Brush your own bivouac back!' handlebar moustache.

Pic b) shows . . . The 800-year-old David 'Bowleg' Bowie in Susan Sarandon's wig, demonstrating the life-giving properties of Marlboro.

Pic c) Max, a cocaine dealer, played by — *(Enough. This competition hereby declared null and void to all persons living anywhere in the UK, Eire and Falklands dependency even if employed by IPC, their expenses claimants or whoever is next up for a round. — IPC Legal Dept.)*

A BPI for small fry?

FOR THE small-fry record label, fearful of the BPI's big bad wolf reputation and its annual fees, a new umbrella group has been formed called the Independent Labels Association.

In just one month — we're told — membership has reached 20 and the bandwagon is rolling faster.

Minimum annual fee is £50. This buys discounts in certain studios and pressing plants, 'advice', information, and a record mailing service to both local and national radio as well as the music press.

The main advantage would seem to be ILA's office itself, which intends to act as a point of reference to both an information-hungry membership and, for instance, an organ such as this one, always keen to unscramble the latest insensible pulse from the indie outback. Who did it! Why! Where!

Is the ILA pledged to war with the BPI? Spokesman Andy Dunnett shrank from such a cursed thought. The purpose, he says, is to represent the needs of the membership, whatever they turn out to be. The shadings will become clearer when The Twenty gather for their first exchange of views and love lockets "in a few weeks' time".

Who are ILA? Dunnett is disinclined to reel off the no doubt less than imposing list of member labels. He mentions Penthouse and Observation Records — respectively the property of founders John Bassett and Sabrina Rools.

"John did have a meeting with the BPI," says Dunnett, "and he got the impression they were quite glad we had started up. John didn't think they were really interested in recruiting all these new indies who in any case couldn't afford their charges."

Dunnett advises all budding label-founders not to be shy, however tiny their aspirations.

Independent Labels Association: 35 Portland Place, London W1 01-836 1522.

— **ANDREW TYLER**

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry

MONTY (VIDEO) IS GOING FRANTIC, WAITING FOR THE MAN!
IF I DON'T SCORE SOME-THING SOON I'LL TEAR THIS P.V.C. SHEETING TO SHREDS!!
SUPERIOR BUILDERS' QUALITY, Grade 1 shatter-proof brand-new PVC Sheeting—Ideal for Garages.
HOHNER ACCORDIONS
I'LL TRY TO SOOTH MY JANGLED NERVES BY PLAYING A TUNE ON THIS ACCORDIAN.
MEANWHILE!!
DON'T YOU JUST LOATHE THOSE STRIPS THAT THROW IN GRATUITOUS PICTURES OF DEAD POP STARS TO GIVE THEM SOME SPURIOUS CREDIBILITY? -ALTHOUGH, I BELIEVE THAT MY OWN CREDIBILITY IS NOT WHAT IT ONCE WAS...
BUT-IN A PARALLEL UNIVERSE WHERE MR. PRESLEY'S CREDIBILITY IS UNTARNISHED..
HI, KIDS BUY THE ELVIS PRESLEY PIPE 'N' SLIPPERS DRONE..MUMBLE..
THE LABOUR PARTY STIRS!!
WE'RE GOING TO APPEAL TO THE ELECTORATE BY RECITING A LIST OF THE WORLD'S MOST BORING PEOPLE... HENRY KELLY, ARIANNA STASSINOPOULOS, KENNETH ROBINSON, BERNARD LEVIN...
AT LAST: BEHOLD— THE MAN!!!!
PACKAGE FOR MR. MONTY!!
MONTY STILL WAITS...
"Without a BIG FIX I really don't know what I shall do."
R.L.

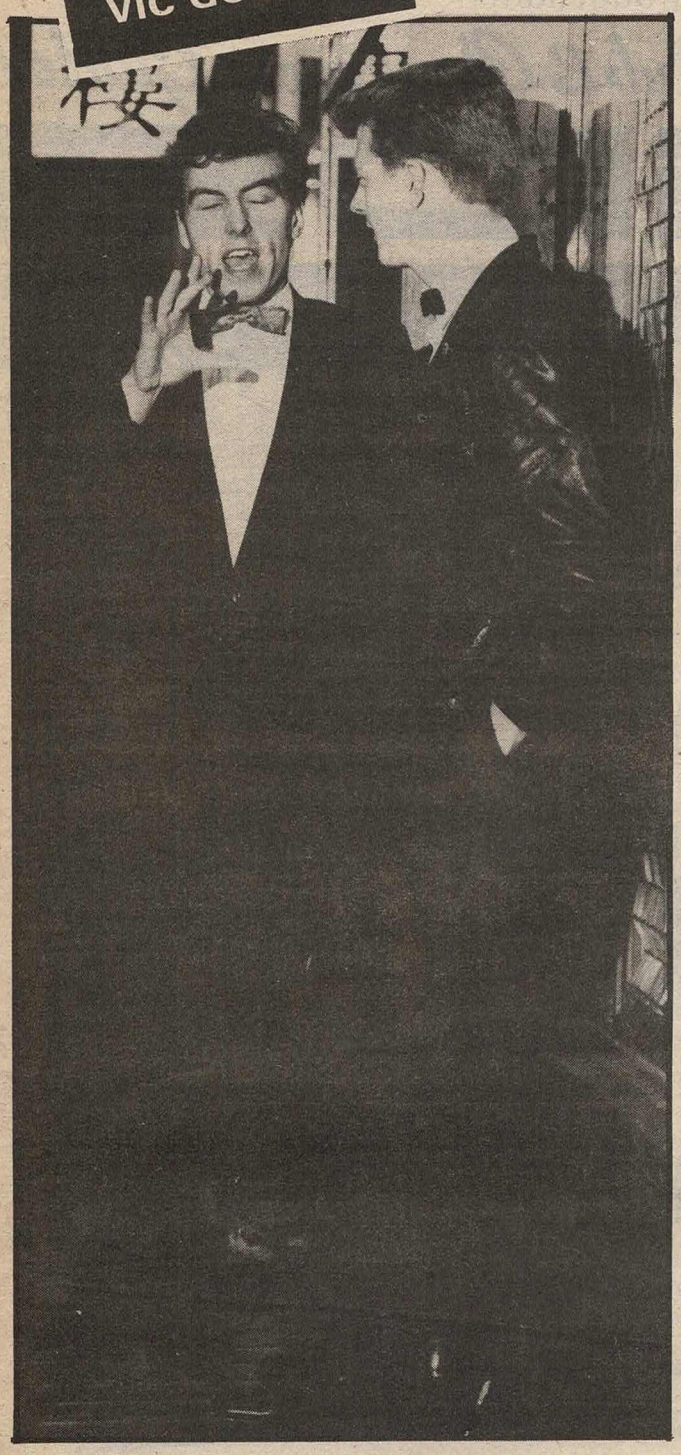
Owing to reports of imminent rail strike/nuclear strike/Second Joming etc,etc,etc,thisstrip drawn AGES ago.23/6/82.Next issue:Monty scores for England!!

The Lone Groover — Benyon

ERKALORS— EVERYONE LOOKS LIKE BRIAN FERRY THESE DAYS APART FROM KEVIN ROWLAND WHO LOOKS LIKE A FRENCH CIGARETTE POSTER
...I MEAN RECORD BAGS LOOK LIKE FASHION MAGAZINES EVERYTHING'S SO BLANDLY VISUAL — AN' TH' MUSICS TH' SAME .....
HERE IT COMES!!!! THESE MID 70'S NOSTALGISTS PISS ME OFF.....
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO TH' MID SEVENTIES HOWL OF FRUSTRATION, BLOOD, GUTS, ANGER— WHEN' NO FUTURE' HAS BECOME TH' REALITY.... I MEAN... I MEAN.... I MEAN....
I MEAN.... WHATEVER HAPPENED TO PUNK!!!!?
HAP
HAP, HAP, HAP, HAP HAPPY TALK... HAP, HAP, TALKIN' BOUT TH' ETC
WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S CAPTAIN SENSIBLE'S SINGLE.....
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!! IT'S VERY CATCHY FOR HIM!
HE COULD HAVE A BIG FUTURE....
NO FUTURISTS ARE ALWAYS FORWARD PLANNING...

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

VIC GODARD



Portrait of the artist as Subway orator

FILMS
A Clockwork Orange
Silk Stockings
Any Robin Hood film
42nd Street
Any Sherlock Holmes film
The War Lord

BOOKS
Sentimental Education..... G. Flaubert
Down There.....J.K. Huysmans
Mademoiselle de Maupin.....Theophile Gautier
Colomba .....Prosper Merimee

HOBBIES
Horse racing
Football
Snooker

RADIO
Desmond Carrington's All Time Greats
David Jacobs
Alan Dell

LIKES
Asparagus
Gnus
Twix
Lion Bars
Eastern Europe
Enoch Powell
Agatha Christie
Chelsea F.C.

DISLIKES
Shaving
Horses coming second
USA
Ray Clemence
Kevin Keegan

TV PROGRAMMES
Van der Valk
Raffles
Question of Sport
Love In A Cold Climate

BEVERAGES
Tea
Lemonade

ALBUMS
Children's Corner.....Claude Debussy
Ella Fitzgerald Sings The Duke Ellington Songbook Vol 2.
The Dorsey/Sinatra Sessions (box set)

SINGLES
You Can Make Me Dance Sing Or Anything The Faces
Lightning Strikes .....Lou Christie
Theme From New York, New York Frank Sinatra
I Wanna Be Around ..... Tony Bennett

HEROES/HEROINES

ALIVE	*DEAD*
W.R. Swinburn	**Alexander Pushkin**
Henry Cecil	**Charles Baudelaire**

TIPS FOR FUTURE STARDOM
Steve Dawson (5)
Mark Beecroft (7)

Jumping to Collusion

MAYBE YOU'VE seen your local news-stand slowly disappearing . . . beneath the avalanche of glossy new youth/music mags whose current birth-rate rivals that of Calcutta. This month, though, sees the return of two of the better contenders, namely *Collusion* (three times a year) and the very occasional *Jamming*.

Collusion's new July-September issue (number 3, 80p) builds on the promise of its predecessors. Its 52 pages don't so much "cover" music as plug the gaps left by all other publications. You get articles on, among other things, Pink Floyd's finances, early Rap, avant-garde "total noise", and modern music in New Guinea. That's not to mention Sheryl Garratt's illuminating *Confessions Of A Teenage Bay City Rollers Fan* and a treatise on *White Socks And Loafers* by *NME* loafer-in-chief Neil Spencer. *Collusion* is nothing if not eclectic.

It's also instructive, and entertaining. *Collusion*'s writing style can verge on the academic, but that's counteracted by the contributors' evident love of their chosen subjects, and by the subjects themselves — the mag's got a way of finding topics you scarcely knew existed.

Jamming (40p), meanwhile, has a more conventional range, but it's long stood out above the glut of UK fanzines. This is issue 13, all of one year after issue 12, and clearly the indie scene is not what it was. Like the Garageland labels, only the smarter fanzines are surviving, and finding out that it takes time, finance, thought and care to come through.

Jamming-man Tony Fletcher knows all this: he found the cash for this issue by selling his (very good) McCartney interview to the *Sunday Mirror*. (Cries of "sell-out!" no doubt.) Apart from Macca Part 1, you get Paul Weller on pop, Scritti, Bluebells and more.

(Editor Fletcher promises better distribution this time around, but in case of problems, harass him personally at 45-53 Sinclair Road, London W14. The address for *Collusion* is 14 Peto Place, London NW1.)

— PAUL DU NOYER

Bernard knows where Syd Barrett lives...

NOBODY EVER strolled around in T-shirts emblazoned 'I'm Syd Barrett' in the same way that, a few years ago, every Spanish resort used to be infested with lobster-red British tourists stuffed into similar garments sporting Lord Lucan's name. However, the disappearance of the former Pink Floyd crazy diamond has almost been as complete as his 'Lucky' Lordship's.

But whereas even his friends believe Lucky to be long dead, Hampstead rock archivist Bernard White is still so optimistic of Barrett's future artistic resurrection as to continue to produce editions of *Terrapin* — Syd's very own fanzine — a decade after his 'retirement'. It matters not that Barrett has expressed no desire to ever again return to his former trade, the loopy legend has to be preserved at all costs.

Uncorroborated rumours concerning his current activities — many too frightful to possibly reprint — persistently contradict and cancel each other out. Does Barrett live in a grubby basement on social security, have a preference for wearing women's clothes or spend the winters in Bermuda? Lips are sealed, whilst the new 38-page *Terrapin* special refuses to bring the story up-to-date, preferring — through a selection of reprinted reviews and unpublished interviews and lyrics — to tie up all the loose ends up to 1975, the date of his last known (unreleased) recordings.

Returning to the topic of T-shirts: Johnny Rotten may have made great capital out of his 'I Hate Pink Floyd' schmutter, but White reveals that both the Pistols and The Damned made serious attempts to contact Barrett to produce them whilst Jimmy Page, Brian Eno and David Bowie have all expressed interest in getting Barrett back in the studio.

In the meantime, copies of the latest Terrapin are available from 19 Newport Court, London W1, price £1.50, payable to Bernard White.

— ROY CARR

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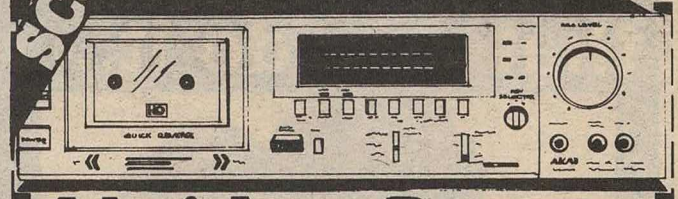

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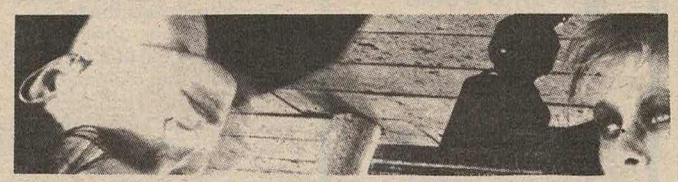

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It ain't what you do, it's the place that you do it...

Mark and mam(b)a. Pic: Peter Anderson

Soft Cell singer Marc Almond used to say hello and wave goodbye to the punters at Leeds' Warehouse Club. That was when he minded the coats ... *NME* is proud to present a *Hot Foot* production:—

The Marc Almond Club & Cloakroom Guide to LEEDS by night

THERE ARE those who would sneer at the North; its look, its ways and its nightlife.

The 'sticks' — industrial, bleak, the frozen wastes; its lack of colour and backwardness in fashion and style, its inferiority to the leading South . . . I've heard them all a thousand times.

But there is a lot to be said for Leeds nightclubs and nightlife — words like real, genuine, 'fun' and 'unpretentious' spring to mind. Real people having good times, bad times, hard times and wild times. I'm a big fan of people who live with their feet on the ground and who act as though they do, a bigger (although envious) fan of the not-give-a-damn attitude of people out to enjoy themselves.

I am not a fan of the poseur, and all too many times in London I am bored by the 'famous for doing absolutely nothing at all' people — people who are so wrapped up in ego and Boroviks material at £10 a yard that they wouldn't know a good time if they fell over it.

The nightclub is an alternative to the football match; laugh, cry, let out the feelings, let out the energy and DANCE. Be yourself. Leeds nightclubbers go out to have a good time if it kills them and by the end of an evening it often nearly does.

I'm not saying "Boo, hiss" to London clubs because where lights, hardware and video vision are concerned, London has it all (or nearly all, New York has more). Sound systems floor you and vibrate you even when you don't want to dance and the lightshows are psychedelic city — you get your money's worth out of your acid. But where atmosphere's concerned it's all a little too frigid. The atmosphere in a Leeds club is sizzling, crazy and a little dangerous. Complacency and contentment is boring — a dash of danger keeps you on your toes.

LEEDS WAREHOUSE, the club that never dies, is still the town's most well known club. It's been through many faces, trends and fashions, but it's still there and still, in a way, the main stomping ground for the Leeds followers of fashion. When it first opened as the North's first American style disco, the limos lined up and the ever-faithful doorman Uri picked out the people. When the word coke was breathed in your ear they weren't talking about fizzy drinks, and the beat never ended, it went on and on and on . . .

Yours truly was the face behind the cloakroom door, cramming in the coats into two square feet of space, stumbling and crushing the make-up bags, suffocating in a sea of fur and suede, paralytic from the free drinks and nearly crippled from banging my knees in time to the beat on the cloakroom half door (my trousers were often worn right through). Every week coats were given to the wrong people, I'll never know how I stuck seven months. Most early Soft Cell songs were written in the cloakroom, and occasionally the evening was brightened by a stream of tips. Once I was given £10 for helping a lady on with her shoe.

Times changed and disco died. Suddenly the Warehouse throbbed no more and the place became best known for its emptying spaces. Then along came new electronic dance music and the clubs were given a new lease of life. Donna Summer faded away and Kraftwerk threatened to shatter the sound system, which by this time was a little shaky. The clubs called themselves New Romantic, Futurist, Electrodisco etc. It was around that time that along with a friend Kris, I became the Warehouse DJ every Monday and eventually every Friday night.

Monday's was electronic and the place was like Cinderella's Ball meeting *A Clockwork Orange* on a bad trip. London may lead but Leeds has the last word. When exhibitionism hit Leeds it hit hard. It was a battle for who could wear the most make-up and most acres of material. Boots 17 counter was desolated and on the dance floor local luminary and mime artist Roxy danced like a dervish wearing the entire contents of his bedroom and living room put together.

The Roxy and Bowie contingent was always strong around here as around most of the North, but this new scene opened the floodgates wide. Fridays introduced around the board dance music — new funk, old funk, Northern Soul, Tamla, rockabilly, electronic, '60s, psychedelia and swing. It was all there in a jumbled mixture in an attempt to lessen the narrow-mindedness of people who only dance to one type of music. It was also to get people into different types of music and I think it worked.

THE EMPHASIS on Monday nights now is back to glam and with Martin Reed as DJ a loyal crowd dance to Bowie, T. Rex, The Sweet. People are still having fun and 'Blockbuster' is still filling the floor. Friday is now a Battle Of The Bodies with Kris DJ-ing and Ian Dewhirst as the famous funk and Northern Soul specialist. The place is a jungle of dancing and writhing figures. Be sure to wear a T-shirt and make sure you're not the type that shies away from sweat. Also, wear waterproof mascara as it's sure to run. And Saturday? Well, think of Friday and double it. Plenty of disco, good disco, and there's a lot to choose from at the moment, rap too.

One great thing about the Warehouse is the cross-section of people and styles; punks, funk fans, rockabilly fans, salsa fans, gays and straights mix together as it should be, with a wide selection of music. 'Murphy's Law' by Cheri is followed by 'Goo Goo Muck' by the ever-popular Cramps. (Play Siouxsie and The Cramps in Leeds and you're guaranteed to pack the floor.) The people here aren't content to hear one type of music only and that seems to be the case in most Leeds clubs. Of course there's always the Wally contingent who, if you let them, will spoil your night out and any good time — and the Leeds Wallys are bigger than most.

There is usually the unnerving sound of breaking glass to add to the adrenalin, though fights are not the order of the day. Upstairs at the Warehouse is a restaurant and coffee bar where you can sit and have a good old healthy bitching session or commiserate over your lost girlfriend or boyfriend. I think it's really important to be able to escape from the music in clubs. When I go out I often enjoy coffee and conversation more than alcohol.

It's important to mention that the Warehouse is also Leeds' most interesting venue for bands, offering a good size stage with a warm club atmosphere — a nice setting for Mari Wilson And The Wilsations — though it must be said that there's a bit too much of the 'pack 'em in and take their money' attitude, which makes viewing and moving difficult.

On the door you can chat with Uri who always knows the best stories, or share a Canadian Club whiskey with Blanche, Mike the manager's mother, who is by the way a 'mean Mother' and probably packs a good punch. Watch out. I also remember seeing a certain Mr Thrills bopping away the night there, and he was smiling.

ACROSS TOWN in Leeds Merrion Centre another loyal Saturday night crowd are out clubbing at **Le Phonographique,** another of my DJ haunts. When I DJ'd I played a selection of the Cabs, Throbbing Gristle, Fad Gadget, DAF, James White and Suicide, mixed up with '60s music and Doris Day. A loyal crowd enjoyed it but the manager fired me — you see, no one was dancing. Anyway the management has changed for the better and the Twins are now the hosts with the DJ spot being filled by little Annie (who also DJs at The Staging Post) perched on a crate behind the console and blasting out punk and funk to a contorting dance floor.

Illustration: Mark Fairnington

The atmosphere is one of a party where everyone knows everyone else whether they like it or not, because the whole club is based around the dance floor. In fact the Phono is ideal for a private party because you can turn it into your own living room. A chic punk contingent gathers here and Siouxsie is once again the heroine with The Cramps as the heroes.

Annie plays a wide selection of records and tends to be a little more unusual and adventurous than her Warehouse counterparts: 'Der Mussolini' by DAF, The Associates, The Sugarhill Gang, 'Genius Of Love' by Tom Tom Club, 'Fireworks' by Siouxsie, 'Nice n' Sleazy' by The Stranglers (who seem to have had a huge revival up here), The Buzzcocks and X-Ray Spex for nostalgia. I enjoy hearing the nostalgic old punk classics and it's good to see people dancing to such a variety of styles. There's no really strict cults, and also Annie plays a good selection of The Doors.

The bar prices are reasonable which ensures everyone gets good and drunk. The gents in both the Phono and The Warehouse are usually very busy and it's in here that the best stories get passed around, and I'm sure it's the same in the ladies.

Anne, as I've already mentioned, DJs at a pub disco called **The Staging Post** which is a little out of town, but nevertheless, every Sunday night it's packed to the hilt. If you ask Anne or Ian at the Warehouse for their main criticisms of the Leeds scene, they'll say that it's the introducing and breaking of new records. Leeds clubbers have their favourites and that's that.

LEEDS CLUBS go on forever as opposed to closing at the end of a trend or fashion. They're skilled at survival. The main ones hold their ground while the imitators spring up, playing the same music on the same night. The **Bali Hai** club, just a stone's throw across the way from Le Phonographique, noticed the large amounts of people filing into the Phono on Saturday nights and has a DJ quick enough to jot down the records that Anne is playing. Opening on the same night, it shouts "Cash in". It's not the genuine thing and the Phono should improve to smother the opponent.

Leeds is only a small city and there's only a certain amount of the crowd to spread around. The Bali Hai (full marks for the tacky name) is just next door, in fact part of **Tiffany's,** the 'every city has one' chain of clubs.

Tiffany's, as well as being a club to avoid if you want to be yourself, doubles as probably Leeds' other main venue. Holding over a thousand, it is known as the **F. Club,** which was probably the town's first alternative club, specialising in punk and new wave and run by a certain Mr Keenan who, to give credit where it's due, was responsible for bringing many bands, small and large, to Leeds for the Futurama festival. F. Club has moved from the Polytechnic Common Room to hovel and hell-hole, finally ending up in the larger and more upmarket venue — which is a better idea because the small tense size of its former resting place caused fights and great discomfort.

There's also new things happening in Leeds at a club called **Primos.** Simply called the Video Club, every Monday night this club operates from the third floor of Belinda's Club (the third floor is called Primos — confused?). This club, as its name suggests, specialises in videos of bands and other music videos. The venture is taking a bit of time to take off and needs a lot of support and encouragement because it's a good idea.

Anyway, I hope from this you get a rough idea of what's going on in Leeds at the moment. I feel that it's great that in such a small city there's so much to do, and there's no excuse for being bored on any night of the week.

Take your pick — most of it's there and more, and you don't have to look or walk far.

NEW FOLK ⟵ JUST FANCY THAT! ⟶ NEW POETRY

Once bitten, twice bitten...

TWO weeks after RCA announced they had abandoned their one-sided single caper, the old version continues to sting gullible punters in the high street.

It was a small and woeful voice that came over the phone the other day from Reading complaining that he had just purchased Bow Wow Wow's 'I Want Candy' and that since the price was £1 and bearing in mind stories he'd read in *NME* in which RCA indicated that from thenceforth customers could expect the backing track of 'King Kong' that is precisely what he expected for his money. But that isn't what he got. And he reports there were "ten or so" more half-records in the rack waiting for more of his sort.

Why didn't he check, you might ask, and of course you're right. And that much was emphasised by RCA when we called for a pertinent comment. The rest of the blame, they explained, lay with the dealer for (a) not charging less than £1, despite a handsome discount and (b) not making it clear to the public what they were getting was only half a record.

Fine and good. But hold on. It was RCA, not the high street dealer, who designed the exceedingly ambiguous packaging referring not to *half a record* or *one side only* but to *Special Price . . . Special Edition.* Such a sense of nuance these big boys have.

The company can't or won't say how many two-sided 'Candy's have been shipped in the past two weeks, but it's now clear there are plenty of the old wafer-thin lot about. To 'Candy' fans we say: look carefully to your product; expect no miracles.

— ANDREW TYLER

Dexys revelations send prices soaring

What price a mint Murray?

"I'VE ALWAYS liked songs like 'Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms'; my mum used to sing it when I was a kid and she'd had a drink or something . . ."
— Kevin Rowland, *NME*, 3/7/82

Right: Ruby's classic LP — now worth £100

AND SO the hunt is on. The market is thrown into confusion. Take Mark Willson at Collectable Records in Roehampton. "Not that one again! You're the thirtieth call I've had this morning. One guy has offered to trade me a Bowie 'Man Who Sold The World' dress sleeve original *and* a Beatles 'butcher' cover for a copy of 'Endearing Young Charms' but nobody's got any! Don't spose you have by any chance?"

Well yes actually, Mark, but don't stampede us cos Gavin's hanging onto this one for now! 'Endearing Young Charms' was recorded in 1958 by Ruby Murray for Columbia on a 10" disc and as soon as you're into the opening track 'Coortin' In The Kitchen' it's clear to see how Kevin formed the current Dexy's ideology, as displayed on the upcoming 'Too Rye Ay' LP. Get a load of these lyrics:

"Come single belle and beau, unto me pay attention/Don't ever fall in love for it's the devil's own invention/For this lad fell in love with an angel so bewitching/Miss Henrietta Moore out of Cap'n Kelly's kitchen/Toora loora loora ly/Toora loora laddie/Toora loora ly/Toora loora laddy.

Other tracks include 'With Me Shillelagh Under Me Arm' and 'Mick McGilligans Ball'.

Ruby is "retired" now but told us from her Wiltshire retreat, "Begorrah, for sure! Well we cut the album in just three weeks with Mitch Nonaldson at the controls. EMI didn't want to touch it originally and the BBC, though not actually banning it, pretended it didn't exist. It was completely at odds with what was thought of as 'rock' at the time I suppose but we knew that *one day*, like, *one day*, you know? Kevin came down to see me before he cut his album and wanted to know everything — who edited, mixed it down, what cuts were left in the can — it all seems so long ago to me and I think Mitch would've afforded himself an ionic smile that it's taken 24 years for his baby to get recognised."

Ruby at home — as pictured on the LP back cover

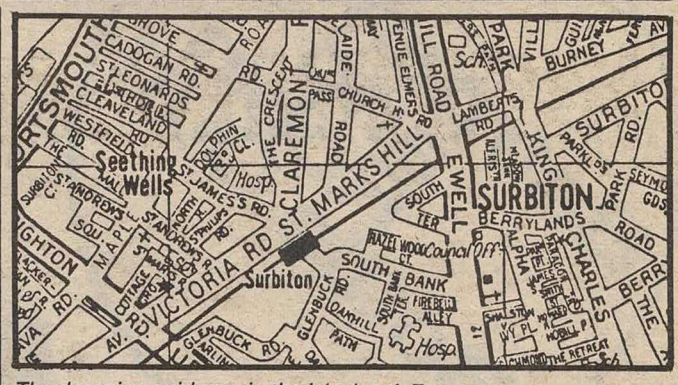
NME can afford to crow actually. For the sleeve notes to 'Endeering Young Charms' were by none other than our long-serving "beat-style" correspondent and News Editor, Derek Johnson! Derek wrote at the time of the "sparkling songs ... sprinkled with humour ... under the masterly baton of Norrie Paramor ... radiant freshness of (her) individual, indeed unique, singing style."

The music is indeed under the charge of Norrie Paramor, but Norrie still won't talk to the music press. (This dates from 1961 when the self-same Derk Johnson called Paramor's 'Paddlin' In The Paddlin' Pool' 45 "a bright little melody but, possibly, not 'with it' enough to crack the upper regions of the charts"). However, one of the session musicians on the LP was Panjo O'Breen. He remembers it this way: "God, 'Endearing Young Charms' eh? I must've been 17 at the time and without an idea of what I was involved in — I thought all albums were like that at the time! What a baptism of fire, eh? No, it was great fun, lovely memories and I'm glad at last the world has caught up with what we did those three weeks in October. It amuses me the way Elvis Costello gets all that praise today for what, basically, we were laying down a quarter of a century ago."

A copy of 'Endearing Young Charms' today would set you back anything up to £90 — that's if you could find it. But let's leave the last word to Ruby herself:

"You know, during a break in recording I remember Norrie looking worried at the music score in front of him. I asked him what was wrong. He sighed deeply and said: You know Rube ... they're not going to let us get away with this stuff, it's frightening'. You see, even we weren't fully aware of what we were creating. Let's just say it was fun at the time. Yeah, fun."

— DECLAN McCURRY



The damning evidence in the London A-Z

So.
Seething Wells, your
secret is
out. But is Surbiton near
Kingston-upon-Thames
in the Surrey commuter
belt the
proper spiritual home
for a revolutionary poet,
I wonder.
Or is it the
inspiration
for your Angry
Young rantings?
Or is it just some
kind of Marxist-Leninist
joke?

— E.J. Horowitz (17)

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Batman and Robin Bottle Out!

Will Jamaica's dynamic duo — Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare — save reggae as it slides from imminent world domination to pusillanimous parochialism? LLOYD BRADLEY has his doubts. Photographics: DENNIS MORRIS

L-R: Sly, Robbie, Sly, Robbie

THE DEATH of Bob Marley hit Jamaican reggae hard. After a lengthy period of mourning and paying tribute, the industry got back on its feet — only to sit straight down again. Overnight sensations came and went, marking time in the same old stylee, and progress kept getting put off until next week.

Marley's was never a brilliantly innovative music, but it always possessed a freshness of spirit, and clearly saw the need to travel across continents, races and classes. This is now lacking as Jamaican reggae music chases itself round the island, never once thinking about paddling, let alone swimming, away from the shore.

Sly Dunar (drums) and Robbie Shakespeare (bass), the tightest flesh and blood rhythm machine in the world, are JA's main chance to push reggae out of this rut.

This team have looked beyond the horizons of local sound systems and four-figure record sales, to bust out in as many directions as possible. They are the mainstay of The Compass Point Allstars, studio band at Island Records' Bahamas set-up, working with the diverse styles of Grace Jones, Joe Cocker, Ian Dury and James Brown. It is Sly and Robbie who put the drive behind the limited vocal ideas of Black Uhuru both on record and on stage, earning them a worldwide audience as part of The Rolling Stones' rock'n'roll caravan.

All this without neglecting their first love. The duo still find time to run their own J.A. label, Taxi Records, and to feature on what appears to be one third of the reggae to reach this country. Involvement such as this, both home and away, with all kinds of music, gives Sly and Robbie the means and the opportunity to stop the rot.

Last week, in London for their Stones dates, the dynamic duo pegged out the cause of the problems. Sly opened.

"In Jamaica, the producers and artists don't think on a wide enough scale. They've got to go for a standard, or a feel, that's going to fit the world market. They've got to be thinking platinum.

"All they worry about at the moment is just to sell two thousand copies at home, and buy a car! When that gets written off, they cut a next record and just say, Well give me a next car! They should be thinking of certain materials that'll open up that American and European market for them, instead of just wanting to stay at home."

Robbie: "The reggae sound has been carried to a certain level, and that's what you hear on the radio. So when the youth hear that sound, that's what they want to sound like. Bob (Marley) always took care to make all of his albums sound different, but now people just want to hustle off whatever is going on to make a little money.

"A lot of producers, all they do is listen to other reggae, so which ever act is on the top at the time they try and copy. They know the work like me and Sly do, and tell their drummer, Try and play this like Sly, and tell their bass player, Try and play this like Robbie, instead of letting them have their own ideas.

"The new Dennis Brown album is the sort of thing that should be happening. It sounds pretty good, it's the same reggae but different . . . freer, kind of refreshing. Seems like he broke the spell or something!"

Dennis Brown, recording for A&M Records, has been geared up to the US market for two albums now, and in spending a lot of time there is subjected to a wide range of music.

Robbie: "For a musician to only listen to one form of music is wrong! No matter how much they might love that certain style, music is music and every bit of it is just as important!

"The difference between musicians like us, and the ones starting today is that they go straight into a studio and just follow one path, whereas me and Sly started off in a club band . . . a road band.

"We had to tour round discotheques and hotels, playing a variety of music. We'd be on stage for about three hours, playing reggae, calypso, funky, rock'n'roll, anything the people wanted, every night. That's what a musician should be able to do, and for a man to call himself a musician he should have that flexibility.

"You got to bob and weave, it's the only way you'll learn anything!"

Sly: "While people just listen to the same reggae music and think that is all there is, nothing will change. The next Scientist album will sound like the last one, as all he's heard is people trying to copy, copy, copy, instead of boo-ga-loo or rock'n'roll or anything that might teach him.

"Bands like Peter Tosh and Black Uhuru touring with The Rolling Stones helps a lot, because people see it and realise that it's all one music. The work we do is good too, because certain Jamaican DJs might take an interest in an album if they know Sly and Robbie are on it, so play it to an audience that might not otherwise hear it."

Robbie: "Like some of the bands in England — we have a great deal of respect for your reggae bands. Aswad, Steel Pulse, UB40, they've all got a certain kind of sound about them that takes in a lot of other musics. Their records don't get released in Jamaica, just the DJs get a copy, but if they did I know they would be big hits."

Certainly British reggae is much less insular than its JA equivalent — and is understandably not released there where it could cause a

■ *Continues page 11*

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BLACKBURN	Ames Records & Tapes, 19 Market Way	HULL	Selby Travel, 418 Ings Road, Sutton	PRESTON	Ames Records & Tapes, 12 Fisherdale Walk, St. George's Shopping Centre
BLACKPOOL	Blackpool Football Club, Bloomfield Road	HULL	Gouth & Davy, Saville Street	PRESTON RAWTENSTALL	Guildhall, Lancaster Road
BOLTON	Tracks Records, 10-12 Meal House Lane	LEEDS	Barkers, Headrow	RHYL	Ames Records & Tapes, 27 Bank Street
BRISTOL	Virgin Records, 12-14 Merchant Street	LIVERPOOL	Penny Lane Record Shops	RHYL	British T-Shirt Co., 7-13 West Parade
BURNLEY	Ames Records & Tapes, Balcony Market Square	LIVERPOOL	Royal Court Theatre	STAFFORD	Kavern Records, 33 Sussex Street
CARDIFF	Spillers Records, 36 The Heys	LIVERPOOL	Rushworth & Draper	SHEFFIELD	Lotus Records, 40 Mill Street
CHESTER	Ames Records & Tapes, 52 Northgate Street	MANCHESTER	Piccadilly Records, 8 Parker Street	STOKE-ON-TRENT	Virgin Records, 137 The Moor
CHESTER	Penny Lane, 77 Foregate Street	MERSEYSIDE & WIRRAL	Coach travel available	ST. HELENS	Mike Lloyd Record Shops, 15 Purcy Street, Hanley
COLWYN BAY	The Migrant Mouse, 130 Northgate Street	MIDDLESBROUGH	All Rox Record Shops	SWANSEA	Ames Records & Tapes, 8 Palatine Arcade
DUDLEY	Emyr & Elyns Music Centre, 3 Rhiw Road	NELSON	Hamiltons, Grange Road	WARRINGTON	Derricks Records, 221 Oxford Street
	Concert Security Services, 53 Cradley Road, Netherton, Dudley, West Midlands	NESTON	Ames Records & Tapes, Marsdon Mall, Arndale Centre	WREXHAM	Ames Records & Tapes, 20 Bridge Street
	Coach travel available	NEWCASTLE STAFFS.	Neston Records, Parkgate Road	WREXHAM	British T-Shirt Co., 7 Trinity Street
ECCLES	Ames Records & Tapes, 74 Church Street	NEWCASTLE	Mike Lloyd Record Shops, 23 High Street	WREXHAM	Wrexham Football Club
		NORTHWICH	City Hall		
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			Select a Disc, 19 Bridle Smith Gate		
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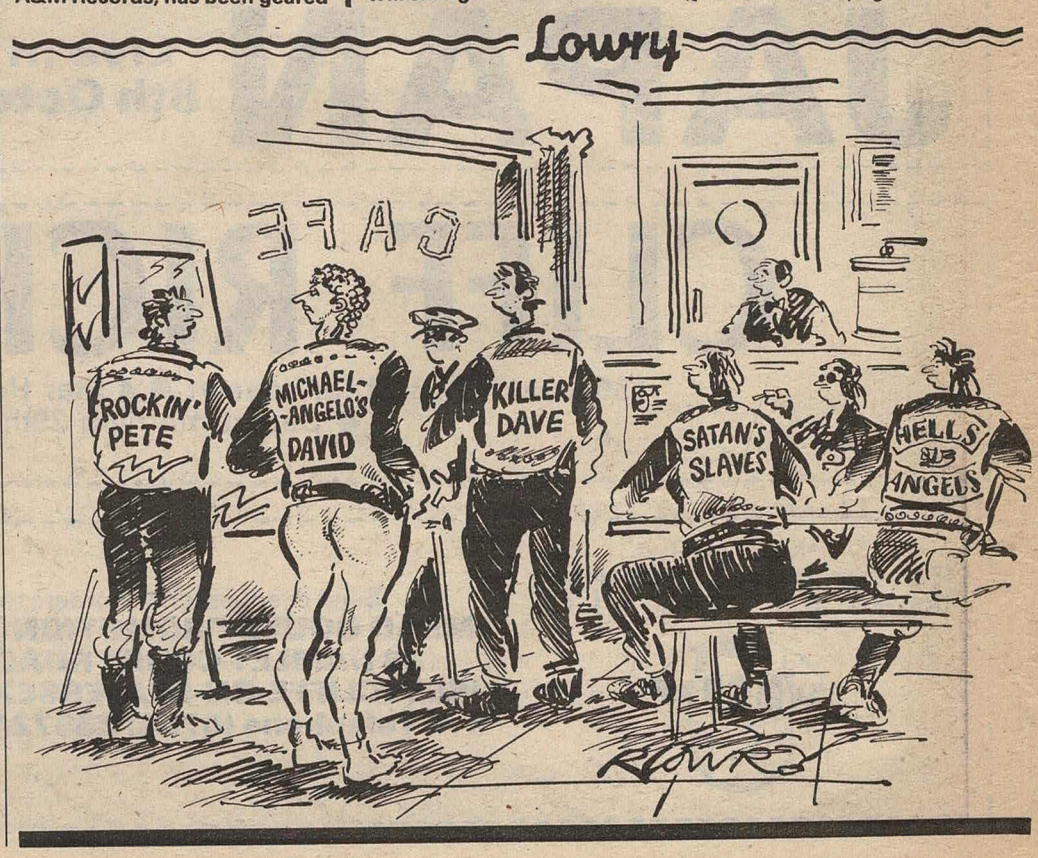

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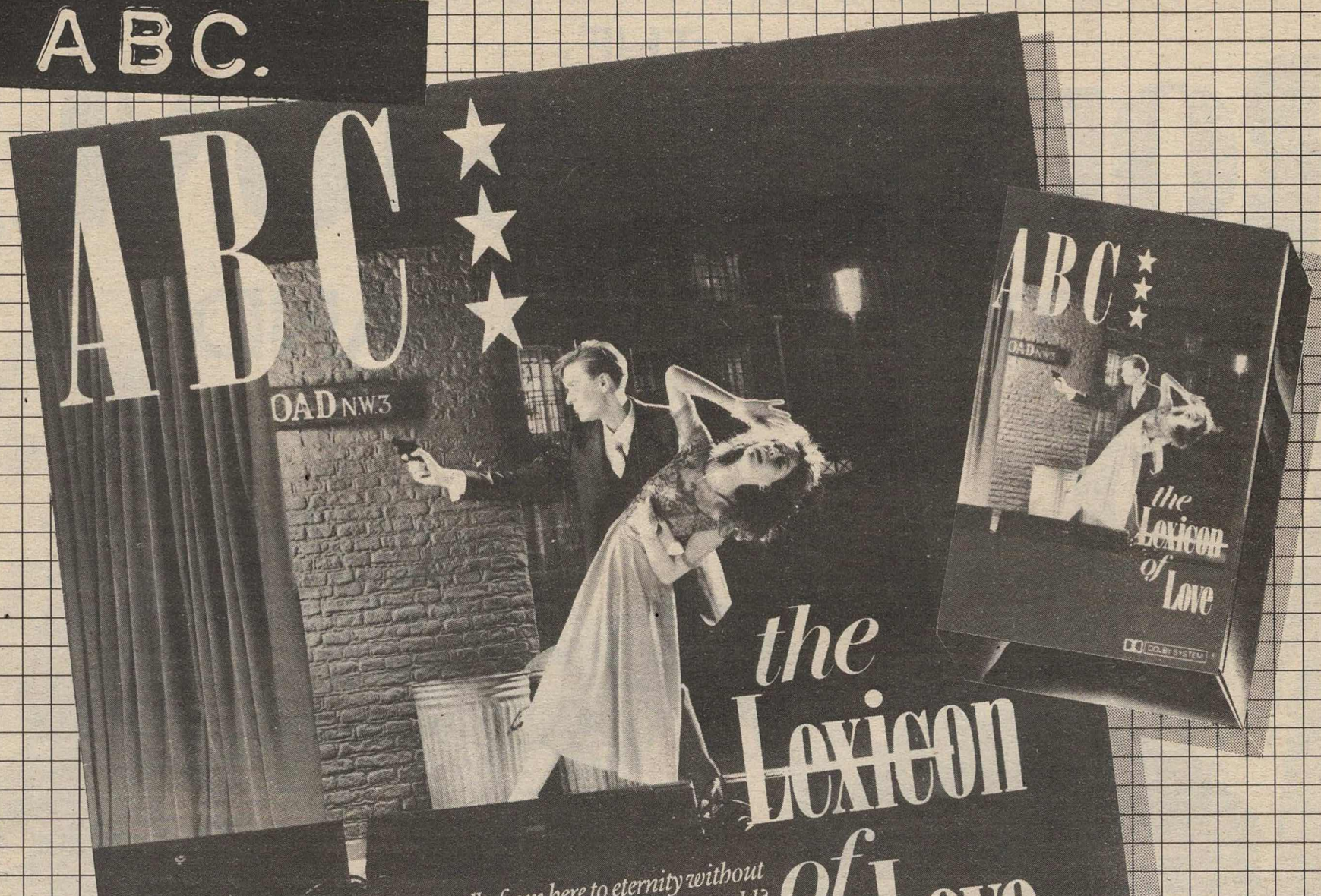

the Lexicon of Love

a-z affectionately. 1 to 10 alphabetically. from here to eternity without in betweens. still looking for a custom fit in an off the rack world? sales talk from sales assistants when all i want to do is lower your resistance. no rhythm in cymbals no tempo in drums. love's on arrival, she comes when she comes. right on the target but wide of the...

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Sticksman & Robin

From page 8

serious threat to local product. What would Sly and Robbie think about working here — with, say, Aswad — and taking the results home?

Silence, followed by a sort of giggle from Sly . . .

"In Jamaica, things are different," offers Robbie. "The people see reggae music differently, they live and breathe it. It's all they know, so there's going to be a much stronger resistance to change. It's not like over here."

A strange reply. First the twosome advocate change, then shirk any direct responsibility. But then, thinking back to their own recorded output, it appears reggae is being kept separate from the rest. Apart from an understanding and acceptance of the latest electronic gadgetry, which makes for technologically superb releases, there's nothing actually new about the style of 'Raiders Of The Lost Dub' or anything on the Taxi label.

I was wrong in thinking Sly and Robbie could fill Marley's space. Instead of tackling the situation head on, they are content to set oblique examples as merely boys in the band. Sly put it like this:

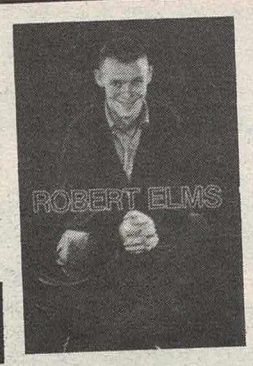
"Me and Robbie, we don't really like none of that 'up front' business. We just prefer to stay in the background and work, keeping the rhythm balanced and everything. It's our job!"

While they will not be the ones to make the step, it is at least some consolation that two talents such as these will be ready to back up the change when it does happen.

The trouble is, it might happen too late. The work that Marley put into establishing reggae as a bona fide popular music is steadily being wiped out as reggae music climbs backwards further into the hills of Jamaica, lost for ever.

AVIANT

ELms on ORSON WeLLeS



■ Orson ■ The man ■ The profile ■ The magic ■ The movies.

■ **Orson.** Big man. Big movies. Big screens. Big. Think . . .

■ **City . . . Orson: zen? He acted in a lot of his own movies!**

■ Do you just think of sherry ads? Me too. But wait, we have news for you . . . Orson Welles was good. Take **OUR** word for it. Millions of stupid stupid academic boring hack books clutter up university shelves but **NS***NS* got **BIG** news for you. Just watch those *movies*. We think Orson will live on. But not the royalties from his films, though!!!

♦ **Welles** ♦ All's well that . . . but more often than not.

Who were they to change **HIS** films? Well, *Holly would*, wouldn't it. Hacks mentality. Move on.

● **Orson** ● And on and on. He also made ***The Lady From Shampoo, Touch of Max Factor, The Magnificent Amber Shades.*** Dig them. Hip big man. BeARd Black. big ●

■ What **Orson Welles** ultimately remains is what he meant before he went fat — **FAT** head — and commercial (**F for Fake, those stupid Shakespeares**). He meant ambition and hats. Orson, we tip it to you ■ The young Welles ■

■ R.E. ■

♦♦ **Next month: Elms on better speed**

Reprinted without permission from New Sounds New Styles

1982: the first 6 months

NME writers rehash the smashes of the year so far

SINGLES

1 **THE LOOK OF LOVE** ABC (NEUTRON)
2 **My Baby Just Cares For Me** Nina Simone (Charly)
3 **Money's Too Tight (To Mention)** The Valentine Brothers (Bridge)
4 **Poison Arrow** ABC (Neutron)
5 **Faithless** Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
6 **Dib-Be-Dib-Be-Dize** Brother D & Collective Effort (Clappers)
7 **Just An Illusion** Imagination (R&B)
7 **Let's Start The Dance Again** Hamilton Bohannon (London)
8 **Club Country** The Associates (Associates)
9 **Come On Eileen** Dexys Midnight Runners (Dexys)
10 **Pinball Cha Cha** Yello (Do-It)
11 **Party Fears Two** The Associates (Associates)
12 **Do You Believe In The Westworld** Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
13 **Mama Used To Say** Junior (Mercury)
14 **Temptation** New Order (Factory)
15 **Black Coffee In Bed** Squeeze (A&M)
16 **Only You** Yazoo (Mute)
17 **African Queen** Allez Allez (Kamera)
18 **Avalon** Roxy Music (EG)
19 **You're My Kind Of Climate** Rip Rig & Panic (Virgin)
20 **I Want Candy** Bow Wow Wow (RCA)

ALBUMS

1 **IMPERIAL BEDROOM** ELVIS COSTELLO (F-BEAT)
2 **Lexicon Of Love** ABC (Neutron)
3 **Thermo Nuclear Sweat** Defunkt (Hannibal)
4 **Beautiful Vision** Van Morrison (Mercury)
5 **Of Human Feelings** Ornette Coleman (Island/Antilles)
6 **The Great Pretender** Lester Bowie (ECM)
7 **2 x 45** Cabaret Voltaire: (Fetish)
8 **Les Tueurs De La Lune De Miel** The Honeymoon Killers (Crammed)
9 **Westworld** Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
10 **Non-Stop Exotic Dancing** Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)
11 **Sulk** The Associates (Associates)
12 **Blue Mask** Lou Reed (RCA)
13 **Big Science** Laurie Anderson (Warner Bros)
14 **One Night In Washington** Charlie Parker (Musician/Elektra)
15 **Urban Bushmen** Art Ensemble Of Chicago (ECM)
16 **Strange Celestial Road** Sun Ra (Y)
17 **Words From The Front** Tom Verlaine (Virgin)
18 **Copeland Special** Johnny Copeland (Demon)
19 **7 Songs** 23 Skidoo (Fetish)
20 **Fun Boy Three** Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)

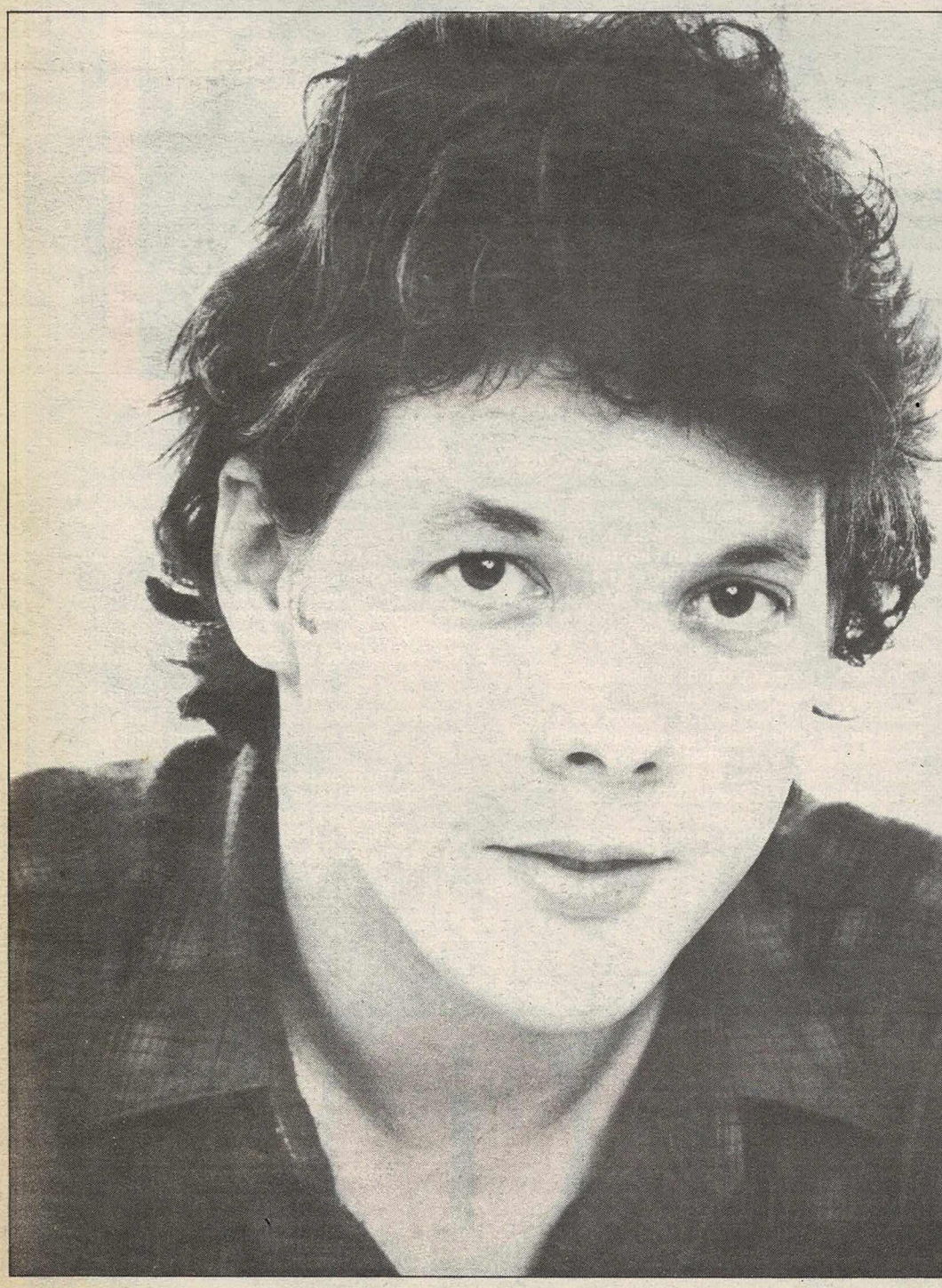
REISSUES

1 **STRANGE CELESTIAL ROAD** SUN RA (Y)
2 **The Steamer** Stan Getz Quartet (Verve)
3 **Another Saturday Night** Various Artists (Oval)

COMPILATIONS

1 **COMPLETE MADNESS** MADNESS (STIFF)
2 **The Best Of Bobby Bland** Bobby Bland (MCA)
3 **Genius Of Rap** Various Artists (Island)

Listings compiled from a straw-poll down the Sun And 13 Cantons, Monday lunchtime. Mr Spencer wishes it to be known he would have voted for 'The Boiler' (Rhoda) and 'Sound D'Afrique' (Various Artists) but he got delayed by a man from the council, and the pub was shut by the time he got there.



STEVE FORBERT

New Album & Cassette featuring his latest single 'When You Walk In The Room'.

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Album: EPC 85297
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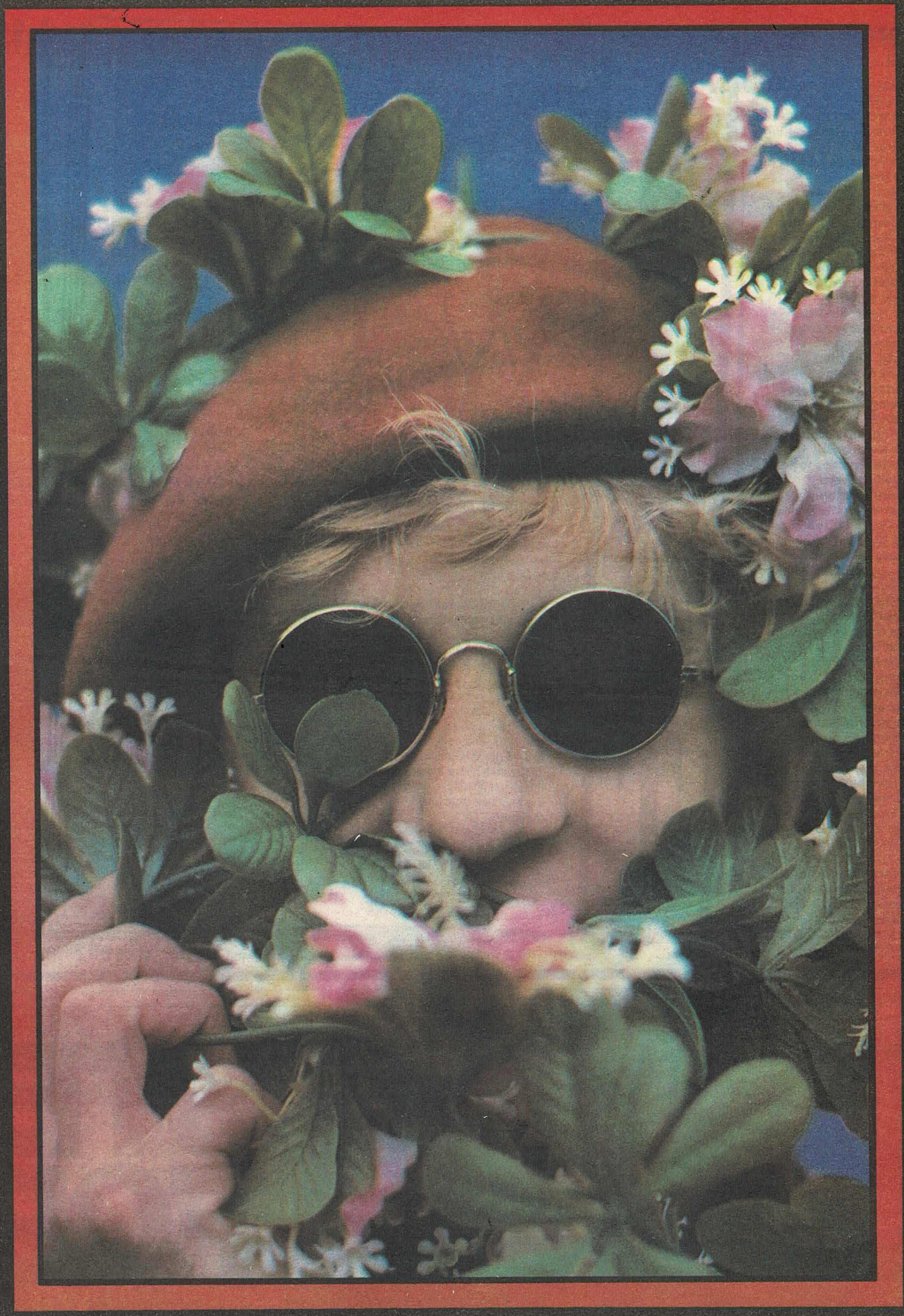
THE CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE HAPPY TALKS HIS WAY THROUGH THE MOST DEPRESSING PERIOD IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

STORY · AMRIK RAI
SNAPS · ANTON CORBIJN



HAPPY TALK is all the rage in this nation under a euphoria groove. Maggie Thatcher is Jesus in drag and everybody's happy (talking) nowadays. And with a sniggering irony, well befitting such an occasion, 1982's National Anthem comes from the mouth of a punk.

For Captain Sensible, it's a dream come true. For England's dreaming, it's the perfect soundtrack. So why is 'Happy Talk' at Number One! Is it just a coincidence?

"I don't know. I'm completely surprised and totally outraged . . . and I'm only in it for the money guvnor."

"It's just a joke isn't it? I did it for a laugh and it looks like turning into my best wheeze yet . . . and hopefully I'll get extremely rich in the process."

THE *Top Of The Pops* studio resembles Victoria coach station in the middle of a train strike.

Hustling and hassling for deadlines, shuffled and ruffled pop stars tout for inclusion in the rapidly diminishing slot between World Cup live and World Cup highlights. John Peel makes mistakes; they run through it again, the producer raises well-worn eyebrows and mouths, "John Darling" with increasing exasperation. Visage splutter and cough in a flood of dryice, and slap-bang in the height of this congestion stands Captain Sensible, the star of the show.

So why is 'Happy Talk' at Number One?

"I'm there because the rest of the music in the Top 30 is just a pile of shit."

Surely you should credit the current crop of pop with something more than that?

"No. It's just a pile of crap, just drivel. It's ali so meaningless isn't it?"

Have you thought about 'Happy Talk' and what that means?

"It's meaningless, but it's a joke. Those songs try to be really serious about it all. Like Visage who were on today, did you see them? They walk around all po-faced and pretentious as if the weight of the world hangs around their shoulders. They're just trying to hide from the truth that all they're doing are three chord songs like everyone else and it doesn't mean a fucking thing."

Before the conversation can progress any further, a BBC official hurriedly postpones the interview and ushers the Captain back into the studio. He's the man in demand and his presence is required to liven up the proceedings. Everyone and his uncle wants to come close and pat him on the back and pay the obligatory lip-service.

It's all too sickening and more than a little perverse so I retire to the comfort of the BBC bar and wait.

THE NEXT TIME I meet Captain Sensible is in his dressing room, a drab, joyless affair but a place offering welcome solitude. I've been wondering about The Damned. Where does this new found fame and fortune leave them?

"I love The Damned. They're the most important thing in my life and I'd much rather this was a Damned success than mine."

Have they actually got anything left to say? Is there any reason they should be carrying on in 1982?

"The whole point about The Damned was always to be as pathetic as possible and just be as childish as we could. It was always just one big tantrum, there wasn't anything we actually wanted to say. So there's no reason why we shouldn't carry on now. In fact there's a need for us, there is nothing else in the world like The Damned. Who do you know that's anywhere near us?"

In 1982? Too many bands to mention.

"Where else is there a drummer like Rat Scabies? I think that, without doubt we are a band doing something totally unique in this day and age. And now that Dave Vanian's learnt to sing, I think The Damned are going to be ludicrously successful. What do you think The Damned should do?"

Let sleeping legends lie down and die?

"That's crap! I don't care what you or anyone else thinks anyway. We're only in it to amuse ourselves.

"The Damned have got a darn sight more to say than some of the fuckin' dross pop bands around today. When we started creating a noise in '76 we brought a breath of fresh air into everything and now it's all gone stale again. There must be a need for The Damned. We were the ones who defied convention all those years ago. We were the ones who made it possible for all these shitheads to release records."

Sounds a bit like sour grapes to me, but I keep the interview going and the Captain flowing. What do you think about punk in 1982?

"I like them as people and I admire their attitudes and I think it's a worthwhile thing because there's a lot of things that need to be said in Britain at this point in time."

Like what? Happy Talk?

OVER

The test we quote in the headline went on to say that the "Jaguar XJS-H.E. provides a blend of spectacular performance, blissful refinement and subtle comfort that no other car in the world can equal."

Which you may think says it all: however, we would like to add a fact or two.

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This remarkable achievement is made possible by the adoption of the unique 'fireball' cylinder head, combined with an advanced digital fuel injection system which precisely meters the amount of fuel required second by second.

"THIS JAGUAR MUST BE THE FINEST MEANS YET DEVISED IN WHICH TO TRAVEL BY ROAD."

MOTOR 18.7.81

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C·A·P·T·A·I·N

continued

"Like kickin' out the missiles and the yank bases. Like kickin' out the tories. That's like what.

"The good thing about punk is that it presents the viewpoint of real people and not the shit you get in the media. Punk says you don't have to listen to anyone. There's no dress restrictions, nothing you can't say and as long as you don't hurt anyone there's nothing you can't do."

What about Damned gigs? They were always pretty chaotic but occasionally violent as well.

"They fucking well weren't. There's never been any violence at any Damned gigs."

I'd disagree with that.

"It's true. If there ever was any violence it'd be stamped out immediately. I detest and abhor violence."

You said earlier that you admired the attitudes of the current punk bands. Surely you must have realised that new punk imagery is inextricably linked with violence. Just take a look through Exploited song titles.

"No. I didn't say that at all. I said that they were going down paths well trodden already. There's only a few original ones around."

Like who?

"The Anti Nowhere League, Bad Brains . . . and possibly a few more. I think the League are very original. People say they're a manufactured punk band, that they're just exploiting everyone's worst fears. But they're not, they're real people. They were disgusting pigs before and they're just the same now . . . only a bit richer."

AFTER A further episode of hollow congratulations and starry-eyed Happy Talk, I meet the Captain for the last time. What's happened to you as a person during the last five years?

"I'm not sure. I tend to despair a lot more for my country. This is probably the worst period in world history and you can't ignore something like that. I've come to realise that if I've got a voice and there's people willing to listen then I've got to say how disgusting some of the things I see are."

We talk about his involvement with the Crass organisation and his only release for them, the 'This Is Your Captain Speaking' EP. Now that you've had a Number One would you still be prepared to work with Crass?

"I had something to say about the lunacy going on in this world and Crass gave me the perfect opportunity. During the time I spent with them I got to respect those people very much, they seemed very genuine, very passionate about their beliefs. What Crass are saying is very relevant and important in this day and age."

I personally thought the Crass venture was a remarkably brave step for Captain Sensible. To make a record like that with a reputation of being just another prat, making a fool of himself all the time, requires a certain amount of courage. Wasn't there a risk of his reputation detracting from the sentiment behind the song?

"I wish you wouldn't call me a prat. I have got a Number One record you know?

"The point is that these things need saying, it doesn't matter who says them. You've got to say that Prince Charles ought to piss off and leave us alone. Every time you pick up a newspaper, it's called a newspaper and yet all they talk about is Royalty all the time. Who needs them? This country'd be ten times better off without those over-privileged, over-paid snobs. Bollocks to them.

"From the moment I left school I've been realising that everything they taught me was just a pile of shit. They taught me that law was something to be respected and all-powerful and all-wonderful. That the government says only what is the will of the people blah blah blah. And it ain't that at all. They said Britain was a democracy and that's shit as well.

"Britain is run by advertising men. The media, and newspapers in particular, formulate people's opinions. Some of the things they put across are just fucking stupid but people believe them because they're all there in black and white and three letter words. The working classes of this country are just too fuckin' gullible and it's time someone said, Look, just put that crap away 'cos none of it's true. Think for yourselves for a change.

"If someone did that then you wouldn't get in fascists and people who vote Thatcher."

You've been doing interviews with the dailies all week. If you think they're all just a load of crap then why use them to push your product? I daresay that Crass would think twice about using the *Sun* to promote their views.

"In every interview I've done I've made my point but they just won't listen, guv. But I've got to continue making reasonable statements in the hope that someone will listen 'cos that's the only way to change anything."

Reasonable statements will never change a thing . . . but a good wheeze is just what the Empire needs. Long may the new Captain's 'Happy Talk' rule the waves.

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ORNETTE

ON FEELING HUMAN

Ornette Coleman's harmolodics brought about the musical change of the century. After his New York comeback last year, the legendary tenor man talked to Vivien Goldman about race, religion and all that jumpin' jazz. Photos Val Wilmer.

THE BIG O originally hails from Fort Worth, Texas. He has been a fighter and an outsider all his life. His fragile frame is a walking contradiction of equations of brawn with strength.

He is invariably polite: call it being a nice guy, or the humility of true genius, call it the survival mechanism diplomacy of a man who had to accept racist insults with a smile, in the South, with his life on the line. Whichever, it's fascinating to see an artist keep his ego on the leash.

He listens attentively, head slightly to one side. After you've finished talking, he says in a tone of wonder "Is that so? Is that right?" with such a devastating appreciation that you're forced to re-assess what you said. Is he sincere or sarcastic? If he's pleased, he adds; "That's *good*, that's *good*".

When I think of Ornette Coleman, I remember the phrase, humble lion. The achievements of this sensitive, querulous man are awesome. He's one of the few people this century who've re-adjusted our ears, jogged our receptivity and rhythm sensitivity.

In 1945, Coleman was overjoyed when his mother gave him his first saxophone. She had reason to rejoice, too; by the next year Coleman was supporting the family on the money he was earning playing at extremely rough Southern gambling juke dives.

In an extensive interview in A. P. Spellman's fascinating book, *Four Lives In The Bebop Business*, Ornette recalls crying on the bandstand one night, wearing the tuxedo he'd hired to take his then best girl to her Graduation Dance. The chance of a job had come up, and Ornette had to blow the date and work instead. As he played, drunks flashed knives on the dance floor. Ornette was crying because he didn't want to be there, couldn't understand why his music was encouraging violence. That night, a couple of guys got cut up, one killed.

It seems unlikely that Ornette's music was really prompting violence, but as soon as the Big O cut loose and began to follow the lines of music dancing in his head, beyond the stated melody line — an extension of the melodic improvisations in certain sections of a song that characterised bebop, the music that dominated when Coleman first began — he provoked a remarkable violence for such a charming, courteous, non-macho presence.

Frequently, the violence was physical, gangs of men outraged by his unfamiliar musical vocabulary waiting outside the stage door to mash up musician and instrument. Later, the violence changed to savage criticism and rejection by all but the close-knit band of musicians (Don Cherry, Charlie Haden, Ed Blackwell, Charlie Moffett, Dewey Redman) that trained with Ornette and never left him, spiritually.

SO WHAT WAS all the fuss about? It's only music.

But hearing is a means of perceiving the world, of organising information. If you start to hear differently, it's as radical a change as starting to see things differently, and of course it's a threat.

Ornette once told me that he first conceived harmolodic music when he was playing in a church group and listening to the choir, who were, by conventional standards, duff. But he realised that all the voices pursuing their own melodies made a different kind of unison, unregimented. It wasn't off, it was *on*.

It's a great communication challenge — talking eloquently and listening intently at the same time.

Ornette coined the term "harmolodic" to describe the process whereby each instrument, each voice, pursues its own melody in a song, ignoring the established set structures (bars, keys, chord changes) that will amputate inspiration for the sake of a neat middle eight, with everybody compulsorily shifting gear at precisely the same time.

Since Ornette began to develop his harmolodic stratagems in the early '50s, nobody's superseded the scope of his vision.

Of all musics, harmolodics most explicitly deals in liberty, and respect for each individual's (potential) contribution. The arrogant titles of his early albums: 'Tomorrow Is The Question', 'Something Else', 'The Shape Of Jazz To Come' must have outraged all the people who lost their way in the unaccustomed maze of so many individual sounds and self-expressions sliding alongside each other.

Accustomed to receiving music in pre-packaged bite-shaped segments, hearing all the tastes flood in at once proved to be a sensory overload for most. Hence the cries of charlatan and fake that Ornette endured simply because he heard one step beyond. Conventionally attuned ears just hear a horrible noise, till the melodies start to unravel; then it's an earmakable/remarkable exhilaration — like suddenly breaking out of a traffic jam and winging wildly down an open road.

This interview took place last year, when Ornette, who hadn't played in America for years, played two sets for two blazing nights at Joseph Papp's Shakespeare Theatre in New York.

Ornette, always a natty dresser, had some exquisite suits for the occasion, made out of special jewel-coloured fabrics he'd found in Chinatown.

Prime Time, Ornette's group which matched the splendour of his suits, features a spectacularly sizzling rhythm section of Jamaaladeen Tacuma on bass (hear his new 'Cosmetic' 45 on Rough Trade) and Denardo Coleman, Ornette's son, drumming (often in the company of another drummer.) Denardo had great fun playing on his father's 'Ornette At 12' album when he was 12 years old.

Like so many of Ornette's moves, Denardo's colourful, rumbustious drumming drew all kinds of flak from the critics. Wisely ignoring the words of cloth ears, Denardo has progressed till now he expresses the state of the art in drumming in the age of the drum machine. The beat, the regular thump as reproduced easily by technology, is implicit; instead of stating the obvious, Denardo's drums dance with and beyond the rhythm, with subtlety, authority and humour.

Ornette says he appreciates the "good taste" of Denardo's drumming.

At the four spectacular Prime Time sets at the Shakespeare Theatre, I also appreciated his endurance. At the beginning of the first set, Denardo slashed his hand on a cymbal but continued playing with his usual vivacity and wit, even though his yellow satin jeans were so blood-spattered they looked like early Clash 'Jackson Pollock' gear.

Drummers who go along with the Musicians Union's new rulings against electrical manufacture of sound, should check out Denardo — he's the proof that drum machines actually liberate drummers to do more interesting and human rhythms.

Ornette's album title 'Dancing In Your Head' has become a catchphrase, and it's a good summary of the effect of Prime Time live, which combines attack and passion with the sensitivity that comes from listening to other people's desires as attentively as you listen to your own. It touches the body and the mind at the same time, unusual for dance music.

Sometimes it seems that bodies and minds wave hopelessly at each other across a widening chasm. It's another elevating aspect of harmolodics, that healthy music, that both bits of our being get a good massage when Prime Time play.

WE MET THE day after the concerts, the archetypal triumphal return, in Ornette's hotel room.

Every time I'd seen him before in New York, it had been in his enormous loft in the Bowery; with the hieroglyphic painting from the cover of his 'Body Meta' album on the wall, and enough equipment for a group rehearsal sitting where the three-piece suite would be in less bohemian surroundings.

But the hotel room is uncluttered. Ornette, who is abstemious and would rather eat a little than a lot, offers me mineral water. He isn't feeling too well, something like a cold. As he sips his mineral water, I encourage him to go for hot lemon and honey. Something about Ornette's expression of patient suffering — the man is tired, he's just done four intensive shows on the trot — brings out all my maternal instincts.

Why are we in a hotel, not a home?

Ornette sighs. "For some reason, me being somewhere is like having the approval of the people that want me to be there. Because people harass you. I was on the Bowery, and people kept on calling the police on me. Wagons coming every five minutes with a big blast. On July 4 1980, someone called the cops on me when I was rehearsing — and I was on the *Bowery!* (the most low-down winos section of New York). How can you disturb someone on the *Bowery!?*

"That's why I'm taking my time in finding somewhere to put my investment and time. I've gone to places before; spend lots and lots of money, and get the same reaction. I went to the Bowery because at least I reckoned someone would let me do my work there. I'm in the process of acquiring a school to do some teaching. Maybe whoever feels they're my enemy won't feel that way about that."

I tell Ornette that Bob Marley used to have the same problem in Kingston; he solved it by investing in a large property uptown, and moving his extended proletariat family right in there in the heart of the *haute bourgeoisie*.

Ornette digs it. "At least he'd get some protection that way. But I can't afford to live in the richest neighbourhood, and probably they don't want me to come round them, so I'll play it by ear and see how it works ... I find it very hard for music and the music business to agree together, but it can be done."

Ornette's coming-out / return gigs after what he calls "one of our little slink periods" of public silence and private writing, are prompted on one level by an association with a man called Sid Bernstein, who began managing Ornette in 1980. "Till then I'd been road manager, repair man, everything." Further fruits of the new liaison are a deal signed some time after this interview took place with Island Records. Since the collapse of Artist House records, with whom Ornette released 'Body Meta' and 'Dancing In Your Head', Ornette had been sitting on some Prime Time tapes, (digitally recorded, no second takes,) now released by Island as 'Of Human Feelings'.

About the projected school (no age restrictions,) Ornette says: "The thing that's so profound is that teaching to exist and teaching to keep something that's in existence is two different things. There's so many people that have not had the opportunity to learn to exist, as well as to learn how to do something that's already in existence."

Is it difficult to teach something you hear in your head to other people? Ornette has always worked intimately with his musicians, sharing houses with them, woodshedding for months. As he did with Blood Ulmer and Don Cherry, he's done with the new generation of Prime Time ...

"There is a way of getting the sounds that you want at the place that you want them with the results that you want. They are available, it's just how you go about travelling that road to find them; some rhythm sections eliminate the right to think, and therefore you have to lock your ideas into (their sound). Some people think this is a very good discipline for music, that you have a strict order of logic and you show how many variations this logic can mean to you emotionally. That's all it's ever gonna do. It's not gonna free you from the cause of not needing.

"There's too much beautiful music and too many creative poeple to be bound to that limited concept. It doesn't have to change, all it has to do is to grow.

"I have that problem, because when you're playing Western music in the form of a unison, and we've all been told what that unison is supposed to do for our heads, when you hear more than one unison you can't deal with it. It's not true; because just like we all have five senses, there are sounds that appeal to many, many other senses, and the Western world would be very healthy to allow those sounds to amalgamate with those other senses.

"That's where the sanity and insanity lies, because no-one wants to admit that they don't know how, where, why to do it, and where it is; but they all admit there's something to be done, whether it's a music professor, a critic,

Jazz jamming in a new New York loft. Left to right: EDWARD BLACKWELL, DEWEY REDMAN, ORNETTE and CHARLIE HADEN.

COLEMAN

or what.

"I have tried my best to show the people that are playing with me how I approach it when I try to achieve my goals. I'm trying not to have a logic that's limited by the only source of unison. No matter if you have a hundred or a thousand unisons, somebody's gonna hear somebody they don't like. So if they're gonna hear somebody they don't like in one unison, why not have something they don't like in a thousand unisons? Since it's all you like or dislike.

"It's just plain logic that if human expression is going to mean something other than the repetitions of patterns, that everybody should participate in it to create or eliminate the patterns — or to let what there be exist, before the logic of patterns.

"Learning music is not the same thing as learning to manipulate a machine, or doing something where the skills have to be always to the exact state in order to ensure the healing, like a doctor or mechanic, the perfection of the instrument being the expressed state. That's not a pattern. That's knowledge. The pattern comes from the logic you use to describe the logic. And music has been put into a mechanical pattern that has limited the use of what logic would mean, without having to think of a pattern in sound.

"One reason why it's like that is because Western instruments are built into a certain logic that goes — but it doesn't mean it's the ultimate expression of sound in music. That's why styles have been created, because of decorating those logic sounds. To me, that's what harmolodic will mean; one day it will free you from having to have a style or create a style that's different from all the other ones."

ORNETTE'S SPEECH is a soft Southern burr; he places odd emphases on letters and vowel sounds, jumbling the expected rhythms, and talks in spirals of meaning that can be as startling when you first meet him as harmolodics are when you first hear them. I only succeeded in following certain steps of Ornette's reasonings when I had a chance to play the tape back, in fact. When you unravel the words though, they're a deep dance.

Ornette, why do you think people get hooked on a rhythm? Like reggae, say, the pleasure of familiarity. Is it a feeling of stability or security that people crave?

Ornette says straightaway, "I think it's the tempered scale; the thing we call the tonic (a tempered instrument is any instrument you can tune; a non-tempered instrument, the reverse. You can, of course, de-tune and thus de-temper even a piano, that most restrictingly linear of instruments). The thing that lets you think you can repeat it, or the thing that is unison. It has a tendency to consume and be mentally stimulating; at the same time it's alway played with some purpose. If I play a certain line, or a guy plays a line with me, it all fits the same purpose; but the content of it gets a different result.

"So I would think that the rhythm structure of sound is the basic of what causes that to happen. It doesn't always cause that to happen, but it does stimulate the same motives.

"What I'm saying is, if you take the rhythm out of notes, you don't have that. Like in classical music, what you have is the major seventh, coming down on the third and fifth and tonic at the same time. In the major seventh you don't have to use the rhythm, it's kind of resolved anyway, but any other note it takes some kind of rhythmic figure to get it to an expression of motive. The major seventh motive is already set up, it's going to a time; and you don't have to use rhythm to do that; but other sounds, you have to use rhythm so that the note can rise those rhythms to the destination they're gone.

"I think basically what you're saying is the rhythm of logic that makes the rhythm exist, as opposed to the repetition of notes. See, rhythm always sounds like rhythm, but no thing always sounds like rhythm. Intervals always sound like rhythm, but no thing always sounds like rhythm. Rhythm always sounds like rhythm. That's why when it plays well, it's found a way to resolve both without having to get in each other's way.

"That's what I try to do — not what I *try* to do, what I *do*: I am exchanging rhythm for notes and notes for rhythm, and give them equal position. Sometimes it's challenging to do it, because the rhythms don't have to be resolved. The notes seem to always want to be spelled out."

Abruptly, Ornette, who's sitting with legs primly crossed in the armchair facing me, asks, "If you wasn't singing in any language that you know, and you were singing, how would it sound?"

I'm not accustomed to thinking in Ornette's metaphysical musicology. Unexpected? Free, or something? I say hesitantly.

"Well; that's a good word to use, free; but how would it sound? If you weren't singing in any language, how would it sound? You wouldn't have any reference other than what you'd heard, and you'd have to make the comment after the experience. You couldn't conceive of making a comment before the experience.

"That is what happens in emotional experiences. The person finds themselves having an experience that they neither had motivated, had a reason for experiencing, or had a need for a desire for it. And yet those experiences bring things to a higher level. That emotional experience, they don't know what caused it to happen, and yet it happens.

"Sometimes in sound it opens up those types of avenues. Sound sometimes lets you have the experience that you wasn't prepared for, that enlightens you more than one that you want to approve of: like, Yeah, I like this, or I don't like this. It goes beyond that

CONTINUES PAGE 45

F·A·N·T·A·Y·Z·I·A

AS BOW WOW WOW jab at the jugular of the American music monolith — Kenny Laguna's production of 'I Want Candy' being a cunning concession to redneck rock conservatism — a gaping hole is beginning to open up back on the home front.

An empty berth now exists for a fresh brand of fast fun and ribald rascalry in the British chart; a place just waiting for a team of untutored upstarts to burst in and upset the applecart with something spikier, something sexier . . . something somewhere between the ersatz gloss of ABC and the simple craft of the Funboys; between the bellicose bravado of Bauhaus and the innocence of the Images; between the orderly lunacy of Madness and the true maverick spirit of The Associates.

Bow Wow Wow were almost there last year, although the zany joy of Bananarama is probably closer at the moment. A few rungs further down the ladder lurks the witty bitch Boy George and his winsome Culture Club con.

And then there is the tough and tantalising new pop narcotic of Haysi Fantayzee.

Haysi Fantayzee are Kate Garner, Jeremiah Healy and Paul Caplin. Together they write songs, design clothes, play games and make records, the first of which — the wild and whacky 'John Wayne Is Big Leggy' — was released last week on the Regard label.

An effortlessly catchy cartoon anthem for the craysi, laysi, haysi daze of summer, 'John Wayne' is instant, insistent contemporary pop chaos — a snappy statement of intent and an echo of stylistic roots that stretch back to the spirit of early punk and vintage glam rock; if Haysi recall any other band it is prime time T.Rex, and it seems more than mere coincidence that the single is produced by Tony Visconti, who directed some of Bolan's best bops.

Somehow we will have to find a place for Haysi — on the box, in the clubs, on the radio, in the charts and even on the streets of London in the shape of the gladragged, dreadlocked sartorial style they have been helping to spawn over the past year. The capital's *Evening Standard* — ever quick off the mark — have clumsily dubbed them the Dread End Kids, the disturbing new cult sweeping our cities blah blah blah . . . but Haysi themselves have other ideas.

They begrudgingly accept the inevitable comparisons, the most obvious being Bow Wow Wow and Bolan but are keen not to align themselves with any passing fashion fad.

Paul: "It is easy to compare us with other groups like Bow Wow Wow and Culture Club 'cos we attract a similar audience to them. But all those pop kids in dreadlocks have to have some music to listen to and there's not much else around. But we certainly don't imitate any other contemporary bands. I honestly don't know of another band that sounds like us.

"It's the difference between style and fashion. Style is people just being what they *are* and fashion is people dressing up like other people because that is the latest trend. What we do is an extension of our style. It's what we are. It's not what other people are doing so I don't think it could be labelled a fashion thing."

THE WEST HAMPSTEAD flat shared by the three members of the group is strewn with debris from a party on the mild midsummer evening on which we meet to discuss the rudiments of rascalling the Haysi way, Jeremiah slipping an old zydeco album onto the sound system for unobtrusive background music.

In addition to writing the Haysi lyrics, Jeremiah is responsible for the gruff, rasping rap which jostles with Kate's more melodic chorus line on the single.

According to shady Haysi mythology, Jeremiah's life has been an unusual one. Brought up an Irish Catholic in South London, he was once expelled from a voodoo cult for being identified as the Antichrist, after which he took to a period of complete hibernation in an abandoned Camden council flat before being prodded back into life by Kate and Paul.

His gaunt, spidery features are offset by a matted waxy mass of brown dreadlocked hair.

"I found out how to do it from this rasta guy that I know. I've had it like this for a over a year now. You just weave other strands of hair into your own. I've done all sorts of things to it, put mud and facepacks on it and really fucked it up. But I can wash it now and the locks remain intact. It just takes a little bit longer to dry.

"I haven't had any hassle from blacks because of it. The only people who seem to have a go are the whites. Kate had a cigarette stubbed in her face by some woman who called her a blackman's whore. Can you believe that? It just sickens me that people can be so stupid."

Kate was born in Wigan where she was expelled from a convent school before running away from home. She has lived the last ten years in the capital, though she still retains much of her earthy Northern wit and wisdom. Before the band, she made a living as a fashion photographer, her work appearing regularly in the *Sunday Times* and *Ritz*.

The third member of the Haysi household, Paul, has a more flexible part to play in the project. The only proficient instrumentalist of the trio — he has been playing the piano since he was six — his role is more of a backroom one and most of the group's publicity shots show only the dreadlocked duo of Kate and Jeremiah.

Another Londoner, Paul left university to work on computers and telephones before turning down a job at the Aldermaston atomic plant, electing instead to tickle the ivories in funky Latin rock combo Animal Magnet. It was only after Magnet's first EMI single last year that he left.

PAUL DISMISSES the early Haysi rehearsals as a joke — "seminal jungle music about two weeks ahead of its time" — with platoons of prospective percussionists streaming in and out of their small London studio. Initial plans for a much larger group were soon shelved and the ensemble whittled down to a basic nucleus of three with session players hired when they were needed for specific instrumental duties.

Paul: "We're too scatter-brained to have a permanent band. If we were certain that we wanted to be a rock band, we could get in a full-time drummer, bassist and guitarist. If we were certain that we wanted to be a Latin or funk group, we could get in some full-time percussionists and horns. But we didn't want to be any of those things specifically. Each time we write a song, we try to give it a different flavour and to do that properly you need different musicians. If we were to have a member for every contingency, there would probably be a hundred people in the group.

Jeremiah: "There is a lot of really interesting music outside the limits of pop, rock, funk and reggae, and we try to incorporate some of that stuff into our songs. There is so much you can draw from to give a song its flavour and that's what we do. 'John Wayne' is a very obvious example in that it uses twangy acoustic guitar to get that American western feel. Our next single is completely different with violin and a washboard to give it a skiffle flavour."

HAYSI FANTAYZEE have yet to find their proper point on the pop compass, although they undoubtedly have something vital and vivacious to offer. Their debut might not be a work of deep and lasting value and there are certainly enough people around here who share Danny Baker's reservations as voiced recently, but it sounds like a healthy summer hit to me, instant enough for repeated radio play and cutting enough to stand out on a good club sound system.

For all their fluent and infectious immediacy, Haysi want to be regarded as something more than just another sweet but ultimately sickly pop confection.

Kate: "I don't think you could say that we are cosmetic in the same way that Dollar or Bucks Fizz are cosmetic. No one has tried to take away our rough edges. If you took away the raw feel, there would be nothing there."

Jeremiah: "Of course, it's more than just cosmetic! It's whacky for sure, but what's wrong with being a bit zany? I really like whacky records."

Paul: "Making good pop music is ultimately more demanding and thus more satisfying than the sterner stuff we were doing before. Is it that much of a crime to make music that is immediately likeable and fun to listen to?"

There can only be one sound answer to *that* question.

KATE & JEREMIAH

ADRIAN THRILLS gets dazied by HAYSI FANTAYSEE, yet another exciting band of brilliant pop performers (it says here...)

PIC: PETER ANDERSON

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SINGLES

Reviewed by Adrian Thrills

PULSALLAMA: The Devil Lives In My Husband's Body (Y)
Anything originating from the same grimy Greenwich Village garage as the Bush Tetras is not going to be particularly pretty. What it will possess, however, is power, personality and percussive muscle to spare and Pulsallama are no exception.

Ten timbala-toting women with names like Jean Caffeine, Wendy Wild, Bubbles Montana, April Palmueri and Bonefinder Thometz, Pulsallama are the most exotic band to burst into bloom south of E96th Street in the past 12 months. Virtually impossible to pen into any of the convenient pigeon holes (mutant calypso? SoHo samba?), they share the same loose, enlightened approach to music making as the more maverick new British bands.

Their debut single, produced by Dick O'Dell, parodies a typical scene from the casebooks of Middle America, telling the everyday tale of the neurotic wife who seeks psychiatric aid for an ailing husband who becomes possessed by a demonic dog every time he goes down the basement . . . it happens all the time.

Sure, they're not totally serious, although behind their smiles there lurks the surly snarl of the Big Apple's belated but brusque answer to Bananarama.

KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS: Stool Pigeon (Ze)
And so after two years on the banana boat, The Kid finally got the hit that seemed to be slipping out of his reach, even though it did take a massive university tour, a TV special and the least demanding or durable Darnell album to date to secure him a slice of the elusive chart action. The real test, however, still lies vanward and it is this new single 'Stool Pigeon' that should prove conclusively whether or not the Coconuts have really acquired the common touch.

One of the few truly memorable moments on a disappointing LP and a much better single than the flat, flimsy 'Wonderful Thing', this is wise guy Darnell at his most lyrical and witty. 'Stool Pigeon' is a wonderful vivid tale of intrigue and dishonour among thieves; the story of a backstabber who finds financial security but looses his friends: *"If you wanna squeal said the FBI/We can make a deal, make it worth your while/ So he told it all and in return / He got a credit card and a Thunderbird . . ."*

Another hit? Hard to say. There haven't been that many successful singles about supergrasses and for such a leisurely stroll of a song, the arrangement is needlessly fussy and drawn out. The single — like much of 'Tropical Gangsters' — also suffers from the low profile adopted by Coatimundi, the undoubted star of the live show over here and a man whose comic genius is at least the equal of August's more sophisticated wit. Que pasa?

THE BELLE STARS: The Clapping Song (Stiff)
Although their effort was the more listenable, The Belle Stars were pipped to the purse-strings of *Top Of The Pops* by Natasha's update of 'Iko Iko' last month. Undaunted, they now return with yet another cover version, doing their bit to ensure that a tediously regressive trend continues — the dredging up of old material in order to appease conservative radio controllers.

'The Clapping Song' was a hit for Shirley Ellis as far back as 1965 and the Belle's decision to revive it stinks something rotten of a pitifully opportunistic lunge at the charts.

The song itself is such a cheap and obvious choice! The band don't even add anything particularly invigorating of their own, merely apeing and diluting the high school sparkle of the original. Besides, the definitive '80s slant on the sort of sidewalk-skipping celebrated in the song has already been delivered in Frankie Smith's 'Double Dutch Bus' (WMOT / Virgin).

The Belle Stars have more than enough class and character of their own to be able to do without this sort of desperate dishonesty. Buy the Pulsallama single instead.

THEATRE OF HATE: Ghost Of Love (Masterbag flexidisc)
Masterbag is the fortnightly news magazine of the independent labels and wholesalers, an unexpectedly glossy cross between *Zigzag* and Derek Johnson's *Record News* column in *NME*. It is available for 50p plus postage from (surprise surprise!) Rough Trade at 202 Kensington Park Road, London W11.

One of *Masterbag's* regular features is a free flexi, the latest being a ragged rendition of a track from Theatre of Hate's 'Westworld' album. Brandon's boys are really the only British rock band worth bothering about, with or without their lead guitarist, although their predilection for live recordings, this one being from their recent European tour, often results in substandard material seeping out. And while their last Burning Rome single 'The Hop' remains one of the year's essential singles, this is for the Hate hardcore only.

TALK TALK: Today (EMI)
Talk Talk attempt to redeem themselves after two successive single flops by a change of producer, Mike Robinson replacing Colin Thurston, and a change of heart from heavy-handed tub-thumping to a more airy, almost secular feel. As a result, they at least sound a little less like a surrogate Duran Duran (perish the thought!) and more like themselves.

Their last 45 'Talk Talk' would probably have been a hit were the band not so hopelessly faceless. As it is, 'Today' stands an even chance, if only for Mark Hollis's distinctive, dreamy vocal delivery. Wispy synthipop meets candyfloss psychedelia.

ASWAD: Girl's Got To Know (CBS)
"I checked for you once little girl / But not with your manicured face . . ." The righteous lions of Ladbroke Grove make to mash up the wrongs of the material world. Being good Rasta males, however, they lick and lash out only at the supposedly grievous trappings of *feminine* vanity; you know, things like lipstick and jewellery. Their own proud locks predictably don't count, rendering their reasoning, however heartfelt, suspect and decidedly one-sided.

The flaws of Rasta aside, the more direct thrust of early Aswad, from 'Three Babylon' to 'Warrior Charge', remain moments of rare inspiration and depth. The serenity and sophistication of their recent work, though, leaves me cold.

TREVOR WALTERS: Loving As One (Ital)
SANDRA REID: Ooh Boy (Sir George)
Lovers' Rock might appear to be the branch furthest away from the roots of black music in Britain. It may seem a singularly unspectacular offshoot of the reggae tree, but the popularity of the genre over the past five years is ample proof of its staying power. At its best, and in its own seductive style, it is cool and comfortable, if not completely compelling, music. Good Lovers' Rock would also seem to make almost perfect daytime radio pop.

Trevor Walters and Sandra Reid are two young Londoners, he with his own song and she with a classy cover of an old Norman Whitfield tune, both of whom could quite easily cross over from their specialist slot with the right radio exposure. Indeed Walters' last single 'Love Me Tonight' very nearly did just that. But the odds, given the subtle racism of national radio, seem to be stacked against either being a hit in the real world, a minor travesty in the case of Sandra Reid whose single is a fluent, funk-tinged skank with an echo or two of the late Minnie Riperton.

KING TRIGGER: The River (Chrysalis)
The first new UK group to be signed to Chrysalis since Spandau Ballet nearly two years ago, King Trigger obviously want to be Bow Wow Wow, although Steve Lillywhite's production has left them stranded closer to the Skids of 'Scared To Dance', all bristling drum rolls and serrated guitar.

Their weighty musical resonance can become irritatingly infectious with repeated plays, although their incandescent urgency begins to dim a little once the words start to flow: *"Floating down the river in my dug-out canoo . . "* What sort of fire will they begin to breathe once they find themselves a song worth getting *really* worked up about?

SPLASHDOWN: It's A Brand New Day (Shack)
With the class and credibility of the Fun Boy Three now firmly established, Neville Staples has turned his attentions closer to home and his neglected Shack label, whose charateristic sound is now resurfacing after a year-long hiatus in hopeful hitmaking.

Shack is a local Coventry label, primed to pick up on home-based bands and use Nev's know-how to push them on to greater things, operating in much the manner as 2-Tone back in the very beginning. Splashdown are the first graduates of Shack's class of '82, a three-girl two-boy band, operating in territory not too far from some of the Funboy's own dub-edged dabblings, although this similarity could be partly due to the fact that the single is produced by Nev and Lynval Golding.

THE CURE: Hanging Garden (Fiction)
Don't be fooled by the Banshee-esque title, "Hanging Garden' is a dismal exercise in rolling, tumbling rhythmic textures. The Cure have drifted disappointingly and indulgently from the idyllic pop invention of their younger days, a decline in standards reinforced by the inclusion of the original versions of 'Killing An Arab' and 'A Forest' on one portion of this doublepack.

It's just as well that The Cure have now jettisoned what was their finest moment 'Boys Don't Cry', a song now being respectfully refurbished in a Glasgow home by The Bluebells, who seem to be the sort of people that appreciate it more.

Believe it or not, I was actually the first person to write about The Cure, although it is not something I tell anyone but my closest acquaintances.

TRIO: Da Da Da (Mobile Suit)
The sound of the streets circa last summer — the bleep of the Casio calculator — provides the rhythm track to this, the most painful twee excess dosage of the Germanic elctro-dream since Andreas Dorau's 'Fred Vom Jupiter' was granted a British licence courtesy of Mute and a misguided Chris Bohn.

You may have caught five seconds of this on one of those excruciating *Top Of The Pops* Euro-jaunts a few weeks ago in which case you, like me, will be trembling at the pretty real prospect that the thing will actually be a hit.

HONEY BANE: I Wish I Could Be Me (EMI)
The spate of 'me' songs predicted by Danny Baker in the wake of 'I've Never Been To . . ." are already taking strong shape, this week's contender being a Miss Bane of Epping, who dips a little belatedly into the funk jamboree bag without totally submerging her own determined, dynamic personality in a fangled web of session instrumentation: *"I wish I could be me / I'm sick and tired of losing my own identity . . ."* Toyah without the histrionics.

BLONDIE: War Child (Chrysalis)
More mild metal than the usual fake funk and coy joy, the jingles being milked mercilessly from 'The Hunter', and with far less success than in the past, look like being the final poison arrows in the throat of a once great singles band. But then again, who needs Blondie when you've got an alphabet that reads ABC, Adam, Altered Images . . . Yazoo?

CHRIS HUNTER: Keep This One In Tune (Polydor)
LOOSE END: In The Sky (Virgina)
A Couple of honest jack sessioneers stepping out for their firt taste of the solo limelight are pretty easy targets for hip ridicule. I mean, who else but a, deep breath, Real Musician would have the naivity to call his first single anything like 'Keep This One In Tune'! Well, Chris Hunter, the saxman on the Linx and Junior albums, has done just that. Occasional Jam trumpeter Steve Nicol fares only slightly better with his 'In The Sky', but both are basically extended jams, duets between bass and horns that give the jazz-funk genre a bad name and deservedly so.

POSITIVE NOISE: Waiting For The Seventh Man (Static)
Glasgow's Positive Noise, minus their mentor and chief magpie Ross Middleton, now one half of Leisure Process, have lost a lot over the past six months. They have lost the excess baggage and occasional pretention which Mr Middleton used to bring into the camp and are all the better for it. On 'Seventh Man', however, they have also forsaken much of the clarity and agression that marked milestones like 'Give Me Passion' and 'Charm'. The obvious yadstick for the single, though, is the recent LPI product and, for all its muffled meandering, I'd sooner find a place for this than 'A Way You'll Never Be' in my collection.

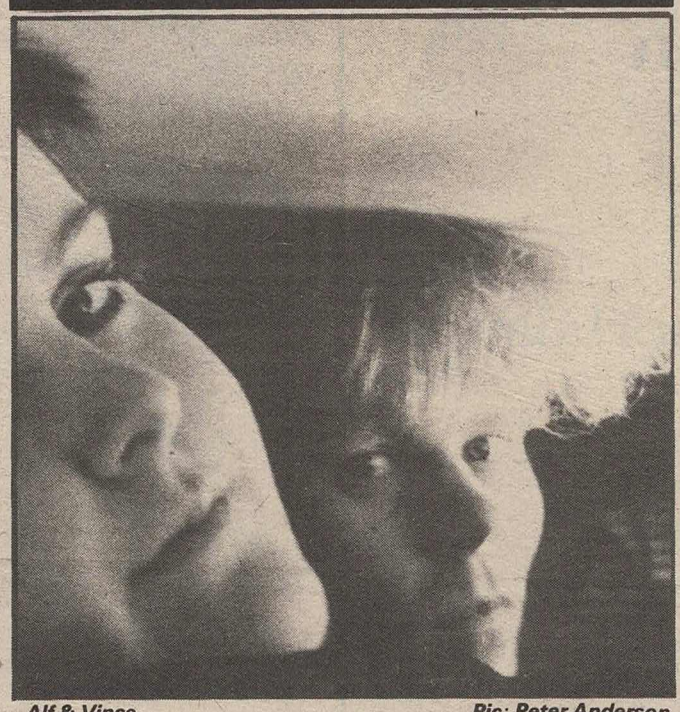
SINGLE OF THE WEEK

YAZOO: Don't Go (Mute)

No contest; The Ike And Tina Turner of the new pop return with a slice of soul melodrama that knocks the rest of this week's releases into a cocked hat in terms of impact and intensity.

Yazoo are a thoroughly unlikely meeting of modes, mating the cool synthetic precision of Vince Clarke with the bellowing bluesy frenzy of Allison 'Alf' Moyet to forge a Basildon bond that brings a refreshing new twist to the synthesiser bubble 'n' squeak.

Their delightful 'Only You' debut hinted at their immense potential, but 'Don't Go' is the first full exposition of their talent. A song that knows the true meaning of love, it builds busily to a strident crescendo as Clarke juggles with a shrill synth motif that jostles with Alf's booming, swelling vocals . . . the gloss and the grit.



Alf & Vince *Pic: Peter Anderson*

One of the great things about Yazoo is that they seem content to remain wild-hearted outsiders. Too poppy for the purists, too tarnished for the teenies, they don't really *belong* anywhere in particular and we should love them for that. The closest thing is probably Nona Hendryx's stuff on Ze and Celluloid, although Yazoo's fury is far more concise, boosted by the benefits of Clarke's electro economy and Daniel Miller's prudent production.

There was a time when we pop snobs used to muse, more in hope than anticipation, that singles like this deserved to be big hits. These days it is a foregone conclusion that the likes of Yazoo will chart, so instead we say that 'Don't Go' deserves to be a number one. It might just turn out to be the first great single of the summer . . . and about time too!

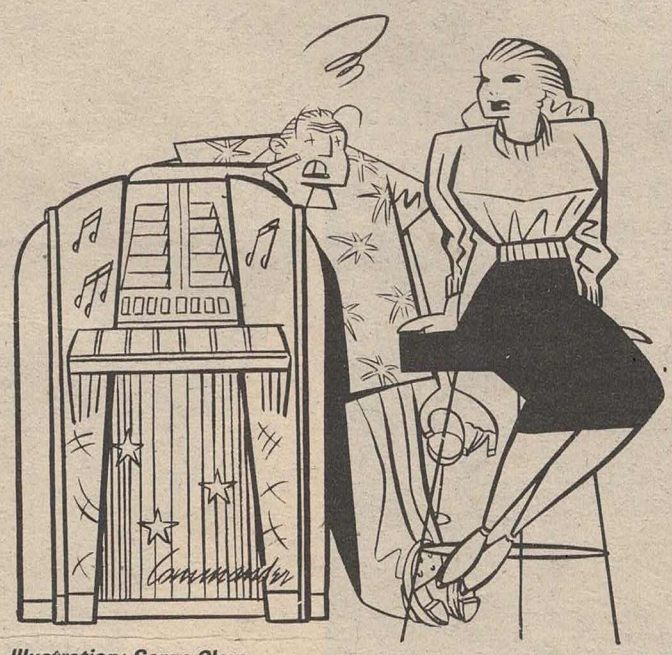


Illustration: Serge Clerc

A WEEK: OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS

'Money's Too Tight' by The Valentine Brothers
'Liars A To E' by Dexys
'Happy Happy Me' by Altered Images
'Rumble In The Jungle' by Don Covay
'Three Cheers For Our Side' by Orange Juice
'Gangsters' by The Special AKA
'Roots Suite' by Odyssey
A demo tape by Wham!
David Lacey on the World Cup
Gary Crowley on the Tuesday Club
Steve Dagger on pop
The Camden Palace on Thursday
John Peel on Top Of The Pops
Goal Of The Week: Junior (Brazil)

MAGAZINE

– *after the fact* – VM1

✸including:

Shot by both sides

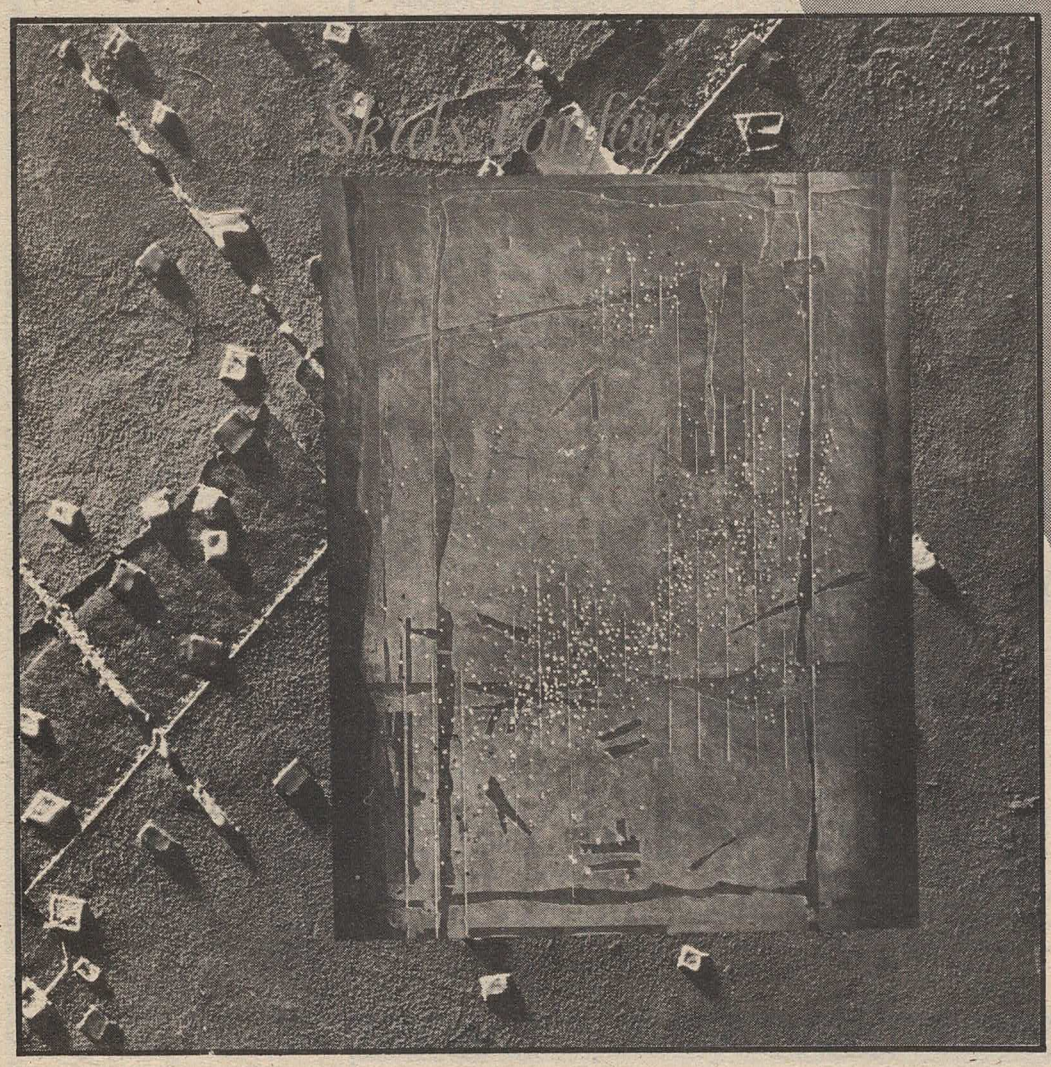
A song from under the floorboards

The light pours out of me

About the weather

THE DEFINITIVE COLLECTIONS

special moments from the careers of two special bands 1977–1981



SKIDS

– *fanfare* – VM2

✸including:

Into the valley

Yankee dollar

Masquerade

Circus games

Virgin

STREET SOUNDS FROM INSOMNIA CITY

Richard Grabel hippity hops round the hot US singles

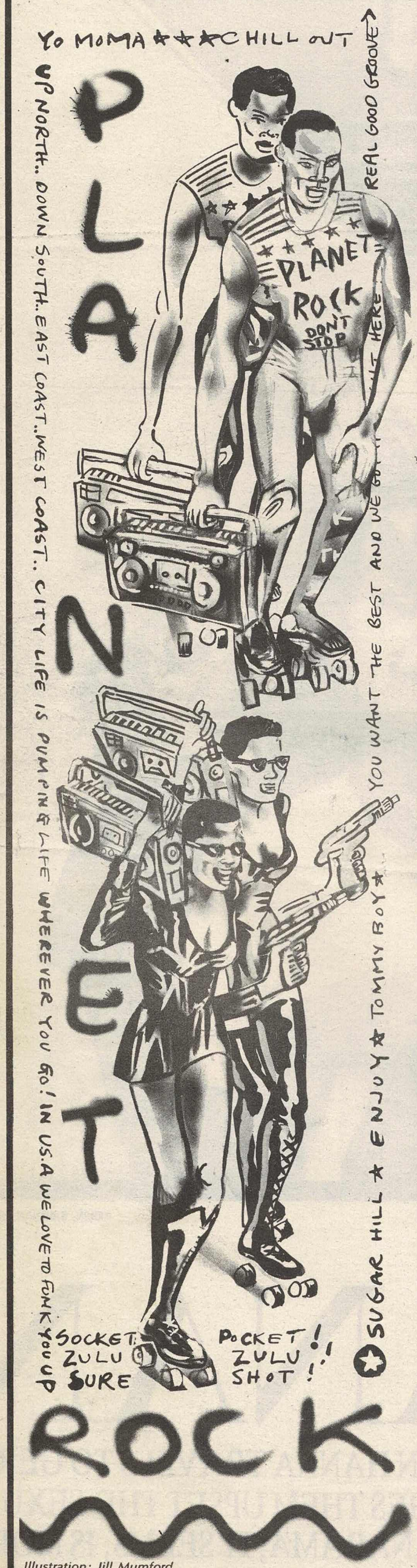
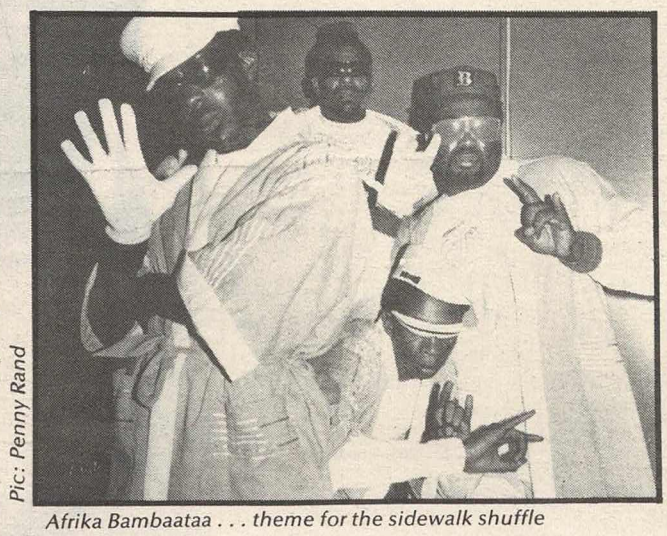

YO MOMA ★★★ CHILL OUT
REAL GOOD GROOVE
PLANET ROCK DON'T STOP
UP NORTH.. DOWN SOUTH.. EAST COAST.. WEST COAST.. CITY LIFE IS PUMPIN & LIFE WHEREVER YOU GO! IN U.S.A WE LOVE TO FUNK YOU UP
YOU WANT THE BEST AND WE GOT IT
TOMMY BOY ★ ENJOY
SUGAR HILL
SOCKET ZULU SURE
POCKET ZULU SHOT!!
ROCK

Illustration: Jill Mumford

SUMMER in New York city, and music takes to the streets. Boxes are blaring everywhere. On Saturdays and Sundays in Central Park, hundreds of roller skaters circle around a massed collection of 15 or 20 boxes, all of them tuned to WBLS radio, creating a giant outdoor roller disco. Smaller gatherings enact the same scene as the sounds of summer invade the most sedate street or backyard.



Pic: Penny Rand

Afrika Bambaataa . . . theme for the sidewalk shuffle

AFRIKA BAMBAATAA & THE SOUL SONIC FORCE: Planet Rock (Tommy Boy)
This is fast becoming the theme song of the summer street. Some records just come at the right time and embody a moment, and this is one of them.

If it hadn't been for the fact that WBLS started opening its playlist to the new electro-pop, allowing Kraftwerk and Soft Cell and Human League to be heard and accepted in parks and schoolyards from Washington Square to Pelham Bay, this record would never have been made.

Afrika Bambaataa cements a new alliance between the world of gliding, slidingly cool synthesizers and the harder sounding, hip-hop world of rap. Street funk meets high-tech, with electronic rhythm, vocoded voices and a hook stolen straight from Kraftwerk's 'Numbers/Computer World'. Obvious, irresistible and, important for a monster smash, it holds up to repeated hearings. A breakthrough record- functional, fun, technologically intriguing and, at bottom, soulful.

IMAGINATION: Just An Illusion (MCA)
First Junior, and now Imagination, scoring hits in America on a scale well beyond anything they've done at home. Right now, if that box coming towards you isn't blaring 'Planet Rock' it's probably blaring this. And I'm not tired of it yet.

PEECH BOYS: Don't Make Me Wait (West End)
Think of how slick and smooth and hummable and rich and creamy 'Just An Illusion' is. Then think of something with those qualities but a deeper soul groove, a harder, funkier feel, the feel of street-corner singing, the feel of an edge. That's the Peech Boys. You don't hear this in the streets as much as 'Illusion', but so what? This is a record made for playing in heaven.

It's a romantic record. The subject is obvious. *"Oh I desire you/Don't make me wait"*. This message/plea is delivered in delicious, quivering harmonies, backed by precise music and impeccable production. But oh, those vocals — love and anticipation treated as from a state of rapture.

The 12-inch features an enchanting dub mix on the B-side, pulling out previously unheard sides of the music. The seven-inch features an acappella version on the B-side, and what a great idea — a dub that takes out the instruments instead of the voices, letting you feel the pull and push of those voices unaided. I say buy them both.

CHERI: Murphy's Law (Venture)
Another monster, inescapable hit that's fun to hang around with. That walking, strutting bass, the delicious Chipmunk chorus, Cheri's warbling rich voice and a funny storyline of a hard luck story that any dude can, as we say over here, relate to.

TROUBLE FUNK: Hey Fellas (Sugarhill)
I've already raved about the album. Now I'll rave about the single from the album. If you can't find one get the other. 'Hey Fellas' is all percussion and rowdy wise-cracks and blasts of horns. It's minimalist, skin tight, out of sight and finger-lickin' good. That means *baad*.

SUGARHILL GANG: The Lover In You
ILLUSION: Why Can't We Live Together?
SYLVIA: It's Good To Be The Queen (Sugarhill)
Don't buy blindly. The Sugarhill label isn't infallible, and there's plenty of proof. Take these three dogs. The Sugarhill Gang weld a half-hearted rap intro onto a sappy pappy ballad. Illusion do an unconvincing melt of styles that turns into a damp puddle. And then there's the grande-dame of the operation, Sylvia herself, returning to records with a rap "take-off" on Mel Brooks' novelty rap hit 'It's Good To Be The King', which was just passably funny the first time around.

SECRET WEAPON: Must Be The Music (Prelude)
D TRAIN: You're The One For Me (Prelude)
The Prelude label continues to be a consistent source of disco hits. Both of these are examples of how the street-funk left wing is forcing the disco mainstream to toughen up, get funkier and harder and more beat oriented. 'You're The One' uses a repeated synthesizer riff to hook you in and the singer's voice, big, loud and bold, keeps you there. But 'Must Be The Music' is my personal preference, for its more subtle personality. Lots of little bits of business — guitar breaks, percussion effects, a rap interlude — make this a dance record with a life of its own off the dance floor.

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Saturday July 17th WAREHOUSE, Preston
Monday July 19th HOLY CITY ZOO, Birmingham
Tuesday July 20th THE PIER, Colwyn Bay
Wednesday July 21st WAREHOUSE, Liverpool
Thursday July 22nd LIMIT CLUB, Sheffield
Friday July 23rd NIGHTMOVES, Glasgow
Sunday July 25th THE MARQUEE, London
Tuesday July 27th BRUNEL ROOMS, Swindon
Wednesday July 28th TOWN HALL, Torquay
Thursday July 29th EXTREMES, Brighton
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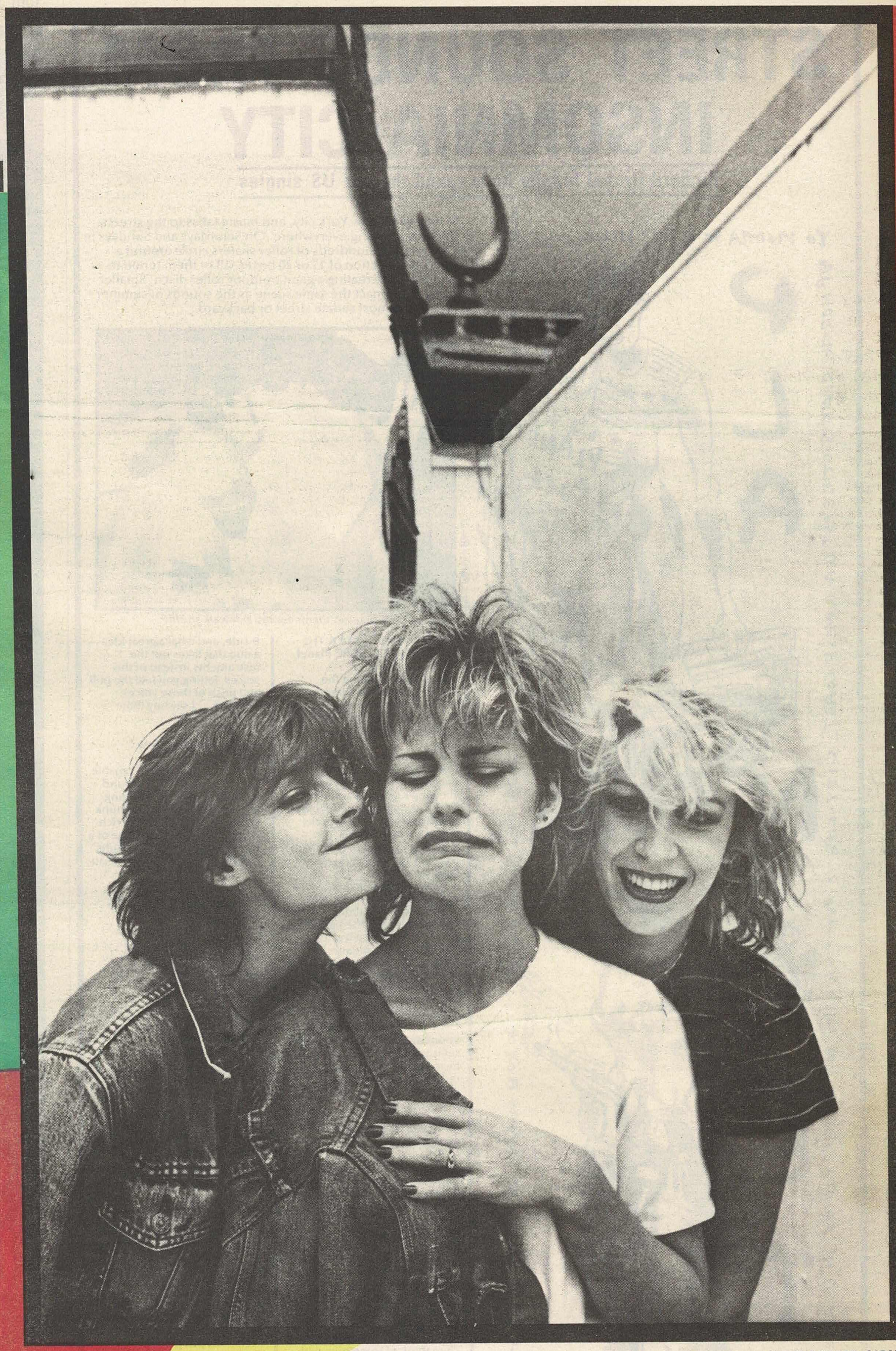

KEREN, SIOBHAN, SARAH

BANAN

LYNN HANNA TRAVELS TO GERM WATCHES THEM UPSET THE SEXUAL BANANARAMA, IT SEEMS, IS MORE

WITH ITS CITIES BREATHING QUIET PRIDE AND PERMANENCE, GERMANY SEEMS TO HAVE AN ATMOSPHERE OF BOURGEOIS AFFLUENCE. BUT EVEN INTO THIS OCCASIONALLY CREEPS A RANK HINT OF CORRUPTION.

The expensive modern hotel where we stay in Hamburg smells of bloated businessmen and high-class hookers. Bananarama come back from a photo-session horrified at having seen 'Jewish swine' spray-gunned across a car.

Still let's not stay too serious, since Anton Corbijn and I are travelling in the congenial company of Bananarama, The Fun Boy Three and the small organisational entourage of six singing minstrels who look as separate and self-contained as a tribe.

Siobhan Fahey, Keren Woodward and Sarah Dallin share the secret codes of close friendship; intimate, mutually supportive but not of the sort that excludes a curious outsider.

Bananarama met at school in Bristol or college in London, share a council flat in Holborn, play netball at weekends, cycle round London, smoke too many cigarettes and are prone to ridiculous fits of laughter which they can't stop once they've started. In the evenings they might meet their boyfriends in a local pub; sometimes they get too drunk in clubs and behave very badly. None of them seems the sort of person who has courted success by some sort of false show.

The male side of this practical partnership shares the same striking visual style that blends colour and comfort. There's Neville, his head ashimmer with miniature dread locks and the light of mischief playing permanently in his eyes, the benign presence of Lynval, wearing sunglasses and still badly scarred after that vicious, unprovoked attack in a Coventry club, and there's Terry Hall, luminous eyes hidden under strands of the prototype dishevelled haircut, a quiet, charismatic foil to the other two sides of the triangle.

Both groups are over here for the monthly *Musik Laden* programme, with two days of rehearsal that will culminate in a live, nationally networked television show. In between the interminable waiting that attends such an event, the bouts of boredom and the endless stream of interviews, there is also some fun — a tour of Hamburg nightclubs with the ebullient Palais Schaumburg, a ludicrous party for the cast of the programme. Then there's always the incidental amusements of travel, Bananarama's high spirits and impish impulsiveness, the loud shouts of laughter that richochet between Neville and Lynval, the time when a phlegmatic fan called Gunter solemnly groups himself with Bananarama and The Fun Boy Three, then unwittingly hands Anton his pocket instamatic, shouting instructions

and leaping from the group in agitation when Anton tries a few unusual angles.

TO PORTRAY BANANARAMA SOLELY AS A FEMALE PHENOMENON IN THIS SMALL SECTION OF POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT SEEMS A PRETTY PATRONISING APPROACH, AND IT'S NOT ONE THAT'S OVERLY WELCOMED BY THE THREE FUN GIRLS THEMSELVES.

"What's it like being a girl in the pop world," gushes an interviewer at Radio Bremen.

"Just like being a boy," says Siobhan with a firm smile.

In many ways the vague awareness of feminism that's hit this reactionary corner of the real world rather late has regrettably come to mean a new tyranny of tokenism where women still find themselves regarded as some sort of cypher that's this time taken as a symbol of changing times.

Alternatively, of course, there's also an abundance of the half-puritanical, half-prurient reaction at any display of unorthodox female sexuality.

Musik Laden itself shows no sign of the revolution in German music signalled by the success of groups like D.A.F., Malaria, Die Krupps and Palais Schuamburg, and the producer, a paunched, white-bearded and balding figure, perched aloft in his aerial control room, is a man renowned for liking his few pounds of female flesh gratuitously grafted on. What he presides over is a programme that serves up a few slack, tired and brutalised Page Three thills. All the groups have girls in them, performing coyly suggestive routines and wiggling wildly for the cameras.

The effect is gross and joyless, without any saving grace of style, all presented without a hint of ambiguity, awareness or exploration of eroticism. The girls jerk woodenly through their acts like puppets dressed up daftly in some crude approximation of stereotyped fantasy, from the pouting, pseudo Puerto-Rican whore to the swaggering overblown starlet who can't even mime in time to the tune, to the show's *piece de resistance* — three topless dancers who gyrate so clumsily through a hack routine that the spectacle would be very funny if it wasn't so sad.

The only relief from this mass display of female ingratiation is a stolid country singer in a ten gallon hat, and black, pasty-faced Joan Jett, who's only animated when she's running through a few cliched guitar poses. And then of course, there's Bananarama whose look and sound, raw freshness and enthusiasm suggest something altogether alien to *Musik Laden*'s ethos. . .

BEFORE BANANARAMA, WHEN SARAH AND SIOBHAN WERE COMPLETING A COURSE IN FASHION JOURNALISM AND KEREN WAS WORKING JUST AROUND THE CORNER AT THE BBC, THEIR FIRST STAGE EXPERIENCE WAS AN IMPROMPTU APPEARANCE WITH THE MONOCHROME SET.

"The crowd really liked us when we came on because it was so lively," says Keren.

"We got the taste for it then," adds Siobhan. "We loved the idea of getting up there. I fell off the stage in the excitement. The reaction to us was so good everybody really brightened up. It made us think that people are sick of looking at other people playing instruments. We wouldn't ever be good, slick singers. There's no point, we don't want to do that. We thought we'll put a record out and just do the vocals."

Until the release of their first single 'Aie A Mwana', they had been rehearsing with a motley crew of friends and musicians in a convenient studio, one of whom was the ex-Sex Pistol Paul Cook on drums.

"And it wasn't Steve Jones, although everybody puts that," says Sarah.

"And then they try and make out it was something seedy," contributes Keren.

"Paul is a friend of ours and he really had enthusiasm and thought we should do something," explains Sarah.

"He wanted to do something different," says Siobhan. "The Professional's guitarists joined in and a friend of ours played bass. Everyone who was involved was doing it for the fun of rehearsing."

Around the same time as the single, Bananarama started to give one song performances to a backing tape in a selection of London clubs, perhaps a logical extension to the nights they'd spent intoxicated by the free spirit of the great dance floor fillers. It seems that the same era formed the carefree, optimistic atti tude and the mingled love of Tamla, disco, reggae and funk that underlies their music.

Siobhan: "We were never real socialite club-goers. We don't go out all the time. We go out like everyone else does."

Keren: "We used to go to a club called the St. Moritz in Wardour Street where no one else went and where they played really good European disco and chart records."

Siobhan: "It was all French people and Greeks. It was great for us because we got to know the doorman who would let us in for nothing, because we were all on the dole at that stage, apart from Keren. The dancefloor was always empty and we just used to freak out. If you go somewhere like, well the Blitz for example, as it was then ...

Keren: "Everyone used to look at you, and you'd think, O my God. . ."

Siobhan: ". . . You couldn't just relax and dance and just not care what anyone thinks. . ."

Keren: ". . . cause everyone's just competing to look the best. You can't look good and mess about at the same time. Mind you, we did attract quite a bit of audience."

Siobhan: "They used to think we were mad English girls."

Keren: "But we used to dance round them and they'd join in. We used to slink up and down pillars, really stupid, sliding along the walls and running to the other side, really dramatic dancing, acting out the song. A couple of boys used to join in as well, like Peter who does our artwork. And if you went on the floor with him, you'd never get off! It was all done on impulse and it was really good fun. I miss it."

Siobhan: "It's probably from that that we're not inhibited when we dance."

Keren: "If we really let ourselves go, we'd be so stupid it would look over the top!"

BETWEEN BANANARAMA AND THE FUN BOY THREE THERE'S AN EASY, UNCOMPLICATED COMRADESHIP, WITH THE GIRLS USUALLY MORE THAN A MATCH FOR EVEN NEVILLE'S MORE BOISTEROUS PRANKS.

"Watch the boys," a slimy hack in a satin jacket leers at Keren near the string of tired looking caravans that form the makeshift dressing rooms outside the Bremen studios.

"Hey man, we've known these girls for years. We don't give them no trouble," says Lynval sharply.

Bananarama are the first to admit that it was meeting the Funboys that gave them both a sense of direction and an idea of how to make their own music, but there's no sense of imbalance in their relationship. Indeed there's no sign of undue influence anywhere around Bananarama, with even their manager anxious that they define their own identity and as vigilant as he can be to prevent their portrayal as three novel pop sex symbols.

Terry Hall, who with his astute sixth sense of what is right for the time, bought Bananarama's first single and saw the possibilities of the parallels between the trios, feels that Bananarama are great fun to work with, but that doing every single with them would be boring, and that anyway, future collaborations depend on which plans the girls want to pursue.

"Until we started working with the Funboys, we didn't have a clue where we were going or how to do it at all,' says Siobhan. "We just knew we didn't want a group, because a group would dictate what sort of music we'd produce. Being the musicians, they'd play a track and we'd just do the vocals. We didn't want that because we wanted to be in control of it.

"We'd already tried 'Really Saying Something' when we were rehearsing with the group in Denmark Street. But the way they did it was like a rock version. As soon as we did 'It Ain't What You Do' with the Funboys, we saw how they did it."

"How you could change the sound of a record really easily, and how you didn't have to do a straight cover," says Keren.

"The Funboys aren't musicians," continues Siobhan. "Well, Lynval is, but the other two aren't. But they just build up the whole of the backing track themselves and we saw how it could be done."

It was hardly surprising that such a vital combination of energy, simplicity and elan together with the mirror-image between the male and female trios should result in two hit singles, alternately billed as The Fun Boy Three with Bananarama and Bananarama with The Fun Boy Three, but to Siobhan it was the justification of the conviction she'd felt since they started.

"From the word go we always thought we were going to make it, just because what we were doing really excited us and it excited everyone who saw it. Once we started working with the Funboys, well, we knew. We knew 'It Ain't What You Do' was going to be a hit. There wasn't much question about that."

Bananarama look set to consolidate their success solo with the sheer and summery 'Shy Boy', made with the assistance of Imagination's producers Tony Swain and Steve Jolley. But the effects of being catapulted so quickly to pop stardom, together with their musical connections and an instinctive approach which doesn't depend much on deep rationalisation, has already caused grumblings about the shallowness of their success, although their impulsive spirit of musical adventure probably has at least as much to do with the punk era of which they were once a part.

"I've never met anyone who's levelled that criticism at us, but then they probably wouldn't say it to our faces," says Siobhan. "If they want to think that, that's their loss, because the people who do think like that aren't having the hits because they're out of touch with what people want to buy.

"They think music hinges on how well you can play an instrument, how well you can play a guitar, whereas it just doesn't. That never had anything to do with what records I liked when I was 12 or 15 or even now. Ability's got nothing to do with it, it's something you react to. And I don't believe that anyone who joins a group doesn't want to be famous, because it's an ego thing. There is a love of music obviously, but there's also ego."

At the moment Bananarama are rather awkwardly poised between the spiralling circles of commercialism that naturally demand further

ZIP OVER

ARAMA

ANY WITH THE FUNGIRL THREE AND
L TRADITIONS OF GERMAN TELEVISION.
THAN SKIN DEEP. PIX ANTON CORBIJN

BANANARAMA

STILL SMILIN'

success, and the necessity of learning more about their trade when they're already a public property that's expected to deliver a professional product.

To their credit, it's a dilemma that they seem determined to tackle, and they all seem to feel what's right for them even if they can't quite articulate it. Following their pragmatic method of dealing with a problem when it arises, they co-wrote the B-side of 'Really Saying Something' with Vaughn Toulouse and took charge of the B-side of their current single.

"They were really good," says Siobhan of Steve Jolley and Tony Swain. "But they didn't quite get an understanding of what we were."

"It was the way they saw us," says Sarah, "as three sugary-sweet vocalists."

"After we did three tracks," finishes Siobhan, "for the fourth track — and it took a lot of guts — we just insisted on doing the backing track. They were a bit dubious at first. They couldn't understand what difference it would make and they thought it would be a long, painful process and probably a waste of time. But they let us have a go — fair play to them — and we're really delighted with the results."

Unfortunately the confrontation between Bananarama's inexperience and professional power doesn't always have such a happy outcome. When they return from Germany, they go straight to a video studio where Midge Ure has been employed to direct the video for 'Shy Boy'. Sarah's boyfriend plays the title role, the archetypal office scruff who's gradually transformed by Bananarama until the office girl falls for him. Bananarama have invited a friend of theirs, an unusually attractive girl whose style compliments their own, down to the studio to play the part of the secretary.

But Midge Ure has already started filming with a severely suited model, herself a compromise from the Page Three personality he had originally planned to employ. Bananarama are disgruntled and disappointed but they lack the confidence to just say stop. A small point perhaps, but it's by such small shifts of emphasis that their image could be altered.

IF BANANARAMA REFLECT A FEMININITY THAT'S UNKEMPT, ACTIVE AND SLIGHTLY SAVAGE, IT'S NOT A CAREFULLY CULTIVATED APPEARANCE.

It takes them 15 minutes flat to re-backcomb their hair and slap on stage make-up and they hang around all afternoon in the clothes they'll be wearing for their performance in the evening, progressively crumpling the clothes that are only newer and slightly smarter version of the layers of shirts and loose trousers that they've been wearing all trip. The grey sportswear that they first picked up on is everywhere advertised as Bananarama outfits, and they've since had many offers of modelling, including one from Harrods that they recently refused.

"I think it's the *idea* that's made us get hits," says Keren. "The idea of three girls, doing just vocals and the way we look, it's such a contrast to everything else. There's nothing like us out there."

"There's girl vocalists like The Nolans," Siobhan says.

"And there are girl bands who dress scruffy, but they try and play like male musicians," Keren continues. "They're all trying to be blokes, but we're trying to be girls."

But girls on your own terms, I suggest?

"Yeah, exactly!"

"Our look is the same as it was years ago," says Keren. "Basically we don't change, we don't go searching for fashion clothes. It's just old stuff.

"It's just after so many years of being told off, all through school it was, Do your shirt up! Why do you look such a mess? And then all of a sudden people are complimenting you on it!"

"The *Mail* described us as junior executive material, which was hilarious," says Siobhan. "Putting The Glamour Back Into Rock was their headline.

"It's so funny, because the very people who read the *Mail* are the very people who'd nag us at school, nag us at work about what we looked like. At college, Sarah and I were like outcasts. We were nothing like any of the girls on the rest of the course. We were totally ignored by the teachers because we were so scruffy. They were actually nervous of us and kept their distance because they thought we were threatening."

"It's really funny being called glamorous and sexy," says Sarah.

"I can think of nothing less glamorous than me," adds Karen.

"We've always been energetic," Siobhan continues. "I couldn't bear not to be able to move freely."

"We always dress really comfortably," says Keren. "We couldn't go out and do stupid dancing if we had tight dresses and high heels on."

"It's funny, because it wasn't planned," Siobhan muses. "There's nothing to make a big thing of, that's what amazes me."

"I think that's really good in a way," concludes Keren. "That's why girls like that do write in. If we looked like Bucks Fizz or Toyah or someone, they just couldn't do it, your ordinary girl in the street wouldn't be able to walk round like that, whereas with us, they can just wear it every day."

Bananarama seem to have naturally hit on a look that's a street-smart, sexual and casually dissenting, something that's cheap, easy to assemble and which doesn't equate female attraction with emasculation. The hefty mail that they receive comes mostly from girls, many of them pathetically anxious to emulate the girls exactly.

"I don't understand why it should particularly appeal," says Siobhan. "I think it's because we're basically normal. There's nothing flashy about us. They probably think, I could do that."

Bananarama have also stayed scruffy because they're still on small wages.

"It's really good, because even our record company doesn't try to dictate or control or suggest anything," adds Siobhan. "Because they signed up the distribution of 'Aie A Mwana', it included a few singles and an album, but we didn't get an advance and they weren't putting any money into us. It was just like a throwaway record deal to them. And then we joined up with The Fun Boy Three and had a hit and they couldn't believe their luck. As far as they're concerned, and I'm sure this is the way they must look at it, they can't understand why we're having the hits but they're not going to interfere with it!"

The next hurdle to be taken is the obligatory first album; ten tracks to be made with some covers, maybe some participation by The Fun Boy Three, but certainly some songs to be written from scratch.

"That's a real challenge," Siobhan says. "It's intimidating in one sense, but it is a challenge and we'll rise to it."

COMPARING BANANARAMA AND THE FUN BOY THREE WITH THE REST OF THE CAST OF *MUSIK LADEN*, THEY COULD VERY WELL HAVE COME FROM ANOTHER PLANET.

Name the style that's exerted an influence on English pop, be it electronic or funk, salsa or punk, and it's been hideously engorged in the greedy maw of a bland and impoverished MOR, made almost unrecognisable apart from a few feeble nods in the general direction of the original style, its shortcomings feebly disguised by an array of fixed smiles, mainly from females.

Most of the women on this programme can barely even walk, hobbling down the corridors stiff-legged and self-conscious. And in all fairness perhaps mention should be made of the male contribution to the prevailing fashion, the most striking of which is a clinging cat-suit covered in emerald green spangles.

In contrast to the rest of these professional artistes whose bonhomie can be manufactured with the speed it takes to flick a switch, Bananarama begin by warming up early. During the programme they can be observed practising spins behind the scenes, horseplay which takes an alarming turn, Keren tells me, when Sarah stumbles and cannons into the back of the set that's currently being filmed. Sarah has also been the butt of the others' merciless ridicule since the cabaret salsa singer in flowing robes and headband brazenly asked her out.

When the cameras turn on cue to Bananarama and The Fun Boy Three, the surprise round the monitor at one end of the studio changes in places to a shocked and uncomprehending mirth. Bananarama are bouncing about the stage without any attempt at unison or routine, radiating a healthy enthusiasm that's naturally infectious. Behind them The Fun Boy Three are concentrating on cradling their guitars although there aren't any on the record, and halfway through the two groups change places, the Funboys rushing to the front and falling to their knees in mock guitar heroics while Terry Hall nails the camera with an inscrutable stare that sets a girl near me shrieking with nervous laughter.

It's an injection of adrenalin, humour and sheer high-spirits that the show won't recover from. Bananarama and the Funboys are hurried out by the German representative of their record label before they can make an equally incongruous showing in the last outbreak of forced smiling that is the finale, while up in his control room maybe the producer wiped away the small beads of cold sweat.

Bananarama have transmitted something free and unfettered, sensual and spontaneous. In a climate that seems hell-bent on embracing a progressively stultifying conservatism, that's really saying something.

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LPs

SCRAPPY HORROR SHOW

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

Junkyard (4 AD)

WELL, THERE must be something great about The Birthday Party. Any group that can spark reaction as disparate as grovelling adulation and fuming distaste has to possess some singularity.

All of which will be polarised even more acutely with 'Junkyard'. Where 'Prayers On Fire' crawled, 'Junkyard' writhes; where the face behind that phenomenally ugly record bulged with sickness, its veins burst altogether in this sequel. The swag scavenged by this grisly troupe is unwrapped, on 'Kewpie Doll' and the celebratory misery of the title tune (heh), with a relish normally reserved for the most scabrous of pop'n'roll ghouls. The hysterical energy in these outbursts resembles an evisceration of rockabilly: The Birthday Party Trick is to fish in the darkest of the pools that threw up rock and strip anything resembling comely flesh to a gibbering carcass of nerve and bone.

Mercifully, this stamps ruthlessly on camp (Bauhaus); unfortunately, its equally strong bias against sarcasm (The Fall) and towards a virtually religious excess pulls its potentially massive punch. The Birthday Party don't always know when to stop, don't edit that great avalanche of burgeoning, abstract disgust into enough pertinent coherence, don't blink at mixing an unholy lyrical flourish like *"Pilgrim gets one hacked daughter/And all we guys get is 40 hack reporters"* with senseless, upended garbage cans of words and noises.

A record is in fact the only effective way to appreciate The Birthday Party's way with noise. In performance their attempted twisting of their blamblam repertoire into a single shaft of madness defeats them: the confines of vinyl force the containment of the hysteria and pace Nick Cave's voice — really an exceptional instrument — to more telling ends. 'Junkyard' opens on 'She's Hit', a keyhole view of a labyrinth infested with beasts and freaks, and the way Cave's singing throws a sepulchral illumination on this grotesque sideshow — like a lightbulb swinging in a chamber of squalor — is creepily perfect.

It's also interesting to observe how the sound is both at one with Cave's lung-shattering phrasing and pitched in fraught argument against it. The drums (either Mick Harvey or Phil Calvert) dog the voice unshakably, the snare exploding on cue with Cave's *"POW POW POW"*; the guitars crab alongside in loathsome discord. Rowland Howard's 'The Dim Locator', a nonsense of alliteration and chant adorned with a guitar line worthy of Antennae Jimmy Semens, features the crucial moment on the record: THE VOCAL/beat and the ravaged feedback meet head-on in a collision so violent it seems they must consume each other ... and then they fall apart and take separate shape again. The Birthday Party is like an ongoing, cannibalistic domestic feud.

As 'Junkyard' runs its course, though, its seriousness blunts its charge. 'Hamlet (Pow Pow Pow)' and 'Junkyard' itself go on too long. Even with the benefit of the single dimension of sound, without the channelling of this splendid mayhem into an easy visual release (this is why records are great, y'know), this baroque cacophony eventually grows exhausted.

There is one definite mistake: '6 Inch Gold Blade', little more than a vituperative reworking of Lou Reed's 'Kicks', isn't tasteless, merely irresponsible. Even ignoring this, The Birthday Party fold in on themselves because their chosen battleground has grown so trivialised by repetition and clumsiness. This nightmare abbey of torment and cruelty and necrophiliac fantasy has been so cheapened by hack movies, comics and psychomonger stooges like The Cramps that even when a company as skilled and, maybe, as disturbing as this one comes along the corpse has already been picked clean.

There are suggestions that they do go even further beyond. 'Kiss Me Black' and 'Kewpie Doll' may in fact be perverse commentaries on the aftermath of sexual frenzy — but they're so enshrouded in the vampiric embrace of the Party's dungeon boogie it is almost indiscernible. Indeed, a strangely literate atmosphere of Victorian melodrama pervades — The BP's tracts dwell in a gallery haunted by the rancid horrors of Miss Havisham and *Les Miserables*. Venture inside, take in the exhibits ... and leave by the back door.

Richard Cook

The Birthday Party's Hamlet: "Alas, poor Phillll!" — *Illustration: Ian Wright*

JUJU BELIEVE IN MAGIC?

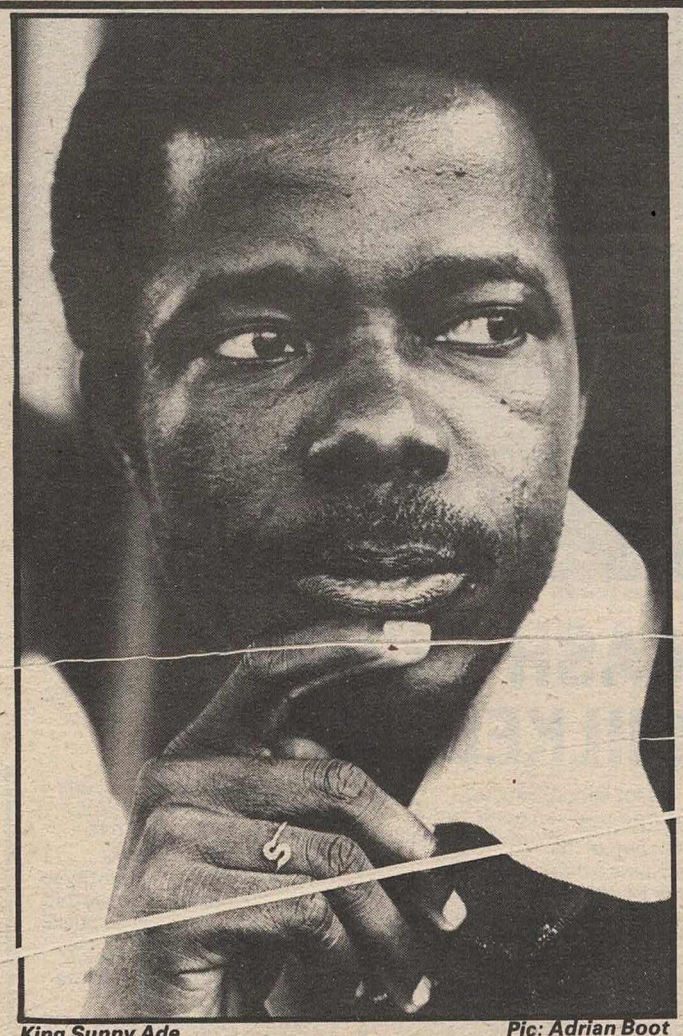
KING SUNNY ADE

Juju Music (Island)

LISTEN. THE heartbeat of the planet is thudding louder and calling out to be heard, the African heartbeat, resonant with centuries, tattooed out on logs and skins and drunk with electricity.

It's about time we paid attention. Some extraordinary things have been happening in popular African music in recent years and are only now making their way to western ears. There have been numerous invocations of the African muse over the years — whether it's sophisticated black American jazzers returning to 'the source' (and copping a sharp Afro name in the process), Brian and David whacked out in the bush of ghosts, or simply Adam's burundi codpiece — and good luck to all of them. No need for any shouts of 'cultural plunder' when Africa itself has been so very receptive to all manner of western and caribbean musics from disco to dub.

None of these familiar evocations, nor even the work of the few African artists to make any impression here — Fela Kuti, Dudu Pukwana, Gasper Lawal, yea even unto Osibisa — are any preparation for what's been bubbling out of Western Africa lately, a *sound* which confounds our expectations. The cool elegance, freshness and vivacity of today's African pop, its understated, insidious rhythms, its humour, above all its dancing mesmeric guitars, have already been showcased on Island's 'Sound D'Afrique' compilation from Francophone West Africa: Zaire, Congo, Senegal, Cameroon and the Ivory Coast.



King Sunny Ade — *Pic: Adrian Boot*

Nigeria's Sunny Ade has been a force in that more warriorlike state's music for some years, a trail of impressive and highly successful recordings behind him helping to stake out the identity of 'Juju Music', the Yoruba tribe's individual blend of trad and mod elements, talking drums and chants heavily laced with that distinctive African guitar styling.

Now in his mid 30's, this is Ade's first recording for Island, and attempts to extend his customary strengths into new and more determinedly sophisticated areas. Recorded in Togo and mixed in London with Monsieur Martin Meissonnier de Paris at the controls, it features a variety of Ade's already successful tunes and places them in a more adventurous, electronic context, being unafraid to use the technical facilities available and even adding synthesiser to the rhythm and guitar brew.

Ah, the guitars, Carrutners, the guitars. Chattering, wailing, flapping and gliding, literally warped by the climate, tuned to different harmonies, picked and strummed and pitched in a way that mocks the instrument's virtual redundancy in most of the more adventurous western music (special exemption for Defunkt).

It's a startling, original style, a heady amalgam of funky riffs, '50s Ventures-style twang, country and western melody and whine, and, for all I know, African thumb piano.

Ade, who plays lead here, and his cohorts take the Afro-axe action a stage further than most by adding a shimmering, almost surreal steel guitar to the proceedings. Meissonnier's synthesised, dubwise treatments of the same — notably on the instrumental 'The Message' — has already prompted one Afrophile to complain to me about "that synthesiser shit", but while the production sometimes teeters on the sensational, the overall effect of 'Juju Music' is undeniably powerful. It's a compelling voyage down dark, sinuous currents of rhythm, a jangle of melodic colour clamouring up above, with periods of lilting, almost placid vocal delicacy and plunging instrumental rapids to complete the scenery. Since it's sung in what one presumes to be Yoruba, there isn't much one can divine from the lyrics, but doubtless life and love are the principal inspirations.

There will doubtless be those who find the marketing of this music distasteful, and with a slew of African releases upcoming elsewhere, a trio of London Afrobeat club nights already in action, along with the commendable Afro-Pub combo The Ivory Coasters, there are certainly ears pricking up at the first rumble of bandwagon wheels turning. Personally, with African music so largely unobtainable and unheard, I would reckon all exposure to be a good thing, simply part of the '80s admirable appetite for musics outside the confines of our glorious 25 years of, ahem, rock. Meantime take a dive into 'Juju Music', it's magic.

Neil Spencer

BILL NELSON

The Love That Whirls (Phonogram)

THE LOVE that *whirls*??

While I recognise that the lexicons / looks / actions etc of love supply a vital gasp of fresh air to the previously grey and bloated old whale of TV pop, I can't help thinking that if that word crops up with the same alarming frequency in the remaining six months of the year, it's headed for the top of Cliche Corner '82. A song with 'love' in the title doth not a love song make.

Bill Nelson's association with A Flock Of Seagulls spawned some interesting material, but on 'The Love That Whirls', Nelson dismisses the lighter side of pop. Most of the tracks sound like incidental instrumentals and to frame his poetry, a grave mistake since, as Depeche Mode would tell him, a catching tune is vital to prevent synth music being reduced to monotonous moderne experimentalism. If there is any love whirling in this, it's drowned by all the bleepy bits, and bogged down by excessively pretentious lyrics.

The saving graces are the few translucent dance tracks such as the shimmering 'Empire Of The Senses', and the light classical instrumentals like 'Portrait Of Jan With Flowers', which show Nelson's potential as a musician of high calibre. He could be crafting some of the finest pop songs if he'd stop dithering about in the deep end. In the cherry bowl of life, Bill Nelson is choking on the pips when he could be drunk on cherry brandy. **Leyla Sanai**

Nina Hagen *Pic: Philippe Carly*

OH HIPPY DAZE

NINA HAGEN

Nunsexmonkrock (CBS)

"NINA HAGEN" may well be something of a spectacle; something on such a superficially grand, indeed gross scale, that the chances of it arresting a chancing gaze — apprehended in bemusement, horror, or awe, even — are almost assured. There seems *so much* of it.

A lush American AOR-style production reveals neat, clean spaces, into which an occasional sub-B-52's guitar sound can be injected for that touch of modernity. Nina's voice is multi-tracked throughout, and treated with every studio effect in the known world, adding to her already considerable range of impersonations. She comes at a listener from all directions; still stridently 'Germanic' most of the time, encompassing shrieks and wails, throaty bleatings, and occasionally straightforward articulations of melodies.

Her lyrics are a mixture of improvised though impoverished English, less German, gibberish of her own coinage, and most distinctly, a super-abundance of names from 57 varieties of Eastern Religions. Nina's easy eclecticism wraps up this mini-montage of stills from the supposedly ineffable, and reduces it to a simple unity in opposition to things like 'Science', and 'Smack, Jack.' (Possibly a glance back at herself and old Hermann Brood.) There is little else considered within the limits of this music, despite the initial intrigue aroused by 'Antiworld', which, rather than setting some new myth in motion, turns out merely to represent 'antimeaning', which is Evil, probably Russian, and which Nina is very much against.

Rastafari doesn't escape her epic grasp either. ('Dread Love') — *"Love affairs are so exciting, when the star of Dred love is shining . . . Let's do the Nunsexmonkrock, because Babylon will fall!"* sings Nina, with all the gauche conviction of a swift conversion to the teachings of The Divine Bogwash Corporation. i.e., *seriously.*

The cover picture shows her in vaguely Arabian garb, smudged red lips and fingernails, and cradling a babe in a Madonna pose. Initially I was entertaining a sneaking suspicion that Nina was either ambivalent about her material, or even stitching it up in a ham (and tomato ketchup) horrorshow satire. My suspicions were having quite a good time, but they quietened down when brought into direct confrontation with essentially conventional Rockmusic, and an indiscriminate fusion of spurious optimism and risible metaphysics.

Far be it from me to use a word like Hippy, but, you know . . . Nina Hagen may once have been a marginal punk princess, but on the evidence of this record she grew up to be about as weird as Kate Bush. Making equally vacuous, though slightly more pretentious, hokum. Which must end, of course, on an Apocalyptic Now note: *"Earthquake in Los Angeles, smogalarm in Los Angeles . . . Kundalini yoga in Los Angeles . . . Let's fly with Heart and Soul."* And the answer, for indeed there *must* be One, to The Greatest Whodunnit Ever Told, is . . . *The UFO did it.* Silly me, I should have guessed. Perhaps, in years to come, this Mild Blend of mirth-making voodoo iconography will constitute a Camp Classic. And then again, it might stop just where it is. Who knows? Perhaps the UFO, no?

Mark Cordery

BLURT

Blurt (Red Flame)

LISTEN TO the sound of Blurt. A well-rehearsed recipe of rock'n'steady beat beating beneath a jagged out layer of shocking saxophones and wailing effects. There doesn't appear to be any bass but that's Blurt.

Listen to the voice of Milton. A coughing, screaming old lunatic storming the reality asylum. A bleary-eyed rasping, ranting madman delinquent. Is that Ted Milton? or perhaps he's closer to the genius of hate, disturbing the nest of tranquility and callously upsetting the applecart of the new superpop poise. Balanced somewhere between the two, Ted Milton finds time to say "BLURT!" Milton could never be associated with poise. Poise reflects the art of raising your eyebrows instead of your voice. Milton would much rather shout at you instead. Blurt! Noise preferred to poise.

Listen to the sound of 'Dog Save My Sole'. Milton being clever-clever. HAHAHAHAHA. Shame you can't hear the words but that's Blurt. The sound of music hemmed in and caged for posterity. Throaty sax and trebly guitar driving side by side, tail to tail through the claustrophobia of a traffic jam in a crisis style strike situation. Thick and clumsy and getting angrier all the time, the vocals shake off the shackles of the strictly beating drum beat and join in the perverse melee. I retire from the scene shaken but not stirred. God save Milton's soul.

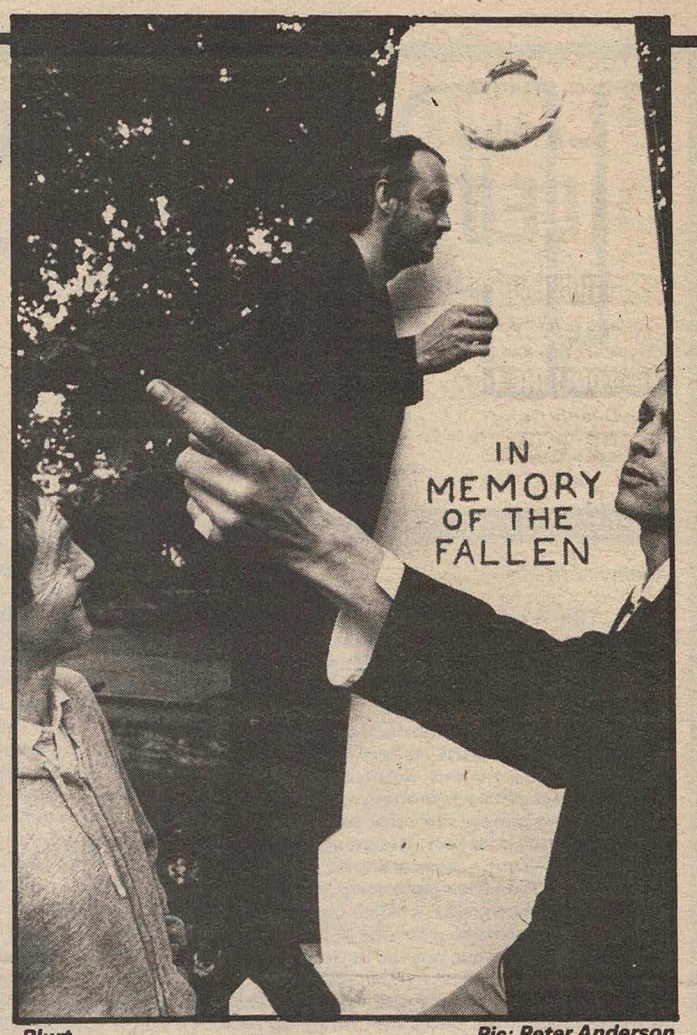
Listen to the sound of 'Trees'. Another verse in the never-ending saga of Milton's Paradise. Milton plays with a theme but 'Blurt' suffers for it. Milton draws it out to continue the suspense but 'Blurt' just sounds drawn out. Back in the sound of 'Trees', the evergreen Milton revels in an experiment with lush instrumentation. Wooden vocals branch out searching for a deep-rooted sax. Again it's the drum beat that holds the fort, buttressing down the sound while the guitar leafs through a chord book for inspiration. Milton thinks it's hilarious: he adds a synthesiser projecting the homely sound of birds singing into the 'Trees'.

Listen to the rest of 'Blurt' and the epic is continued.

Milton runs out of funny clever ideas after about three songs so he goes back to square one and tries to pull a fast one. It doesn't work, and that's bad. 'Blurt' would have made a great single.

Listen to the sound of Blurt (not 'Blurt'). There's madness in the suburbs. There was a time when Blurt were better than this and because of that even 'Blurt' is worth half an hour of the discerning record player's time.

Amrik Rai



Blurt *Pic: Peter Anderson*

GENIUS OF HATE

PETALS FROM HEAVEN

THE BLUE ORCHIDS

The Greatest Hit (Money Mountain) (Rough Trade)

THE BLUE Orchids' debut LP has been riding high in the independent chart for weeks now. But it's not belated amend-making when I say it's one of the best albums we're likely to hear all year.

Paul Tickell described Judy Nylon's 'Pal Judy' as an elliptical, more intimate relative of Grace Jones' 'Nightclubbing'. This is much more true of 'The Greatest Hit' and Echo and the Bunnymen's classic 'Heaven Up Here'.

For example, musically the Orchids' 'Bad Education' strongly resembles the Bunnymen's 'A Promise'. But whereas 'A Promise' is a vivid, highly-charged epic, reaching a climax of release and fulfilment, 'Bad Education' is tentative and personal, striving in vain for resolution but achieving the delicacy of a watercolour — understated but more haunting than the Bunnymen's full-blown spectacular.

The music perfectly frames and complements the lyrics — and this *is* an album with a message (lyric sheet enclosed). No heady rhetoric, but songs of romantic, melancholy yearning for Pure Feeling, Transcendental Oneness, etc. But this mysticism only tumbles into unintelligibility on the last number, W. B. Yeats' 'Mad as the Mist and Snow', set to a tune reminiscent of the folk source that inspired 'Stairway to Heaven'.

But otherwise the songs are consistently dreamlike and resonant, sung with a wistful, languid intensity by Martin Bramah, whose dour vocal inflections occasionally echo his one-time boss Mark Smith. That apart, only a certain inspired looseness and unfussy production remind me of The Fall. Other influences are more apparent.

The fragile sweetness of the Velvet Underground — 'Pale Blue Eyes', not 'Sister Ray' — pervades throughout, and that dreary old Doors tag is not inappropriate. Check out 'A Year With No Head' for unadulterated Manzarek-Kriegerisms by Bramah and Una Baines.

But this is not to diminish the Blue Orchids' achievement, which is all the greater because so often unsuccessfully attempted. They are making music which is introspective yet exhilarating, sad but stirring, sad but stirring.

Mat Snow

JAMES BROWN

Live And Lowdown At The Apollo, Vol. 1 (Polydor)

JIMI HENDRIX

Voodoo Chile (Polydor)

GLORIA GAYNOR

Greatest Hits (Polydor)

GEORGE BENSON

The Early Years (CTI/Polydor)

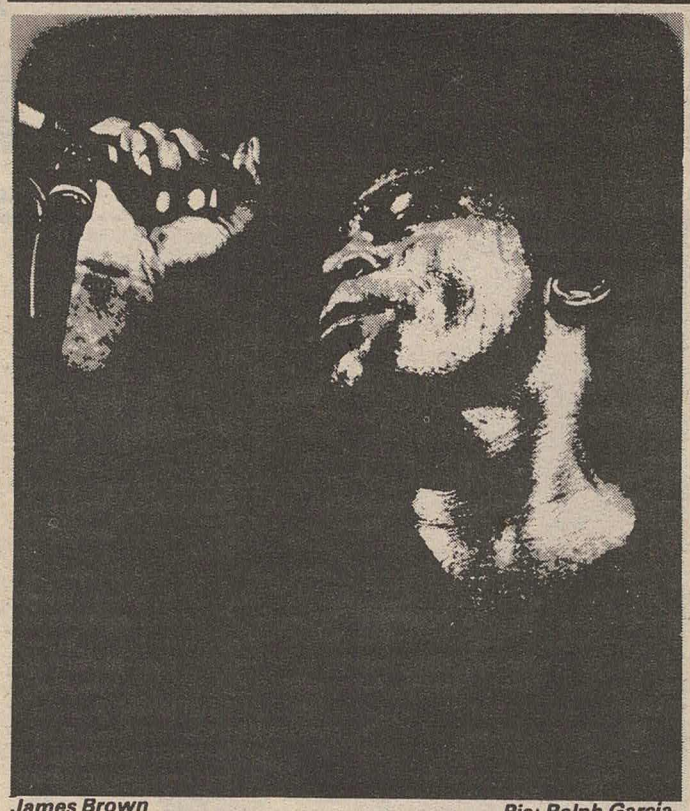
JANIS IAN

Janis Ian (Verve/Polydor)

A NEW budget-price series of reissues, retreads and ragbag compilations from the vaults of Polydor, ranging from the excellent to the execrable.

At the top end there's the James Brown record, a reissue of the "legendary" 'Live At The Apollo, Vol. 1', here subtly retitled for reasons best known to Polydor's dirty tricks department, and emblazoned with the claim "greatest live show ever recorded". It's not, of course, but it's been said so often some folks believe it to be true.

It's still a whole lot better than the rest on offer here, if only for reasons of history and wholeness: the Hendrix compilation, by comparison, is a pathetic collection lacking both cohesion and conviction; anyone who wants any of the tracks on 'Voodoo Chile' will undoubtedly already have them, though that won't stop Polydor releasing all possible permutations of old Hendrix material by 1987. Compiled by Germans, bought by morons.



James Brown *Pic: Ralph Garcia*

CASH COWS MILKED DRY

As for Gloria Gaynor, anyone who can name more than two of her "greatest hits" can award themselves the Pete Frame trophy for triviality beyond the cause of music. The only GG LP worth hearing is 'Never Can Say Goodbye', and that for purely functional reasons alone, it being the source of the heinous practice of seguing. As a hits compilation, this is extensive — stretching a point with 14 tracks — but lamentable, containing not one iota of info about dates, musicians and the like.

There's info in abundance on the George Benson collection, but precious little else. 'The Early Years' is six tracks from George's CTI days, before somebody twigged his vocal similarity to Stevie Wonder and he started getting hits; instead, he sticks to inoffensive instrumental versions of songs like 'White Rabbit' and 'California Dreamin'. Despite (?) the presence of Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, Billy Cobham, Airto, Jack DeJohnette and Phil Upchurch, this is pretty much the usual "tasteful" CTI wallpaper, which is to say it's as cool, smooth and transparent as a daytime Radio One deejay. Hardly a wild night one has with George.

Like Benson's, the Janis Ian LP is from a time completely unrelated to her later fame, dating from when she was a 15-year-old protest protege. This mid-'60s teenage angst seems little more than quaint these days, but the record does have a couple of plus factors: one is an absurdly over-the-top folk-rock production by Shadow Morton, replete with organ, harpsichord and suchlike psychedelic stuff; the other is the fact that this isn't a compilation or a 'best of' but a straight reissue of her first LP, and consequently has a sense of history and coherence lacking in all the others here bar JB's oldie.

Whether these are reasons enough to actually buy it is, of course, another matter.

Andy Gill

YANKEE DOODLES FAR FROM DANDY

TRIO

Trio (Mercury Import)

A GROUP of old German tourists made a slightly less than fortuitous dip into a very murky bargain basement inhabited by some US GI's of [illegible] their acquaintance.

Feeling their way through the debris, stumbling over discarded cans of Budweiser, they found a selection of weighty Rock clichés, a couple of brand new Hawaiian shirts, and a phrase-book sponsored by the Coca-Cola Corporation. On emerging, they headed for a recording studio where they

DEADLY DORIS, DILETTANTE

EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN

Kollaps (Zickzack)

Schwarz (Zickzack — double 7")

DIE TODLICHE DORIS

The Deadly Doris (Zickzack)

SPRUNG AUS DEN WOLKEN

Sprung Aus Den Wolken (Zickzack)

Faux Pas I (Zickzack)

MEKANIK DESTRUKTIW KOMANDOH

Live! Declaration Of War (Zickzack)

DIE UNBEKANNTEN

Casualties/Radio War/Poseidon (Monogam)

"I feel most drawn to the conviction, irrational, even tasteless as it may be, that it is enormously interesting to be alive at this cruel, late stage in Western affairs." **(George Steiner: *In Bluebeard's Castle*)**

LET'S HEAR a rarara and a rousing cheer for the Untergang Show! Nobody has celebrated the decline of the West with such malicious or grim satisfaction as a new Berlin movement calling itself "Die Geniale Dilletanten". In their world the oncoming self-destruction of the human race is fact! Not conjecture. *"After us comes nothing more/We're cold stars!"* insist Einsturzende Neubauten with characteristic relish tempered by dismay.

But the knowledge hasn't weighed heavily upon them, dragging them into a slough of despondency and inaction. On the contrary, it has freed them from nagging uncertainties and doubt, energised them, fuelling their ideology of despair with the compelling imagery of The End. Not for them the gaiety or divine decadence of the Berlin myth.

The walled city's history does, however, govern their desperate aesthetic. The decay that obsesses them isn't the hoary amorality of the '20s, but the urban decay of the deteriorating suburbs they live in, which provide the sober evidence to the collapse of the economic miracle. Being there reinforces the feeling that this crumbling sickness is both inescapable and incurable. Thus accepting their condition, they've discovered a perverse pleasure in dwelling on it and, like vengeful herpes sufferers, they now intend to share it. (Last winter three of their number toured Germany under the banner The Berlin Sickness.)

Of the five groups named above Einsturzende Neubauten (Collapsing New Buildings) are the most vehemently commited to the idea of The End; it begins with their choice of rehearsal space, located under a motorway flyover in the south of the city. They claim their rhythms and emotions are dictated by the noise of the traffic roaring through from above.

Their mythology further casts them as sullen drones who mirthlessly carry out their sweaty labour on tools improvised from lumps of metal, old toys, radios, a road drill, plus more conventional instruments. Though it begins from such a joyless proposition, there's something delirious about their destructive urges. Theirs is a cold but all-consuming and irresistible black hole of sound that is best heard on 'Kalte Sterne', on the double 7" package, and manifests itself most playfully on their scratchy version of 'Je T'Aime'.

The day's labour over, Einsturzende Neubauten undoubtedly return home to the loving arms of Deadly Doris, a housewife of indeterminate shape, gender or number, whose bored fantasies and dreams become others' nightmares. Like the heroine of Bunuel's *Belle De Jour*, Deadly Doris is driven to escaping numbing routine by dirtying herself and others. Deadly Doris is a fabulously perverse soap opera played out against the constant hum of household machines and transistor pop. Its persistent presence naturally drives her to distraction and she relieves the tension by trepanning herself with bursts of abstract white noise. Deadly Doris might well be living next door to you. Pay her a call if you dare.

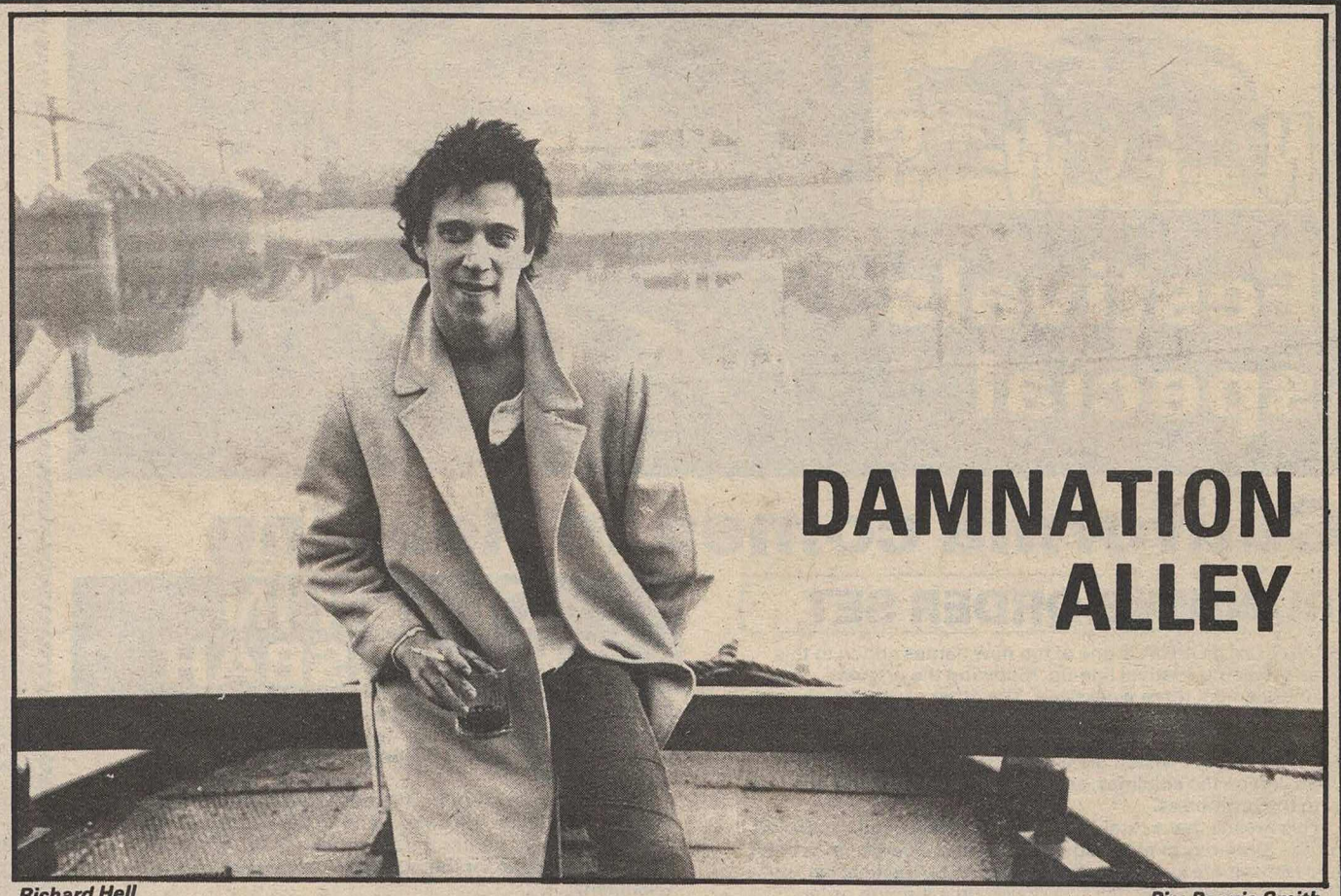
Einsturzende Neubauten, Deadly Doris and the other Geniale Dilletanten easily sidestep official or popular acceptance by making a cult of their non-musicianship. They reject the stringent demands of the avante garde on the one extreme and the numbing simplicity of hardcore punk on the other, which isn't to say all of them avoid the straitjackets their musicianly inability threatens them with. Sprung Aus Den Wolken, for instance, are one nice idea — neo-primitive drumming dubbed up with electronics and mournful wails — stretched to breaking point across their first LP while the aptly-titled second, 'Faux Pas I', repeats the formula in a slightly more sophisticated setting. Similarly, MDK demonstrates the impossibility of sustaining an angry scream at fever pitch. And though the British refugees Die Unbekannten (The Unknowns) ambitiously filter Berlin's experience of defeat through an imported Northern gloom, they ultimately stumble over their limitations.

The Geniale Dilletanten's return to a musical barbarism may not be the smartest response to the well-mannered lie that is Berlin's art scene, but it is nevertheless welcome. If the polite subsidised culture of photographic galleries and "independent" filmmakers too easily becomes the city's good conscience, the diseased culture of The Berlin Sickness appropriately serves as it bane.

Chris Bohn

(Zickzack Records are generally available from Rough Trade or Virgin, or directly from Glasshuettenstrasse 113, 2000 Hamburg 6; Monogam from Transvaalstr. 17, 1000 Berlin 65)

Deadly Doris pic nicked from her album cover. Really tasteful, Doris!



Richard Hell — *Pic: Pennie Smith*

DAMNATION ALLEY

RICHARD HELL AND THE VOIDOIDS

Destiny Street (Red Star)

RICHARD HELL has been mistaken for a nihilist, mis-read as a punk poseur and written off for a failure too many times. 'Destiny Street' is his attempt to make clear that his concerns and hopes lean more towards redemption than damnation. But Hell's best intentions are buried here. This is a busy record that shouts and waves its arms in the air but never strikes that responsive chord it's searching for.

Even before you realise how standard, regular and old the songs are, even before the blazing guitars and lagging, dragging shuffles start to really bore you, the first thing that scares you is the voice.

The voice calls up memories of its use in much sharper contexts. That voice used to have a yelp of defiance in it, an aching that promised a hard fight and maybe even (dare to hope) a positive outcome to a dangerous life.

Now the voice is choked up and despairing and doesn't sound the least bit convincing when promising salvation. Now the voice whines and complains cheerlessly, infested with self-pity. The voice sounds like a death-rattle.

What that voice holds now is crystallized at the end of a gratingly aggressive cover of Them's 'I Can Only Give You Everything'. The music dies away, leaving Hell gasping out *"Isn't that enough"* and *"Don't leave alone"* in a desperate whine. Is Hell attempting some kind of emotional grandeur here through ridiculous exaggeration? Or does he actually carry some kind of foggy notion that the sound of such pathetic helplessness will pass for passion?

After the voice, one has to come to grips with the songs. 'Kid With The Replaceable Head' is still pretty snappy, but it's been around a long time, and not improved on in this version. 'You Gotta Move' is a shockingly ordinary Ray Davies song. 'Going Going Gone' is a Dylan song on which Hell reaches for a tone somewhere between wistful and hopeful and almost pulls it off.

There are a couple of interesting failures here. 'Starting In Her Eyes' is about salvation through love. But the hurt in Hell's voice makes us believe only in despair, not in the love that's supposed to follow. The title track could have been a revealing confessional. Hell describes seeing himself as he was ten years ago, staring back at the man he's now become. But the confession soon evaporated behind evasion. And the whole is set to such a dull, plodding bit of boogie that even if Hell was laying his life bare the odds would be against anyone listening to it all the way through.

There is one very lovely song here. It's called 'Time' and it's one of the wisest things Hell has written. On a 1980 EP released by Shake Records (and absolutely worth hunting for) a different version of the Voidoids gave 'Time' a perfect treatment, creating a delicate, haunting song. The version here is heavy-handed, bludgeoning when it should be stepping lightly. You can just make out the outline of a great song under the mess.

What gives this record its occasional sparks is the guitar playing, by Hell's long-time partner Robert Quine and someone called Naux. Their playing creates the few moments really worth listening for, quick flourishes, sharp jabs and stabs and supple, fluid bits of melody that appear unexpectedly and disappear instantly.

But Hell, for all his professions of hope, sounds sad and lost. A *wasted* talent, in both senses of the word.

Richard Grabel

added to the American booty their knowledge of New Wave dynamics and some found sound-effects for 'atmosphere'. Klaus Voorman as a more modish 'alienation'.

Bits of it, not surprisingly, are very funny indeed, especially the hillbilly harmonies, and it's available from: Regenterstr. 10a, 2907 Grossenkneten 2, West Germany.

Mark Cordery

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tour NEWS

Festivals special

California comes to Reading

RUNNING ORDER SET

RANDY CALIFORNIA is one of ten new names added to this year's Reading Festival line-up, following the original announcement three weeks ago. The other new bookings are Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies, Praying Mantis, Grand Prix, Tank, Overkill, The Angels, Terraplane, Against The Grain and American band Twisted Sister. But Tenpole Tudor now join Joan Jett on the sidelines, as the band couldn't come to terms with the promoters.

This means that a total of 31 acts have now been confirmed for the three-day event (August 27-29) and, apart from one or two last-minute surprises, this is likely to be the final list. Organiser Jack Barrie has also drawn up a running order (subject to enforced changes, of course), which gives the schedule from opening act through to closing headliner.

FRIDAY: Against The Grain, The Angels, Overkill, Stampede, Tank, Praying Mantis, Baron Rojo (Red Baron), Randy California, Trust and Budgie.

SATURDAY: Bow Wow (from Japan), Rock Goddess, Grand Prix, Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies, Ore, Cheetah, Gary Moore Band, Blackfoot, Tygers of Pan Tang and Iron Maiden.

SUNDAY: Terraplane, Chinatown, Spider, Marillion, Twisted Sister, Wilko Johnson, Bernie Marsden's S.O.S., Dave Edmunds, Yesterday And Today, Jackie Lynton Band and Michael Schenker Group.

Mail order weekend tickets are still available by post at £15.50 (including camping and parking) from Reading Rock '82, P.O. Box 4SQ, London W1A 4SQ — cheques and POs only, made payable to "NJF/Marquee", and enclose SAE. For details of ticket outlets for personal applicants, see the Reading Festival adverts. Daily admission on the gates will be £6.50 (Friday), £8.50 (Saturday) and £8.50 (Sunday).

Heep complete Quo bill

URIAH HEEP have now been named as the sixth and final act in the line-up for this year's "Monsters Of Rock" event at Castle Donington on Saturday, August 21, and they join the five previously reported bands — Status Quo, Gillan, Hawkwind, Saxon and Canadian outfit Anvil . . which is an exceptionally strong bill, if you're into that kind of thing. Uriah — currently recording a follow-up album to 'Abominog' with their new personnel of John Sinclair (keyboards), Mick Box (guitar), Pete Goalby (vocals), Lee Kerslake (drums) and Bob Daisley (bass) — will be making their last UK appearance of the year at Donington. Tickets are still available by postal or personal application at £10 each.

Greenham is still at it!

GREENHAM COMMON in Berkshire continues to play host to the "Cosmic Gathering" Festival, which overspilled from Stonehenge, and it's now expected to run until after the weekend of July 17–18. A host of bands played at the Women's Peace Camp site last weekend, and among acts expected this Saturday and Sunday are Miles Over Matter, The Androids Of Mu, Design For Living, Inner City Unit, The Group, Dream Cycle 7, Vane, The Newtown Neurotics and Swamp 82. Bands interested in playing should contact 01-486 4564 (afternoons). The festival site is about one hour's drive from London down the M.4.

CLASH IN THE CASBAH

ON THE EVE of their rescheduled British tour — the one postponed when Joe Strummer went AWOL — The Clash have issued the following manifesto against the industry they're part of:

"In order to get away from predictable rock industry formats, The Clash will be presenting the Casbah Club in a number of towns across the country on their UK tour. The club will take over halls for the night as a celebration of low life and Clash fans.

"As well as The Clash playing, there will be guest appearances by celebrities, public figures and other attractions. Club-goers should check local media for advance information as to what's happening at the Casbah Club in their town."

MINDS, BUNNYMEN IN WARM-UP FOR FEST

SIMPLE MINDS play two club dates next week, one on either side of their appearance in the World Of Music Arts & Dance Festival at Shepton Mallet on July 16 — they are at Glasgow Tiffany's (July 14) and Manchester Hacienda Club (17). These will be the band's only UK shows until September, when they'll be touring here to promote their new Virgin album, on which they're currently finishing work. Before their British outing, they'll be playing some dates in North America and Australia, as well as some European festivals.

☐ ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN have slotted in a warm-up for their WOMAD appearance next weekend, and they've also opted for Manchester Hacienda — their date is Wednesday next, July 14.

MORE

MORE FOR M'HEAD!

ANGELWITCH are not now appearing in the Hackney Rock Festival in East London on Sunday, July 25, and their place is taken by Atlantic Records band More. It seems that their appearance in the previous day's Mildenhall Festival precludes them from performing at Hackney, and yet Saxon are taking part in both events . . . such is fame! So the full Hackney line-up is Motorhead, Saxon, Spider, The Lightning Raiders, More, T34 and Sleek. Tickets are £9 — by post from U.K.A. Promotions, P.O. Box 143, Walthamstow, London E.17; or to callers at Downtown Records of Ilford, Brixton Fair Deal or London ZigZag Club.

DAVE EDMUNDS TAKEN ILL

DAVE EDMUNDS, newly returned from lengthy tours of Europe and America, was rushed to hospital last week suffering from an internal haemorrhage — and was accordingly forced to cancel two festival appearances in Belgium. But he was expecting to have recovered sufficently to play at the Lisdoonvarna Festival in Ireland this weekend, and he'll certainly be all right for next month's Reading Festival.

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Plant back to the roots

ROBERT PLANT has now confirmed that he intends going back on the road, for the first time since the demise of Led Zeppelin, as forecast by *NME* five weeks ago — though his present plan is to wait until the New Year before setting out. With his first solo LP 'Pictures At Eleven' released recently, he wants first to record another album — and then to rehearse for a tour with those same studio musicians, or as many of them as are available. This would enable him to hit the trail soon after the release of the second album, and at the ideal time for promotion.

COSTELLO TICKET DETAILS

ELVIS COSTELLO tickets, for his two Christmas concerts with The Attractions at London Royal Albert Hall on December 24 and 27, are available at once — by post only. Prices are £9.50, £8.50, £7.50, £6.50, £5.50, £3.50 and £2.

This wide price range is in accordance with RAH tradition — it's arrived at by the seating arrangements, and it's a condition of the original lease dating back to the days of Queen Victoria, when it was decreed that there should be prices for commoners and aristocracy alike.

Mail orders should be sent to Costello Concerts, P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW — add 30p per ticket booking fee, make cheques and POs payable to "Costello Concerts", state day of preference, enclose SAE and allow up to six weeks for delivery.

The promoters say that, owing to the small number of seats at each price, they cannot guarantee allocation of tickets at the price requested. Postal applications will be dealt with in strict rotation, and tickets allocated at lower prices will be accompanied by a refund.

Defunkt, Dennis Brown, Rip Rig and Belle Stars: London dates

DEFUNKT — who last month played two sell-out shows at London The Venus, plus a few provincial dates — are to headline "An Evening Of Thermonuclear Sweat" at London Hammersmith Palais on Sunday, July 18. Doors open at 5pm, and special guests include Buzzz, Maximum Joy, Animal Nightlife and Jimmy The Hoover. Tickets are £4 from the box-office, Rough Trade, Bonaparte and Honky Tonk.

UK PLAYERS have been named as support act on the previously reported Average White Band tour, starting July 19, and they'll also be headlining in their own right at London ZigZag Club on July 13. A&M release their single 'Misbehaving' / 'Can't Shake Your Love', taken from their current album 'No Way Out', on July 16 in both 7" and 12" formats.

POSITIVE NOISE, who next weekend complete their support role on the UK tour by Toyah, headline their own show at London's Barracuda Club (Baker St.) on Wednesday, July 21. Their new single 'Waiting For The Seventh Man', from their album 'Change Of Heart', is out on Statik Records this week — and there's also an extended remix 12-inch version.

RIP RIG & PANIC and THE BELLE STARS co-headline a special holiday season one-off at London Lyceum's Ballroom on Sunday, July 25. It's billed as "Swingin' Summer Soiree", and the support act is The Three Courgettes. Tickets are on sale now, all at the one price of £3.

BUCKS FIZZ, whose extensive UK tour throughout August has already been announced, are to precede that schedule by playing nine further dates later this month — including a major London concert. The extras shows are Bristol Colston Hall (July 17), Plymouth Theatre Royal (18), Middlesbrough Town Hall (20), Hull City Hall (23), Huddersfield Town Hall (24), Skegness Festival Theatre (25), Leicester De Montfort Hall (26), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (27) and London Hammersmith Odeon (30).

DENNIS BROWN, the reggae superstar who played a couple of nights last weekend at the ZigZag Club in West London, now moves south of the river to headline two concerts at the 5,000-capacity Brixton Fair Deal — on Saturday and Sunday, July 17 and 18 (tickets €5).

MAINSQUEEZE are a new eight-piece outfit, comprising some of the best-known musicians and sidemen in the business — Keef Hartley, Eric Bell (ex-Thin Lizzy), Keith Tillman, Dick Heckstall-Smith, Victor Brox, Dave Moore, Diana Wood and John O'Leary. After a lightning Euro-tour, they make their UK debut at London Camden Dingwalls tomorrow (Friday). Further dates will be announced shortly, some with an extended celebrity line-up.

THE RED AND THE BACK, the band launched and fronted by Mike Scott (formerly of Edinburgh group Another Pretty Face), do the London rounds at Islington Hope & Anchor (July 15), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (22), Fulham Golden Lion (26), and Camden Dingwalls (30). They've been signed by Ensign Records, and a single is due out shortly.

PLUTO has switched the date and venue of his only London show, announced two weeks ago as being at the ZigZag Club tomorrow (Friday). Instead, he now plays Victoria The Venue on Wednesday next, July 14 (admission £2.50).

HERE & NOW play Retford King Edward VI School tomorrow (Friday), then move to Edinburgh where they have two shows on Saturday — an afternoon CND benefit in Meadows Park, and an evening gig at the Nite Club. They also play Slough Studio One next Monday (12).

MISTY IN ROOTS have not disbanded, despite their lengthy absence — it's simply that they've been touring Africa since Christmas, and don't finish there until the end of this month. But they're being lined up for a British tour in September (dates to follow) to coincide with the release of their third album.

MAGNUM, newly returned from an Amercian tour with Ozzy Osbourne, are the opening attraction tomorrow (Friday) at a new Birmingham venue called The Whip Club — located at the Carlton in Moseley. They also play London Marquee this Saturday and Sunday, before starting work on new studio tracks.

MOTOR BOYS MOTOR play four dates this month, continuing to support their self-named debut album, recently released by Albion Records. They're at Cambridge Sound Cellar (tomorrow, Friday), then they have three London gigs — Brixton Abank Centre (this Saturday), Islington Hope & Anchor (July 16) and the ZigZag Club (20).

Television: SIMON & GARFUNKEL's famous reunion concert, in New York's Central Park last autumn, is being screened by many ITV regions at 10.30pm tomorrow (Friday) . . . and RIP RIG & PANIC are featured in the July 17 edition of LW-TV's *Twentieth Century Box*, hosted by *NME's* Danny Baker.

BERNIE TORME's Electric Gypsies have undergone a line-up change, midway through their debut UK tour — drummer Barry Graham has left due to other commitments, and Frank Noon (ex-Wild Horses and Lionheart) comes in to join Torme (guitar and vocals) and Rastafarian Everton Williams (bass). New dates added to their schedule are at Worcester The Barn (this Sunday), Bristol Granary (July 14), Whitehaven White Horse (15) and a return to London Marquee Club (16 and 17).

STRAIGHT EIGHT are back in action with two new members, Steve Goodwin (drums) and Paul Chaves (bass), and their new album 'Straight To The Heart' — produced by Martin Rushent — is released by Logo this week. They have London dates at Kensington Ad Lib Club (tonight, Thursday), Clapham 101 Club (July 17), Fulham Greyhound (29), Covent Garden Rock Garden (August 5) and the ZigZag Club (12), as a warm-up for more extensive gigging later in the summer.

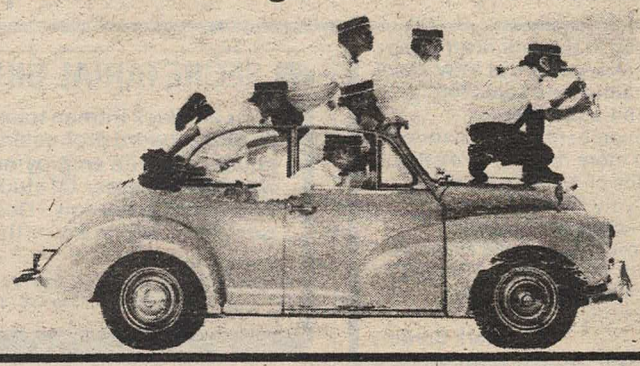
VICE SQUAD play three dates at London Oxford St. 101 Club (July 13), Manchester Drifters (14) and Norwich Gala Ballroom (16), before lead singer Beki Bondage begins work on her role in a play described as a "nihilistic punk comedy", which opens a 12-day season on July 27 at London's Finborough Theatre in Kensington. The band are then off to America.

MOOD SIX have been invited to appear as special guests in the gala cabaret at the Berkeley Square Charity Ball on July 19, in the presence of Princess Margaret. Their devoted followers will have to pay £46 per ticket to see them, though this includes a bottle of champagne and full breakfast! However, the group are now planning other dates for their less affluent patrons.

MIKE OLDFIELD CONCERTS

MIKE OLDFIELD returns from his world travels to play a string of six British concerts in September — at Machester Apollo (8), Edinburgh Playhouse (9), Newcastle City Hall (11), Birmingham Odeon (12), Portsmouth Guildhall (14) and London Hammersmith Odeon (16) — tickets on sale now, priced £6, £5 and £4 at all venues. Then he's off to Europe until Christmas.

We're heading to Record News



LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00pm to 11.00pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS,
SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 8th July (Adm £2.00)
SAMSON
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Friday 9th July (Adm £2.00)
SPIDER
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 10th & Sunday 11th July (Adm £2.50)
Heavy Metal Special
MAGNUM
Plus Trouble & Jerry Floyd

Monday 12th July (Adm £1.50)
DEMON
Plus support & Martin Ball

Tuesday 13th July (Adm £2.00)
RAGE
Plus Ore & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 14th July (Adm £2.00)
PARK AVENUE
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Thursday 15th July (Adm £2.50)
S.O.S.
Featuring Bernie Marsden
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

READING FESTIVAL
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

FRIARS AT STOKE MANDEVILLE STADIUM
HARVEY ROAD, AYLESBURY
(proceeds to OLYMPIC VILLAGE FOR THE DISABLED APPEAL)
Monday July 12th, 7.30pm
Tickets £4.00 available now from Earth Records, Aylesbury; Scorpion, High Wycombe; Strings 'N' Things, Amersham; Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead; F. L. Moore, Dunstable, Luton and Bletchley; Record City, Luton; D. J. Holland, Leighton Buzzard; Hi-Vu, Buckingham; Music Market, Oxford; or £4.00 at door on night. Life membership 25p. Reservations phone Aylesbury 84568/88948. CAMRA Bar.

Le Beat Route

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17 GREEK STREET, LONDON W1 · TELEPHONE: 437 5782 Night 499 2645 day

MONDAY
LE BEAT ROUTE WITH EYES AND EARS PRESENTS
NEW YEAR'S EVE
EVERY MONDAY
with Nicky McKenzie and Alan Coulthard
Cabaret - Prizes - Balloons
Free glass of Bubbly at Midnight
Admission £2.50

TUESDAY
60's Soul Night
with the original Dr Soul Capital Radio's
JAMES HAMILTON
plus ALEX GERRY
ALL DRINKS 50p TILL 11.00pm!!

WEDNESDAY
DON'T BLINK NIGHT
ALL DRINKS **25p**

THURSDAY 8th JULY
LIVE MUSIC
FROM
THE SWINGING LAURELS
All drinks 50p till 11.00 pm

FRIDAY
FRIDAY NIGHT AT LE BEAT ROUTE
(MEMBERS ONLY)
STEVE · OLLIE
STEVE LEWIS · CARLO

SATURDAY
OWEN WASHINGTON
INVITES YOU TO SPEND AN EVENING WITH HIM AND HIS SPECIAL GUESTS

RIGHT OF ADMISSION RESERVED

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UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 7th July £1.25
THE CHEATERS

Thursday 8th July £1.25
STUDIO 2

Friday 9th July & Saturday 10th July £1.50
SYLVAIN SYLVAIN

Sunday 11th July £1.25
THE HELICOPTERS

Monday 12th July £1.25
ZERRA ONE

Tuesday 13th July £1.25
FAY RAY

Wednesday 14th July £1.25
DANCE ON A TELEPHONE

THE PIED BULL
1 Liverpool Road, N1 (Angel Tube)
The Friendly Venue

Friday 9th July £1.00
(Rock 'n' Roll Disco)
WILD WAX SHOW

Saturday 10th July 70p or 30p
GAY WORKSHOP

Sunday 11th July £1.00
THE FIXATIONS

Monday 12th July £1.00
THE HOLLOWAY ALLSTARS

Tuesday 13th July £1.00
NEW MYTHOLOGY

Wednesday 14th July £1.00
PLEASANT VIRUS

Thursday 15th July £1.00
T34

THE CROWN
Aberdeen Place, NW8
01-289 1102 Warwick Avenue Tube

Thurs 8th July £1.00
WOLFIE WITCHER & THE NIGHTRIDERS
+ Radical Sheiks
Fri 9th July £1.50
TILT
Sat 10th July £1.50
DIZ & THE DOORMEN
Sun 11th July £1.50
From New Orleans BIG JAY MONQUE'D & The Jaywalkers
Mon 12th July £1.00
MR CLEAN
Tues 13th July £1.00
TRIMMER & JENKINS, BRANDT & DODDS
Wed 14th July £1.00
MELANGE

DINGWALLS
RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
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THE INMATES
SUPPORTED BY
RUTHLESS BLUES

FRIDAY 9
MAIN SQUEEZE
WITH KEEF HARTLEY, DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH, VICTOR BROX, ERIC BELL ETC. SUPPORTED BY
THE INFLUENCE
£3.30

SATURDAY 10
ROOT JACKSON'S [FABULOUS] G.B. BLUES Co.

TUESDAY 13 NIGHT OF TRASH
THE CANNIBALS
STING RAYS
MILK SHAKES
£2.00

WEDNESDAY 14
FROM JAMAICA, REGGAE WITH
JAH LLOYD
PLUS SUPPORT £2.75

THURSDAY 15
FROM SAN FRANCISCO U.S.A
S.V.T.
Featuring: Ex. Jefferson Airplane bassist
JACK CASSIDY
SUPPORTED BY
LICK MA LOLLY

MONDAY 19 TUES 20
FROM U.S.A
ONLY BRITISH APPEARANCES
ETTA JAMES
MISS JAMES AND HER ALL AMERICAN BAND WILL PLAY 2 SETS A NIGHT AT 9.15 AND 11.15
TICKETS ARE £5 PER NIGHT AND ARE VALID FOR BOTH SETS
TICKETS AVAILABLE NOW FROM BOX OFFICE. BOOK EARLY

WEDNESDAY 21
FROM JAMAICA REGGAE SPECIAL
FREDDIE McGREGOR
WITH THE
STUDIO ONE BAND

OPEN MONDAY-SATURDAY 8PM-2AM.
& SAT LUNCH 12-3PM

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Shepherds Bush Road Hammersmith London W6
Sun.18th.July
Tickets from Palais Box Office(01-748 2812) Rough Trade Bonaparte Honky Tonk & all usual agents

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 8th July £1.25
THE DRIVERS
+ Outboys

Friday 9th July £1.50
TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS
+ Naughty Thoughts

Saturday 10th July £1.50
THE LURKERS
+ The Hamsters

Sunday 11th July £1.00
THE POETIC SLAV
Featuring Jedrzej Dmochouski
+ Doctot Clive Jackson

Monday 12th July £1.25
THE CREAMIES
+ Outbarsoueek

Tuesday 13th July £1.25
A DARK DESIGN
+ Naughty Thoughts

Wednesday 14th July £1.50
COOK THE BOOKS
+ The Fan Club

SECOND GREAT ANNUAL
"MERSEY BEATLE EXTRAVAGANZA"
SAT. 28th and SUN. 29th AUGUST
ADELPHI HOTEL
LIME STREET, LIVERPOOL

"CAVERN MECCA" proudly presents the second annual Beatlemania event in celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the release of "LOVE ME DO" for a limited audience.
For your enjoyment we offer — SPECIAL GUESTS, FILMS, VIDEOS, STALLS FULL OF MEMORABILIA, BANDS, COMPETITIONS, RAFFLES, REFRESHMENTS.
A complete weekend of fun for all. Twenty years on, Beatlemania will rule again for a weekend.

The event starts at NOON on Saturday until MIDNIGHT and again at NOON on Sunday till 11pm
TICKETS ARE ON SALE NOW
Two day Adult = £7.50 One day Adult = £4.50
Two day Child = £3.25 One day Child = £2.25

Full details of accommodation and train ticket costs are available on request enclosing an S.A.E. from **CAVERN MECCA**, 18 Mathew Street, Liverpool L2 6RE, Merseyside. Tel: 051-227 1026.

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TO ADVERTISE IN THIS SECTION RING ALEX ON 01-261 6153

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THE HAÇIENDA

Friday July 9th
A CERTAIN RATIO
Wednesday July 14th
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN
(Members only)
Saturday July 17th
SIMPLE MINDS
(Members only)
Monday July 19th
BLANCMANGE
Thursday July 22nd
THE BIRTHDAY PARTY
Wednesday July 28th
BUZZZ
Friday July 30th
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Members and their guests only

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Clarendon Hotel,
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Thursday 8th July £1.00
THE INFLUENCE
+ Amyl Dukes
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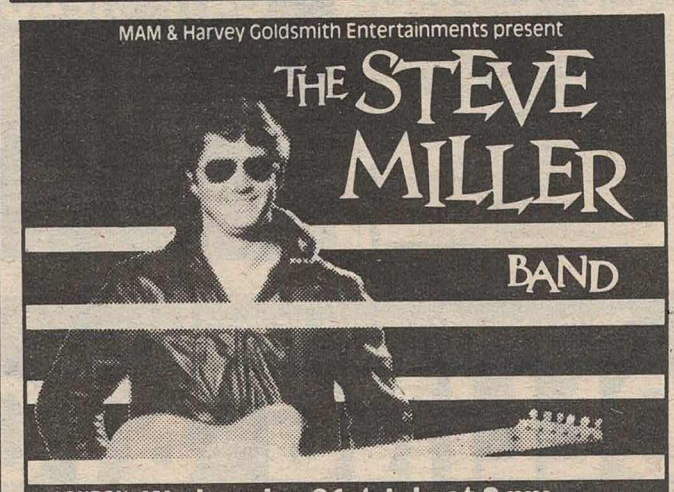
DANSE SOCIETY
+ UV Pop
Saturday 10th July £1.50
DREAM CYCLE 7
+ Mxyztplk
Sunday 11th July £1.25
HOWARD JONES
+ The Jungle
Monday 12th July £1.25
VITALE VOICE
+ Fear Of The Dark
Tuesday 13th July 50p
IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY
Real Ale Served 7.30-11.00pm



LONDON **Wednesday 21st July at 8 pm**
EXTRA SHOW 22nd July at 8 pm
ODEON HAMMERSMITH Tel 01-748 4081
Tickets £6.50. £5.50. £4.50.

Other Dates		
Friday 16 July	OXFORD	APOLLO
Saturday 17 July	BIRMINGHAM	ODEON
Sunday 18 July	MANCHESTER	APOLLO
Monday 19 July	GLASGOW	APOLLO
Tuesday 20 July	LIVERPOOL	EMPIRE

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TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING GEORGE BENSON OCT 21, 22

JULY
11 Clash
12, 13 Talking Heads
17, 18 Toyah
17, 18, 24, 25 Capital Jazz Festival
21, 22 Steve Miller
25 Rolling Stones
25 Hackney Rock Festival
25 Rip Rig & Panic
30 Bucks Fizz
30 Average White Band
31 Light Of The World

AUGUST
15 Joe Jackson
21 Status Quo, Gillan etc (Castle Donington)
27, 28 Jethro Tull

SEPTEMBER
16 Mike Oldfield
16, 17, 18, 19 Blondie
18 Echo & The Bunnymen
19 Gloria Gaynor
27, 28, 29, 30 Shirley Bassey
30 Imagination

OCTOBER
1, 2 Imagination
3, 11 Shadows
8, 9 Saxon
18, 19 AC/DC
21, 22 George Benson
22 John Martyn
24, 25 Depeche Mode
24, 25, 27, 28 Julio Inglesias
28, 29 Shakin' Stevens

NOVEMBER
12, 13 Hawkwind
17, 18, 19, 20, 21 Japan

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SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.
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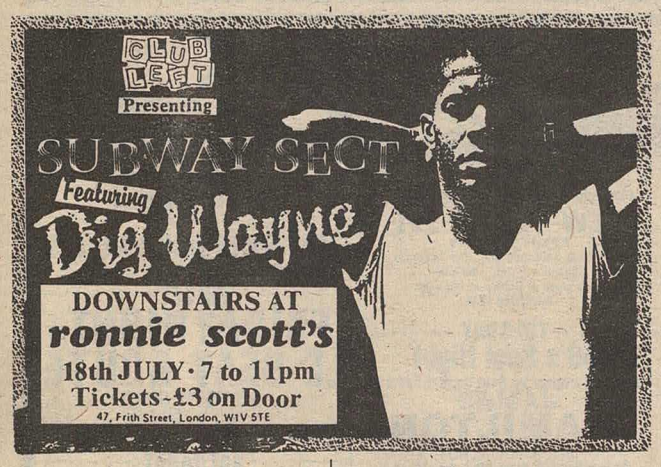

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ROCK CITY
TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel 0602 412544 Open 8pm-2am
Wednesday 28th July £3.00 Adv
JOE JACKSON
Must be over 18 years of age. Tickets from Rock City Box Office, Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — RE-Cords Derby — Revolver, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, The Box Office Lincoln — or by post from ROCK CITY, ENCLOSING S.A.E.

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OPEN AIR GIGS
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Tel 828 9441
Doors Open 8.00 pm
Main band on at 9.30 pm
THIS WEEK

Thursday 8th July £3.00
AL CAMPBELL AND THE FREEDOM FIGHTERS

Friday 9th July £3.00
STARGAZERS
+ The Flying Picket

Saturday 10th July £3.00
ANTILLES
+ Hot Cuisine

Monday 12th July £2.00
CUDDLY TOYS
+ Berlin Blondes
+ Naughty Thoughts

Tuesday 13th July £2.00
LIAISONS DANGEREUSES
+ The Dancing Did + Casual Sex

Wednesday 14th July £2.50
PLUTO

COMING SOON
Saturday 17th July £3.00
OSIBISA
Monday 19th July £2.00
URBAN SHAKEDOWN
Wednesday 21st July £2.50
ELECTRIC GUITARS
Friday & Saturday 23rd & 24th July £4.00
BLUES BAND
Tuesday & Wednesday 27th & 28th July £5.00
SUN RA ARKESTRA
Friday & Saturday 30th & 31st July £4.00
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MCP presents
pimps, punks, hustlers,
& time girls &
The Clash
down at The Kasbah Club
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4 FULHAM HIGH ST. SW6
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Australian Night
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Friday 9th July £1.50
RED BEANS AND RICE
Saturday 10th July £2.00
RICKY COOL
Sunday 11th July £1.00
COMBO PASSE
Monday 12th July £1.00
AVENUE
Tuesday 13th July £1.00
THE SNORKELS
Wednesday 14th July £1.00
TILT
(Ex Geno Washington And Cobras)

Rock At The
TRAMSHEAD
51-53 Woolwich New Rd, SE18
Tuesday July 13th
Rock and Roll Night
FRANKIE AND THE FLAMES
+ The Escorts
8.00 £1.50
Tuesday July 20th
MICKY JUPP
+ The Volcanoes
8.00 £1.75
Tuesday July 27th
BUMBLE AND THE BEEZ
8.00 £1.50

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-
WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

ELECTRIC GUITARS
THU. 8. JULY. "New Order? A Certain Ratio? Do me a favour the Electric Guitars would blow them into the backstalls...." SOUNDS.

THE ROOM
FRI. 9. Highly regarded quartet from Liverpool. Toured the West coast. "Brooding anxious music with a tough edge" L.A. Times.

RODDY RADIATION
SAT. 10. & THE TEARJERKERS
One-time Specials guitarist heads up a 4-piece and forsakes rock steady for Rockabilly.
SUN. BELLA DONNA & CROSSFIRE + PARADISO & the INFERNO
MON. CIVILISATION & THE DUMMIES + DEAD ZONES
TUE. JODI & the SHADES + TRIPWIRE + PHYSICAL TERRORS

FAY RAY
WED. 14. JUL. Not musical ground-shakers but able to deliver Top 40 dance music, fast and slow, with humour and a sense of occasion.

STILL LIFE
THU. 15. JULY. Clean useful image, SFX approved, and songs as sharp as a switch blade PLUS SUPPORT. ONE TRACK MIND.

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THE NEW ALBANY EMPIRE DOUGLAS WAY S.E.8. 691 3333
NEW BANDS' NIGHT
Wednesday 14th at 8.00. Admission £1.00
CLERICAL ERROR
BONGO RAP
FELIX AND THE CATS
Guests D.J. CHARLES HAYWOOD (This Heat)
Monday 19th July at 8.00. Admission £4.00. £3.00 Unwaged
GEORGIE FAME AND THE BLUE FLAMES
+ Zoot Money

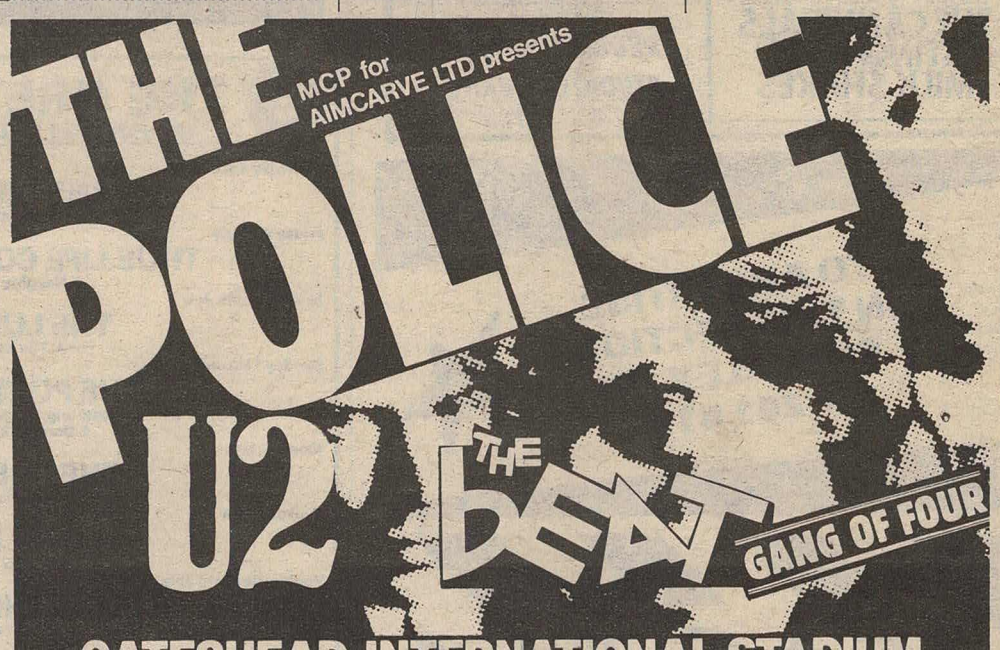
THEATRES

"The West End's Funniest Play" Daily Mail
BILLY CONNOLLY

in
J. P. DONLEAVY'S
BALTHAZAR
"One of the Great Comic Creations of our time" Punch
FOR A SPECIAL SEASON
DUKE OF YORKS THEATRE 836 5122

CINEMAS

Scala CLUB CINEMA
KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051
Thursday 8th
Harvey Keitel Double
MEANSTREETS 2.35, 7.00
+ **FINGERS** 1.50, 5.25, 9.00
Friday 9th
ERASERHEAD 2.25, 5.20, 8.15
+ **FREAKS** 1.15, 4.15, 7.05, 10.00
Saturday 10th
60's Pop Double The Supremes In
BEACH BALL 2.00, 5.00, 8.00
+ The Animals In
SWINGING SET 3.30, 6.30, 9.30
11.30 All Night 'Eat Your Seats'
FUNHOUSE
MOTEL HELL
CARRIE
I SAW WHAT YOU DID
THE NIGHT WALKER
Sunday 11th Hertzog's Double
THE ENIGMA OF KASPAR HAUSER 1.40, 5.20, 9.00
+ **STROSZEK** 3.30, 7.10
Monday 12th
Hitchcock/Capra/James Stewart
Double for Three Days
50's HITCHCOCK IN COLOUR 1.00, 5.00, 9.00
+ **IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE** 3.00, 7.00
Tuesday 13th
MR SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON 2.35, 6.50
+ **Another 50's HITCHCOCK IN COLOUR** 4.45, 9.00
Wednesday 14th
MAGIC TOWN 1.00, 5.00, 9.00
+ **Yet Another 50's HITCHCOCK IN COLOUR** 3.00, 7.00
Thursday 15th
Herzog's **NOSFERATU THE VAMPIRE** 2.40 6.30
+ **FELLINI'S CASANOVA** 4.35, 8.25

MCP for AIMCARVE LTD presents
THE POLICE
U2
THE BEAT
GANG OF FOUR

GATESHEAD INTERNATIONAL STADIUM
SATURDAY 31st JULY 3.30p.m. GATES OPEN 1.30 p.m.
Tickets £8.30 (inc.booking fee) £10.00 on day available from

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or by post from Aimcarve Ltd., P.O. Box 123 Walsall WS5 4QQ. Enclose Cheques or Postal Orders made payable to AIMCARVE LTD and enclose S.A.E.

Concert Travel Club
YOUR LAST CHANCE THIS YEAR TO SEE
THE ROLLING STONES
LEEDS ROUNDHAY PARK Sun 25th July

TRAVEL BY COACH FROM THESE TOWNS (return coach fares in brackets): **LONDON** (£12.00) **BIRMINGHAM** (£9.00) **BRISTOL** (£10.00) **BRIGHTON** (£14.00) **SOUTHAMPTON** (£13.00) CARDIFF (£12.00) SWANSEA (£13.00) NEWPORT (£12.00) LIVERPOOL (£5.50) PLYMOUTH (£14.00) EXETER (£14.00) PORTSMOUTH (£13.00) POOLE (£13.00) BATH (£10.00) SWINDON (£10.00) OXFORD (£10.00) GLOUCESTER (£10.00) TAUNTON (£12.00) + MANY OTHERS
CONCERT TICKETS ARE ALSO AVAILABLE FOR COACH TRAVELLERS £10 EXTRA FOR EACH PLACE
BOOK THROUGH **CYCLOPS SOUNDS** (BIRMINGHAM) **VIRGIN** (BRISTOL) **SPILLERS** (CARDIFF) **DERRICKS** (SWANSEA) **TLCA** (LIVERPOOL) & ALL OTHER CTC AGENTS OR PHONE 02372 6219 or 79070

nationwide GIG GUIDE

Pic: Pennie Smith

Tina Weymouth

THE TALKING HEADS take time out from the European festival circuit to fly to London, where their current seven-piece line-up plays two nights at the vast Wembley Arena on Monday and Tuesday. And keeping it in the family, the support act is the TOM TOM CLUB, the occasional band launched by the Heads' Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz.

THE CLASH finally get their delayed UK tour under way this weekend, after successfully completing their travels in the States. First dates are at London Brixton (Saturday and Sunday), Aylesbury (Monday), Hanley (Tuesday) and Newcastle (Wednesday).

JACKSON BROWNE begins his four-night stint at London Hammersmith Odeon on Monday — and THE MONOCHROME SET and MODERN ROMANCE both start new gig series on Friday, at Liverpool and Swindon respectively. The week's other new tour is the hard rock package with SAMSON, BERNIE MARSDEN's S.O.S. and ANGELWITCH, kicking off in Chippenham on Tuesday.

TOYAH and BLANCMANGE continue their current tours — and the week's principal festival is the Bracknell Folk event, headlined by THE ALBION BAND and the MADDY PRIOR BAND (Friday to Sunday).

thursday 8th

Aberdeen Jimmy Wilson's: **As You Like It / Phase 2 / Alone Again Or**
Belfast Masefield Leisure Centre: **Phil Lynott**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford 1 in 12 Club: **The Xpozez**
Brighton New Regent: **King Sounds & The Israelites / Eddie Stanton**
Bristol Green Room: **The Thin Air / Rhythm Puppet**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Liquid Gold** (until Saturday)
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage. Slips / Jumping Jennie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Cleethorpes Pier Hotel: **Whammer Jammer**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Evil Wind**
Dundee Tayside Bar: **Laughing Academy**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Morrissey Mullen**
Farnham The Maltings: **Amity**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Southbound**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Toyah**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Harlow Benny's Disco: **Toad The Wet Sprocket / Faded Secret**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Bedside Manner**
Leeds Le Photographique: **V-C-O**
Leeds Warehouse: **Blancmange / Basking Sharks**
Leicester The Windmill: **Soldier**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Precautions**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Protege / Ordeal**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Rodeo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Inmates / Ruthless Blues**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Cannibals / The Milkshakes / The Stingrays**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Any Anxious Colour**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Soma Coma**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Electric Guitars / Play For Today**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Esther Phillips** (until Saturday)
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Drivers / The Outboys**
London Greenwich Brunswick Arms: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Amyl Dukes / The Influence**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Idle Flowers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Studio 2**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Dark**
London Islington The Crown: **Wolfie Witcher & The Nightriders**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Eddie & Sunshine**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Naughty Thoughts**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee Club: **Samson**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **Terraplane**
London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Confrey Phillips Trio**
London Southall White Hart: **Limelight / Fugitive**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Back Hander**
London Victoria The Venue: **Al Campbell / The Freedom Fighters**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Republic / White Noise**
Manchester Chisholms Club: **Mark Murphy**
Manchester Julie's: **Saracen**
Newcastle Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre: **The East Side Torpedoes**
Norwich Jacquard Club: **Weekend**
Nottingham Blitz Diner: **D-Void**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Palais: **Icognito**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Wrathchild**
Oxford Radliffe Arms: **Rhythm 'n' Booze**
Poole Brewers Arms: **Cryptic Corps? / Crude Oil**
Portrush Beachcombers: **The Perfect Crime**
Preston Warehouse: **UK Decay**
Ripley Woodies: **Canker Opera**
Salford University: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **The Really Big Boys**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents / The Fighting Tikkas**
Southampton Richard Taunton College: **International Rescue / Episode 2**
St. Helens Royal Raven Hotel: **Tony McPhee Blues Band**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **Mezzoforte**
Wokingham Angie's: **Red Beans & Rice**

friday 9th

Bangor (Co. Down) Fureys: **The Perfect Crime**
Bedford Althorpe Street Community Centre: **Recent Future / The Outsiders**
Bedford Cauldwell Centre: **The Outsiders**
Bedford Horse & Groom: **Eddie Stanton Band**
Birkenhead Wagon & Horses: **Abraham Ali Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **Blancmange / Basking Sharks**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham The Junction: **Urban Mix**
Birmingham Whip Club (at the Carlton): **Magnum**
Bolton The Cotton Tree: **Warrior**
Bournemouth Midnight Express: **The Escape**
Bracknell Folk Festival at South Hill Park Arts Centre (for three days): **The Albion Band / Maddy Prior Band / Strawhead / English Country Blues Band / Tundra / Dead Sea Surfers / Muckram Wakes / Tom Hall's Band / Johnny Collins etc.**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Section 25**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Motor Boys Motor / Sindy & The Action Men**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The D.T.s / Turquoise Trait**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Darlington Raw Noise: **Abrasive Wheels / The Expelled**
Dunfermline Chimes: **Curtains For Rupert**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Toyah**
Folkestone Royal Norfolk Club: **English Rogues**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Eddie Waldo's Go Kill Flowers Band**
Gateshead Ravenshill Club: **The Stingrays**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Eddie & Sunshine / Sun Sun**
Hastings Pier Pavilion: **Incognito**
Hitchin The Regal: **Al Campbell & The Freedom Fighters**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Mark Murphy**
Kirkcaldy Bentley's: **Laughing Academy**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Action Transfers**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Monochrome Set**
London Acton Town Hall: **Sons Of Jah**
London Alfreton George Hotel: **Saracen**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Proper Little Madams / Capt J. J. Waller / Felix & The Cats**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Three Courgettes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Main Squeeze / The Influence**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Gerry McEvoy Jam Session**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **A Bigger Splash**
London Covent Garden Community Centre: **Joeys / The Chip Shop Show**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Room / Cook The Books**
London Fulham Greyhound: **True Life Confessions / Naughty Thoughts**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Danse Society / UV Pop**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Electric Guitars**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy (Skunx): **Red Alert / Subculture**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Sylvain Sylvain**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Dead Zones / The Fan Club**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Tex Axile & Los Incognitos**
London Marquee Club: **Spider / Fireclown**
London N.15 The Fox: **The West City 5**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Plumstead The Ship: **H.G. & The 100 Years / The Black Door**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Denny Wright & The Hot Club Of London**
London Southall White Swan: **Burnz**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Design For Living / Universal Indians**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Stargazers / The Flying Pickets**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Future Daze / Second Nature**
London W.9 ZigZag Club: **Musical Youth / Syco & The New Yorker Band**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Oduduwa**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **A Certain Ratio**
Manchester (Stretford) Quadrant Hotel: **Mr. Gilbert**
Margate Kokomo Wine Bar: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**
Monmouth Clearwell Castle: **Dream Cycle 7**
Newtown (Powys) Theatre Hafren: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Splash**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Bomber**
Reading Caribbean Club: **Shrinking Men**
Retford King Edward VI School: **Here & Now / Silverlode / Johnathan Brainless**
Retford Porterhouse: **Marillion**
Stoke West End Inn: **Tiny Steps / Freudian Lightship**
Swansea Coach House: **The Squirts / The Lightning Flyers**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Modern Romance**
Windsor Arts Centre: **Pookesnackenburger**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Alligators**
Workington Carnegie Theatre: **Demon**
Worksop Carlton Hall: **Bikini Atoll / Childs Play**

saturday 10th

Addlestone Football Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Crompton Arms: **Urban Mix**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Blackpool Tower Ballroom: **Eric Delaney Band** (for summer season)
Brighton The Kensington: **Combo Nation**
Bristol Green Rooms: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **The Nightingales**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Mood Elevators**
Edinburgh Meadows Park (afternoon) and Nite Club (evening): **Here & Now**
Folkestone Marine Pavilion: **The Belle Stars / Naughty Thoughts**
Heanor Nags Head: **The Perfect Party / The Quiet Men**
Hemel Hempstead Hospital: **C-Saim / Faded Secret / Bone / Toad The Wet Sprocket**
Huddersfield White Lion Hotel: **Victor Drago**
Kettering Rising Sun: **Precious Little Idols**
Kingston The Swan: **The Universal Indians**
Leeds Compton Arms: **Whammer Jammer**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **The Motivators**
Leven The Golf Club: **Laughing Academy**
Lichfield Civic Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Liverpoog Dockers Hook: **Abraham Ali Band**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Farmers Boys**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton Abank Centre: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Brixton Fair Deal: **The Clash**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Neo Naturist Cabaret / The Trindy Gonk Aurora Show**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Root Jackson & The GB Blues Co / Penguin Fury**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Camden The Palace: **The Drummers Of Burundi**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Curse / Victims Of Romance / Spy vs. Spy / Hiss The Villain**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Lurkers / The Hamsters**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Ricky Cool & The New Cool**
London Hammersmith Bishops Park: **Max Collie's Rhythm Aces**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Dream Cycle 7 / Mxyztplk**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Spirit Level**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Mr. Clean / Roland Muldoon**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Lords Of The New Church / Street Aliens**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Sylvain Sylvain**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Marquee Club: **Magnum**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Vaguely Divine / Aquilla**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Jazzband**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Errol Clarke Quartet with George Lee**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover / Makka**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Twickenham Black Dog: **Liaison**
London Victoria The Venue: **Antilles / Hot Cuisine**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Berlin Blondes / Glass Museum**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.9 ZigZag Club: **The Birthday Party / Sisters Of Mercy / Play School**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Toyah**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Line Up / Don Weller**
Manchester Chisholms Club: **Mark Murphy**
Manchester (Stretford) Quadrant Hotel: **Mr. Gilbert**
Northampton Sunnyside Hotel: **Ilana & The Champagne Dance Orchestra**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Chinatown**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **'Splash' Wilson**
Portstewart Spuds Bar: **The Perfect Crime**
Retford Porterhouse: **Blancmange / Basking Sharks**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Southport Dixieland Leisure Centre: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
St. Albans City Hall: **Clientelle**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **French Lessons**
Windsor Safari Park: **Incognitio**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Blue Condition**
Wollaston Nags Head: **Soldier**

sunday 11th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Xpertz**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Star Club: **Several Young Men Ignite / Hardboard Stump**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Street Aliens / Mickey Murphy**
Darlington Arts Centre: **The East Side Torpedoes**
Glasgow Mitchell Theatre: **Battlefield Band**
Glasgow Queens Park Bandstand: **The Dolphins**
Glenrothes Rothes Arm: **Laughing Academy**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Ilford Palais: **007**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Mark Murphy**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Paul Lacey**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck** (lunchtime) / **Rodeo** (evening)
London Brixton Fair Deal: **The Clash**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Onward Internationals** (lunchtime) / **Wild Eagles** (evening)
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Innocents**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Bella Donna / Crossfire**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Cayenne**
London Finchley Torrington: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Poetic Slav / Doctor Clive Jackson**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Howard Jones / The Jungle**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park (3pm): **Kitsyke Will**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy (Skunx): **The 4 Skins / Combat 84**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Fixations**
London Islington The Grapes: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Kensington Sunset Club: **I.C.Q.**
London Marquee Club: **Magnum**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Shepherds Bush Wellington: **One Track Mind**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Errol Clarke**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Trafalgar-Sq. St. Martin's Crypt Folk Club: **Mat Cranitch / Mick Dagleish / Dave Hennesey**
London Wood Green Trade Union & Community Centre: **Controlled Attack / Capt J. J. Waller / Mr. Clean**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Terry Lightfoot Band**
London W.9 ZigZag Club: **The Nightingales / The Danse Society / 13 At Midnight**
Maidstone The Ship: **Naughty Thoughts**
Mold Theatre Clwyd: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): **The East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Union Rowing Club: **The Table Committee**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Stoneground Band**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **The Action Transfers**
Windsor Blazers: **Chas & Dave** (for a week)
Wokingham Angie's: **Motley Crew**

monday 12th

Aylesbury Friars: **The Clash**
Bannockburn Tamdhu: **Laughing Academy**
Bedford Fives Bar: **Mortal Disguize**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**

☐ *continued over*

nationwide GIG GUIDE

☐ *from previous page*

Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Up The Junction: **Ubik / The Letters**
Blackpool Vinyl Drip Club: **The Elite / Urbane Gorillas**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Stu Burns Band**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Pluto**
Gosforth Park Hotel: **Suspicions Confirmed**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Funhouse: **Twisted Nerve / New Model Army**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Roy Weard's Last Post / Blow Monkeys / The Operators**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London City Festival: **Pookiesnackenburger** (also Tuesday)
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Civilization / The Dummies / Dead Zones**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Tilt**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Creamies / Outbarsoueek**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Vital Voice / Fear Of The Dark**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Jackson Browne**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Varukers**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Liaison**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Alan Clare & Guests** (for a week)
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Sunwind Music / Spirit Level**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **George Adams-Don Pullen Quartet** (for a week)
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **20th Century Blues**
London Victoria The Venue: **Cuddly Toys / The Berlin Blondes / Naughty Thoughts**
London Wembley Arena: **The Talking Heads / The Tom Tom Club**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Ritual / Sunglasses After Dark**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Max Collie Band**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Red Lipstique**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Luton Mad Hatter Club: **Spring Offensive**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Mood Elevators**
Manchester The Gallery: **Marillion**
Newcastle City Hall: **Toyah**
Nottingham (Beeston) Charly's Barn: **The Chimneys**
Sandown I.o.W. The Court Jester: **The Choir** (until Saturday, excluding Thursday)
Slough Studio One: **Here & Now**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Warrenpoint Town Hall: **The Mistakes / Sanctuary** (for a week)

tuesday 13th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Mezzoforte**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Riot Squad / Chaos Brothers**
Brighton New Regent: **UK Decay**
Chester Edwardians Club: **The Precautions**
Chippenham Rock Theatre: **Samson / Bernie Marsden's S.O.S. / Angelwitch**
Croydon Shireffs Wine Bar: **Street Aliens**
Darwen Craven Heiffer: **Night Train**
Gloucester Sinc Club: **Reversed Labels**
Gosforth Assembly Rooms: **The East Side Torpedoes**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Flowers Of The Past / The Committed**
Grimsby Community Hall: **The 4 Skins / Dead Loss**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **The Clash**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Secluded Places / Reel To Reel**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Idle Flowers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Cannibals / The Milkshakes / The Stingrays**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Jungle**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Judie & The Shades / Trip Wire / Physical Jerks**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Macondo**
London Fulham Greyhound: **A Dark Design / Naughty Thoughts**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Jackson Browne**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: **Roaring Jelly**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Macrami Brothers**
London Twickenham Black Dog: **Saracen**
London Victoria The Venue: **Liaisons Dangereuses / The Dancing Did / Casual Sex**
London Wembley Arena: **The Talking Heads / The Tom Tom Club**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Frankie & The Flames / The Escorts**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Newcastle City Hall: **Toyah**
Norwich Samson & Hercules: **Famous Boys / Serious Drinking / Popular Voice / Egotism**
Nottingham Zhivago's: **Saracen**
Portstewart Spuds Bar: **The Perfect Crime**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Southampton Silhouette Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Stoke Talbot Hotel: **Tiny Steps / Freudian Lightship**
Swansea Jazz Society: **Mark Murphy**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Blancmange / Basking Sharks**

wednesday 14th

Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Demon**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bognor Regis Pier Pavilion: **Incognito**
Brighton Cavern Bar: **The Deckchairs / Time Begins**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Samson / Bernie Marsden's S.O.S. / Angelwitch**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chichester Festival: **Pookiesnackenburger**
Coventry Buster's Club: **Marillion**
Dudley The Crown: **Cruel Garden / Virago**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Laughing Academy**
Hitchin The Regal: **Epic / Sabre / E.S.P. / Open Road / Zipper**
Hythe Applemore Youth Club: **Crossfire**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Foggy**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **The Really Big Boys**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Toyah**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Hey Day**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jah Lloyd**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Tex Axile & Los Incognitos**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **The Bel-Airs**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Fay Ray / Pleasure Dome**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Strange Fruit**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Clerical Error / Bongo Rap / Felix & The Cats**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Cook The Books / The Fan Club**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Jackson Browne**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Chameleon**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Ray Shields Combined Forces Orchestra**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Park Avenue**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Mark Murphy**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Jay Monque'd**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **Pluto**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Soly Sombra: **Hermine / Music For All / Peoples Pictures**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberry's: **I Am Alone**
London W.9 ZigZag Club: **Midnight Oil / The Handsome Beasts / Moontier**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Exposure**
Maidstone Ship Inn: **Silent Rooms**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Kevin Coyne**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Clash**
New Romney The Seahorse: **The Feel**
Preston Warehouse: **The 4 Skins**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**

REGGAE RUNNINGS

A CRUCIAL name to watch for as dub poetry emerges as an energetic force within the current reggae scene is undoubtedly that of Ras Benjamin Zephaniah.

Originating from St. Elizabeth, Jamaica, and growing up a contemporary of Steel Pulse in Handsworth, the 26-year-old dub poet is now based in East London.

"The older you get, the more serious you get", he says, commenting on his ten years of writing poetry. It was after the publication of his first book 'Pen Rhythm' that he decided to start gigging.

Preferring the rhythm and life of poets like Oku Onuora and Michael Smith, whom he's only recently discovered, to Linton Kwesi Johnson's detached style of delivery, his poetry is invigorating, humorous and rooted in his experiences in Britain.

"I've made my poetry so simple I can take it anywhere, even use it in places I wouldn't normally go", he says referring to the Alternative Variety/Cabaret circuit. Having worked with The Specials as a roadie and having done gigs with Seething Wells and Co. . . . "poets who really feel about what happens on the streets, who are artists but not dreamers". . . . he is acutely aware of the potential opening on the rock scene.

Though continuing to work solo he plans to team up with the band Solomon's Pride, where "the poetry will meet the music" and for info on shows between now and his appearance at the Edinburgh Festival in August tune in to *Reggae Runnings*. (*Pen Rhythm* is published by Page 1, 53 West Ham Lane, E.15.)

Back on the air each and every Friday night in the London area. . . Rebel Radio, sounds to keep you rocking, courtesy of the Dread Broadcasting Corporation (103.8 FM). From 6pm till midnight; the basic running order is as follows:— Chuckey At The Controls (Reggae), Dr. Martin & Smilie ('40s & '50s R&B), Selection Time (Soca and Reggae), Rankin Miss P (Reggae), Lady Di & Dark Star (Soul/Funk), Dr Watt (Revival selection — Studio I, Scratch etc), Poppa Lepke (Reggae). Plus interviews, phone-ins and surprise extras.

For alleged illegal broadcasting D.B.C. will be appearing at St. Mary's Magistrates Court in Harlesden on July 17. They need your support. Send a S.A.E. for petition forms to D.B.G., 286 Portobello Road, London W.10.

THE NUMBER of Disco 45s released each week never ceases to amaze and the pick of the week has to be 'Never Get Away' by **Freddie McGregor** (not a pseudonym for the Rolling Stones). A version of Burning Spear's 'Swellheaded' finds Freddie in fine vocal form over a powerful Lloyd Campbell-produced rhythm and it's available on the Spiderman label coupled with 'Jah Walton Chant'.

Brand new on the Cash and Carry label from **Junior Delgado** is 'Fly Natty Natty' and on Black Roots **Sugar Minott's** latest offering is 'The More We Are Together' c/w 'King Of Kings'. Up front are Starlight Records operating out of Harlesden who dish up a mess of Bunny Lee productions; **Don Carlos** offers 'Sweet Roots Music' c/w 'Sweet Africa' while veteran **Jackie Edwards** versions Gregory Isaac's 'Love Is Overdue' and couples it with his current pre single 'Carry On Henry'.

Deejay on both discos is one **Lord Sassofrost** aka **Sassafrass**.

Also on Starlight is **The Paragon's** 'Modelling Crowd' c/w 'Heaven and Earth' and Bunny Lee, never afraid of overkill, takes production credits on **Johnny Clark's** 'Too Much War' c/w 'Stop Them Jah' released by Black Joy.

On the UK lovers rock front there's 'This Love Is Real' from former Coxsone proteges **Simplicity, Arema's** 'Back A Yard' on City Boy, and produced by Fat Man Sound System controller Ribs is 'The Winner' from **Class,** who are backed by Tottenham's The Instigators.

East London's premier lovers rock sound system launch their Sir George label with a production by Black Slate keyboards player and member of the Sir George posse, **Anthony Brightly.** 'Oh Boy' features the vocals of Sandra Reid

Paul Bradshaw

THE Ethiopian World Federation present an open air fund raising dance in Kennington Park (12 noon—7pm) on July 10. Sounds from City Dread, Federation and Ras Coxsone Outernational and live onstage will be Melah Band, Renegade, Binghi I, the E.W.F. Choir and Rastafari Poets.

DENNIS BROWN is booked to appear at Brixton's Fair Deal on July 17-18. Backed by the Studio One All Stars, who are also backing Freddie McGregor, tickets are a prohibitive £6 at the door and £5 in advance.

STOP PRESS. . . All previous dates of the Freddie McGregor tour have been cancelled and rearranged as follows: Handsworth Leisure Centre, Birmingham (July 9); Brixton Town Hall (July 15); Acton Town Hall (July 16). More dates to be confirmed.

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record NEWS

Shop assistant Charlene to record with Wonder

CHARLENE, who shot to No. 1 last week with her single 'I've Never Been To Me', was working in an East London sweet shop when it first entered the charts! In fact, she had given up the music business two years earlier, because she was so disillusioned.

The hit single was actually recorded in the autumn of 1975, and released the following January, quickly lapsing into obscurity. But a disc-jockey in Florida started to play it again at the beginning of this year, and it quickly jumped to No. 3 in the US charts — subsequently reaching No. 1 in Britain, Australia and Canada.

Now Motown are releasing her album, with the same title as the single, tomorrow (Friday) — and they've already scheduled her follow-up single as 'It Ain't Easy Coming Down', to be issued shortly. At the end of this month,

Charlene is off to the States to record a duet with Stevie Wonder, written and to be produced by Ron Miller — who was also responsible for 'I've Never Been To Me'.

Stranglers for CBS?

THE STRANGLERS are on the point of changing record labels, now that their contract with EMI is about to expire. They release their final single for EMI's Liberty label next Monday (12) — it features two new tracks, 'Strange Little Girl' and 'Cruel Garden', and was produced by the band and Steve Churchyard. There's so far been no word about their new label, but *NME* confidently expects an announcement from CBS.

SAMSON, who recently signed to Polydor, have their debut single for the label released this weekend as a picture disc — titled 'Freedom'. It will be made available from July 16 in conventional 7" and 12" formats.

LYNYRD SKYNYRD, who recently came storming back into the charts with their reissued 'Freebird' single, now have their 'Gold And Platinum' double album re-released by MCA this weekend. The re-packaged set comprises 16 of the band's best tracks from their long career, including the full nine-minute version of 'Freebird'.

SLY DUNBAR, one of the near-legendary giants of Jamaica, has his own album released by Island next Monday — titled 'Sly-Go-Ville'. Among musicians joining him are Robbie Shakespeare, Sticky Thompson, Robert Lyn, Tyrone Downie and Dean Frazer — with vocals by The Tamlins, Dean Frazer, Delroy Wilson and Sly himself.

TOYAH has her classic track 'Ieya' issued this week by Safari (through Spartan) as a picture disc — the first to embody a new technique, whereby the shaped picture is actually encapsulated within the disc to give a silhouette reproduction, so ensuring greatly improved quality . . . And two more picture discs available this week are 'Margate' by CHAS & DAVE on Rockney Records, and 'Iko Iko' by NATASHA (12-inch) on Towerbell.

SQUEEZE have a new single titled 'When The Hangover Strikes' issued by A&M on July 16, and taken from their current LP 'Sweets From A Stranger'. The B-side 'Elephant Girl' is not an album track.

AFRAID OF MICE, the Liverpool band who appeared in the David Essex BBC-1 show last Saturday, have their single 'At The Club' issued this week by Charisma. It's a brand new track, and is coupled with a remixed live version of 'I Will Wait' from their self-named album. The 12-incher has a third bonus track, 'My Dog Likes Music'.

NICK GARVEY, best known for his work with The Motors, releases his first solo single on July 16 on the Virgin label — it's the self-penned and self-produced 'Take A Look Over My Shoulder', taken from his upcoming album 'Blue Skies'. The B-side 'The Lion And The Lamb' isn't on the LP. Garvey is now rehearsing with his new five-piece band, presumably with a view to live dates.

TREVOR WALTERS, who figured in the *NME* chart last autumn with 'Love Me Tonight', has a new single out on Magnet Records this week — titled 'Loving As One', it's available in both 7" and 12".

ELKIE BROOKS' new single is a re-working of the Moody Blues classic 'Nights In White Satin', coupled with a live version of 'Lilac Wine'. It's issued by A&M this weekend in a colour gatefold sleeve.

ATTACK are regarded as the hottest new group since Abba to come from Sweden, where their single 'Ooin' In The Moonlight' was No.1 for 12 weeks, and became the biggest selling single of all time in that country. This weekend it's issued in the UK by Towerbell Records, with their album to follow in the autumn. The group, fronted by 19-year-old blonde Rosa Korberg, are coming to Britain for promotional appearances.

JIMMY CLIFF, who appears in the Capital Jazz Festival at Knebworth on July 17, has his first single on the CBS label released the previous day — 'Roots Radical'/'Rub-A-Dub Partner'. His album 'Special', produced by Rolling Stones producer Chris Kimsey and featuring guitarist Ron Wood, follows on August 6.

LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH, the highly-rated new band who'll be supporting The Police at Gateshead on July 31, have their self-named debut album issued by Illegal Records tomorrow (Friday) — with a full colour poster included in the first 5000 copies. Out the same day is their second single 'Open Your Eyes'/'Girls Girls Girls'. An extensive UK tour is currently being lined up for the group.

We're heading to Record News

MADNESS release their new single on Stiff next weekend (July 16), and it's a brand new number — penned by Mike Barson — called 'Driving In My Car'. It features 'Animal Farm', a warp mix of the classic 'Tomorrow's Dream', on the B-side. The single is also available as a limited edition picture disc.

Pips from Cherry Red

CHERRY RED releases this month include the **Eyeless In Gaza** album 'Drumming The Beating Heart' and an import double-LP by **Thomas Leer** titled 'Letter From America' — as well as the previously reported albums 'Eligible Bachelors' by **The Monochrome Set** and 'A Distant Shore' by **Tracey Thorn** of The Marine Girls. Among 12-inch singles are 'Four From Five Or Six' by **Five Or Six,** and a four-track EP by **The Nightingales.** And new seven-inch singles are 'Love I Can Feel' by **Creation Rebel** and 'Kodak Ghosts Run Amok' by **Eyeless In Gaza,** who also feature with **Lol Coxhill** on the cassette 'Tago Mago'.

TROJAN are releasing a batch of 52 all-time classic reggae hits, in the form of 13 four-track EPs. As an example, one EP comprises 'Israelites' by **Desmond Dekker,** 'Long Shot Kick The Bucket' by **The Pioneers,** 'Monkey Spanner' by **Dave & Ansil Collins** and 'Love Of The Common People' by **Nicky Thomas.** Another set features 'Help Me Make It Through The Night' by **John Holt,** 'This Monday Morning Feeling' by **Tito Simon,** 'Black Pearl' by **Horace Faith** and 'Pied Piper' by **Bob & Marcia.** Among the many other names featured are **Susan Cadogan, Toots & The Maytals, Dandy Livingstone** and **Ken Boothe.** Distribution is through Pinnacle.

● **Hazan,** comprising Nazia and Zoheb, the teenage brother and sister from Karachi, release their second British single on EMI next week — titled 'Get A Little Closer'. And they'll be performing it on the David Essex BBC–1 show on July 17.

● Liverpool band **Twisted Nervez** have a three-track EP issued this week by Troubadour Records, under the title of 'The Return Of Faith, Hope & Charity'. Tracks are 'Youth', 'Opportunity Knocks' and 'Always Alone'.

● **China Crisis,** currently working on their first Virgin/Inevitable album, release an extended remixed version of 'African And White' — which was the Liverpool trio's debut single — on July 23. There's a new song called 'Red Sails' on the B-side, with the bonus track 'Be Suspicious' on the 12-incher.

● Island are releasing a compilation album taken from French-speaking West Africa, titled 'Sound D'Afrique Volume Two: Soukous!' — the last word of the title being an African term which means "having a good time" — and it features such artists as **Lea Lignanzi, Menzy, Vonga Aye** and **Asi Kapela.** From the same label next week comes the LP 'JuJu Music' by top Nigerian artist **King Sunny Ade.**

● **Weekend,** whose first single 'The View From Her Room' was critically well received, release their follow-up tomorrow (Friday) on Rough Trade Records — it's called 'Past Meets Present'.

● **More,** the so-called "atomic rock" London four-piece, have their new single 'Trickster' issued by Atlantic this weekend. It's coupled with a re-vamp of the Jimi Hendrix classic 'Hey Joe'.

● **Ellie Warren,** from Greenock in Scotland, has been signed by Jet Records, and has her debut single 'Primitive Love' issued on July 9 in three different forms — seven-inch, 12-inch and 12-inch picture disc.

● Hard rock outfit **Tytan** have signed to Kamaflage Records, and will soon start work on their debut album. But they first have to find a new guitarist, following the departure of Gary Owens, who left the band due to personal differences with the other members. They are currently auditioning for a replacement.

● The Golden Agency releases its first album this week, featuring three stalwarts from the Idiot Ballroom — **The Instant Automatons, Blue Midnight** and **Hamburger All.Stars.** Titled 'Love Not Devotion', it was recorded on the agency's "street-level mobile", and retails at a maximum £3. Available through the indies or at the agency's gigs.

● **Steve Dixon,** who's previously worked in groups with Marc Almond and Fad Gadget, has had his debut single for Red Rhino Records delayed by an industrial dispute. But the problem has now been resolved, and the single — '(Talkin' 82) Candy Blues' will be available on July 9.

● For his second album, **Johnny Storm** teams up with Shakin' Stevens' former backing unit **The Sunsets,** and the result is a blend of rock classics and original compositions called 'For Greasy Kids Only'. It's on Magnum Force Records, as is 'Swiss Kiss', the first LP from top Swiss rock act **The Crazy Cats.** Both albums are issued on August 6.

● A two-LP set of solo live material by **Fred Frith,** recorded during his recent Japanese tour and called 'Live In Japan', is issued by Recommended Records — also available as a box set, with photos and extra seven-inch single. From the same label comes the second **Dagmar Krause** album of Brecht songs titled 'Zeit Wirdknapp', plus a reissue of the original **Art & Language** LP 'Corrected Slogans', featuring Mayo Thompson of Red Crayola.

● Tomorrow (Friday), Arista release a new single from **Janet Kay,** the girl best known for her 1979 chart-topper 'Silly Games' — it's a reggae version of the Randy Crawford song 'You Bring The Sun Out'. On the same date and label comes 'That's The Way I Like It' by **Distinction,** a vocal group comprising four sisters from Liverpool. Both singles are in a choice of 7" and 12".

● London band **Talk Talk** have their debut album 'The Party's Over' issed by EMI next Monday, and it includes their current single 'Today'. They're lining up a short club tour to coincide.

● Two Level 42 members — Mark King (bass) and Mike Lindup (keyboards) — join forces under the banner of **Thunderthumbs & The Toetsenman,** the latter word being Dutch for "piano man", and release a single titled 'Freedom' this weekend on Polydor. Level 42 themselves will have a new single out next month, followed by an album in September.

THE FUN BOY THREE release their new single through Chrysalis on July 23, and it's their version of the George Gershwin classic 'Summertime' from the opera *Porgy And Bess.* The B-side is a new group composition called 'Summer Of 82'. The single is also available as a 12-incher, with an extended version of the A-side.

Aztec Camera are RODDY FRAME & CAMPBELL OWENS

Aztecs seeking new drummer

AZTEC CAMERA, who were previously with Scottish label Postcard Records, have been signed by Rough Trade Records. They've already received much acclaim for the two singles they recorded for their former outlet, 'Just Like Gold' and 'Mattress Of Wire', and they'll soon be starting work on a new single for Rough Trade — to be followed by a debut album. But sessions must wait until they've found a new drummer to replace the recently departed Patrick Hunt — any applications should be sent via Rough Trade at 137 Blenheim Crescent, London W.11.

● Los Angeles band **Cosmetics** have a 12-inch dance-mix single issued by Illegal Records on July 9, coupling 'The Crack' and 'Caligraphy'. And from Step Forward Records comes another L.A. outfit, punk group **The Circle Jerks,** with their debut album 'Wild In The Street'. Both these labels are distributed through Faulty Products.

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SILVER SCREEN

Singing in the showers — Natassia Kinski

FROM A WHISKER TO A SCREAM

The latest Paul Schrader film is an unsparing overhaul of the 1942 RKO subtly spooky classic *The Cat People.* It could secure Schrader's future as a commercial 'property' and bestow stardom on Nastassia Kinski, as well as making a lot of cat-owning cinema-goers rather nervous. IAN PENMAN offers an inflamed analysis of beauty, beasts and one director's reformed belligerence.

Cat People

Directed by Paul Schrader
Starring Nastassia Kinski, John Heard, Malcolm McDowell (Universal/RKO)

"If Orpheus *is considered a horror film, or* The Trial *is considered a horror film, I guess you could call* Cat People *a horror film too."* — Paul Schrader.

ORSON WOULD CERTAINLY get the point. Paul Schrader has taken his ornate subject material through an excavation of frightening comprehension, and discovered a new world. As Welles insisted in his recent BBC2 interview, the film maker shouldn't preserve an originary source in reverential aspic, but re-invent it for his *own* cinema. Schrader's is equal parts erudite and erotic.

Schrader — Calvinistic, academic, obsessive — has been an awkward property for the commercial cinema to assimilate: a granite willpower compounded of grumpy zealot and violent imagination. Always lucky — astute? — enough to have an alluring surface aesthetic at his disposal for both sold and self-directed scripts — catatonia become Pop iconography in *Taxi Driver,* blasphemous working blues in *Blue Collar,* sex as a spending and up-ending force in *Hardcore Life* and *American Gigolo,* De Niro and the ring for *Raging Bull* — Mr Schrader has truly twisted the Hollywood thriller narrative.

His collision courses in speed theology bind together a flux of fixations, from high-minded cinema theory (the missing Searcher After Truth between Bresson and Ford), religious surety and a 20th Century Boy's clotted-heart recoil. This is schizo-cinema: stitching sensual wounds with a sin-wary propiety.

In *Cat People* Schrader has shed certain itchy priorities, and is released, on big-budget bail. When the idea was proposed, Schrader says, he was a writer with a block. Alan Ormsby, not Schrader, developed the script through its primary stages, Schrader did a director's re-wiring, not an author's re-writing. This benevolence seems to have freed him to lavish love on the camera — to flirt in visual rather than verbal language, to propose cinema-myth with his eyes. Surrealist Robert Desnos once suggested that *"cinema's perfect night offers us . . . a neutral country for the projection of dreams":* this is Schrader's *Cat People.*

The director says *Cat People* enabled him to switch from his previous trade in day dreams, to night dream. "The unconscious world inhabited by erotic fantasies and what Cocteau called the 'sacred monsters'." All the animals come out at night! snakes, white horses, black panthers — uninvited, mythical, they steal into the dreamwork.

Greatly assisted by Giorgio Moroder's vibrant, innovative score (sort of Penderecki meets the dub Human League) and the various atmospheres provided by his 'visual consultant' Ferdinando Scarfiotti (who was to be credited as co-director until the Directors' Guild veto'd the proposition) Schrader's movie, like its characters, travels back to a time "before realism and didacticism took over".

1942: the other *Cat People,* from a DeWitt Bodeen script, directed by Jacques Tourneur, produced by Val Lewton, was a typical Lewton Ltd levitation of 'horror': nothing, no monster, no cat person, is seen. There are only crafted hints along a precipice (between angel and animal) whose offspring the viewing eye must paint. Boy meets girl meets her destiny. Irena (then played by Simone Simon) is the latest slave to an ancestral code which says her sexuality stays shut, unless she wants . . .

A tidy little RKO marriage is made, but — the catch — cannot be consummated, and Irena withdraws into musty paranoia; the terror is that her love may consume (physical death) and in not being loved (mental purgatory). The fear is loss of control, of what forces from a peculiar collective past may emerge, what shape they may take. The cage is the room of death.

Schrader and his crew haven't reproduced this storyline, telling an entirely new one, with different characters (Irena excepted, though her surname is now Gallier), different location and different intentions.

The setting is now a camera eye's dismantled New Orleans, although the film actually opens on a stony desert dawn, in the ancient (dream) time of the tribe Paul and Irena are descended from. We see a girl twined in red bonds turned over to a panther's lust. The souls merge, migrate. Centuries of this, and other taboo liaisons, mean that family members can only sleep incestuously — unless they wish to summon

CONTINUES OVER

A WALL OVER TROUBLED WATERS

The Wall

Directed by Alan Parker Starring Bob Geldof, Bob Hoskins and Christine Hargreaves (UIP)

AS A ROCK movie, *The Wall* sometimes stands surprisingly high — but I suppose it's not meant to be a rock movie. As a real movie, *The Wall* stands grainy and stolid.

It's not that rock and the movies weren't meant to mix. The trouble is, so many senior progressives see the cinema as some kind of boardroom elevation for their enlightening discourses on the human dilemma and wind up with a can of celluloid that's tendentiously bloodless and sandbagged by donnish earnestness. Although *The Wall* has its moments its drear weight seldom allows them to surface.

The most striking impression that remains is of its distance from any contemporary manifestation of a rock malaise. Roger Waters' script examines the fall from private grace of an idealised megastar, Pink, and his subsequent fantasies of a rock totalitarianism from which only shattered bricks and rotting garbage ultimately accrue.

Appropriately enough for a man whose belief in the merits of addressing and performing to a rock audience seems slight, there is no live footage of any sort. Pink's life is depicted as a series of hotel rooms where the tube is the only life-force; and from his armchair he recollects scenes from a fatherless post-war childhood and a marriage reduced to episodes of incommunicado gloom. As the zombified Pink, Bob Geldof never speaks.

Images are cross-referenced exhaustively — war and rock thunder, oedipal guilt and groupie philandering. Blood seems to soak everything: it pours from Pink's hand after an orgy of suite destruction, cakes the corpses of the mangled tommies that haunt the young Pink's memory, ripples through his moonlit swimming pool.

The cacophonic score shadows the myriad expressions of cross-cut despair like a sullen, ogrish dog; the picture's seriousness, despite a vague sense of the Floydian in-joke, is unforgiving.

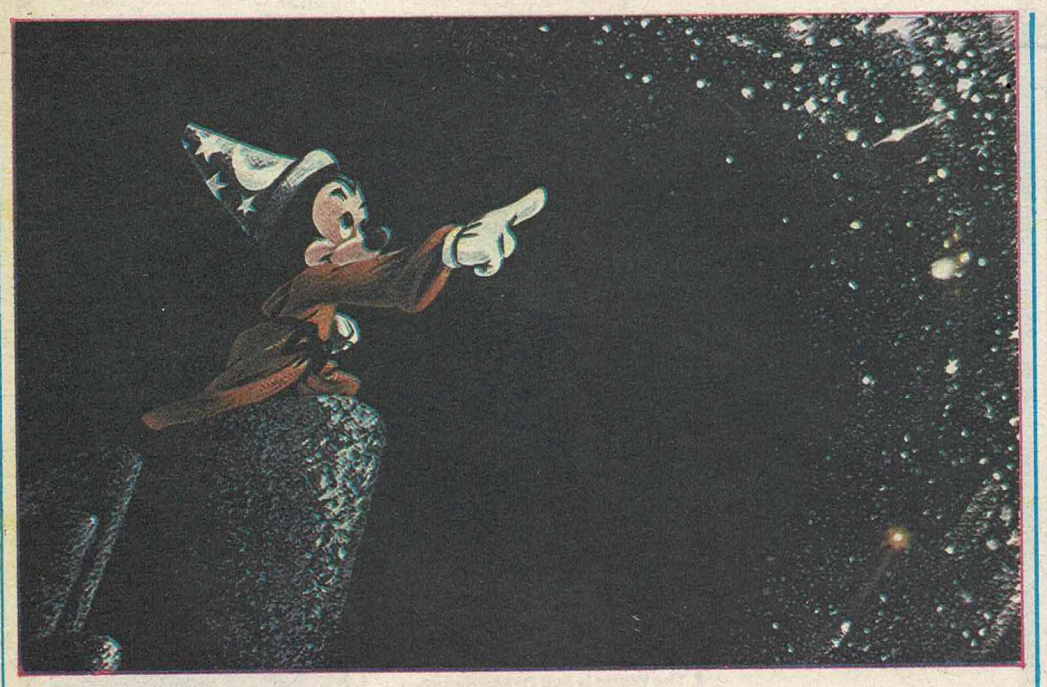
Parker, already numbered once this year for *Shoot The Moon,* musters a certain amount of visual flair. From a technical viewpoint it's impeccable. The sequences of Pink's youth are handled with a genuine sympathy and the animated sections under Gerald Scarfe's direction core the rotten apple of the pop cartoon with demonic energy.

Finally, though, there's something incredibly old about the film. So it's the post mortem on '70s excess (and Waters enshrines for all time the classic image of the period: a rock star punting a TV set from a 20th floor window) — why are we recalling such toothless spectres from their vaults? *The Wall* tells us nothing new of a cotton wool era that a retiring family man like Waters seems to pick over as an archivist, not a disillusioned celebrant. Personal odyssey/exorcism? I can't see it.

In a film where morose forewarning of rock's evil, manipulative nature seems puritanically dominant, a phoney credence is injected into the makeshift grandeur groups like Pink Floyd have lived on for so long. Like *The Wall,* it's not so important.

Richard Cook

Not even an apparition of his idealistic childhood self can stir Bob Geldof's jaded rock hero Pink from the TV screen (left); while below Bob auditions his teeth for a part in the remake of *Cat People;* and (bottom) a direct manifestation of rockstar megalomania.



WALT A SCORCHER

Walt Disney's 1940 classic *Fantasia* is shortly to be reissued with a newly recorded digital soundtrack. RICHARD COOK reassesses this most famous of animated features and wonders why they don't make them like that any more. Could it be that, where other studios cut costs, Walt Disney?

IF CINEMAGOING is a surrender to escapism then *Fantasia* is its ultimate trapdoor. It is hardly a dream — dreams are disordered, ugly sequences from stricken imaginations, and everything in *Fantasia* has a synchronised and beauteous symmetry — but it is the stuff we would wish dreams to be made of.

Disney's animated features are not quite the untroubled paradise you might think. Everyone remembers the dwarves' singalong, Dumbo's maiden flight and the advice of Jiminy Cricket — but what of the strange reconciliation of the harsh and the cloying in *Bambi, Lady And The Tramp*'s sly snook at *Guys And Dolls* or — to come up to date — the autumnal reflections of the unfairly dismissed *The Rescuers?*

Cartoon is never so simple as it seems in Disney's often twisted universe. It *is* another dimension, for all its mimicry of human traits. That the maniacal anarchy of Bugs Bunny and Woody Woodpecker was seen as a reaction to the storybook gentility that locked Disney's features on the primrose path to a happy ending misaligns a great part of Uncle Walt's sometimes bitterly distressed little folks: consider Donald Duck, probably the most painfully misanthropic character seen on a screen.

Disney may have always set up a golden sunset and let villainy receive its just desserts, but he realised that cartoon could present a theatre of cruelty with a subversive efficacy that mirrored the worst side of human nature. They're only drawings, aren't they?

It may have been a notion that bothered the company. If so, then *Fantasia* (made over 40 years ago) was its riposte to the respectability of 'real movies'. As animation matured it found its self-respect, but the prologue to *Fantasia,* explaining its premise of visualising familiar chunks of classical music in cartoon terms, implies that the 1940 Disney studios wanted adult bracketing — and they wanted it very bad.

It's of little consequence now: *Fantasia* is its own reward. Whatever your age, you've probably seen it before. The opportunity now is to view a glistening new print and hear the score re-recorded digitally. In a big theatre the impact is dynamic

CONTINUES OVER

Mickey Mouse alters states in his most controversial role as The Magician's Apprentice (left). The results of his meddling with nature (below.)

CAT PEOPLE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

forth a feline metamorphosis and their unfortunate partner's bloodshed.

Irena — adolescent, virginal — arrives in present-day America without this knowledge, to be re-united with brother Paul (Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell respectively). His concern for her is obviously less than chaste, and his night-time trysts unclear in their pursuit. Malevolence is slowly, slyly introduced. The first hour of the film is studded with visual and verbal references — some jokey, some audacious, some obtuse.

Schrader's 'spirit' insinuates itself into the New Orleans backdrop, which is transformed from our tourist's-eye association — noisy, dense, drunken, where religion merges with carnality — to something almost Classical: a dried-out jazzed-up Venice submitting to the slow, sacrosanct tempo of Schrader's gaze, subdued under a mordant finish of Spring rain. The camera is Irena's companion as she prowls amongst the unfamiliar textures in intimate arms of the city. Emotion is dispersed onto these eerie, frozen tableaux, rendering tangible Bresson's dictum that "the supernatural is only the real rendered more precise". Schrader gives New Orleans an other-worldliness, and it gives him a humid line in symbolic props.

Calamities begin in earnest when Irena falls for Oliver (John Heard, unrecognizably austere) a local zoological whizz-kid, and cannot resolve burgeoning desires with the intimidating family history her brother has imparted. The 'erotic fantasies' unfurl. Schrader has Kinski

"Hey Nattiy, I thought I told ya to put the cat out!" (John Heard and bed partner.)

manoeuvre some mesmeric scenes of transformation and seduction — extraordinarily demanding, and successful. And this is only her apprenticeship? This is something close to a new gauge of acting. It has always been the face of the actress that represented an Ultimate. Here the unattainable, singular sheen of the Look is amplified throughout Kinski's body and into every movement; this is a courageous new cinema eroticism — the body given rather than taken, given a space in which it can create its own *sexual* identity.

Schrader's vision and Kinski's embodiment manage to restore both the danger and grace to sexuality, in an era where explicit representation and exhaustive enquiry have just about robbed us of the violence, mystery and privacy of sex. There are moments here that touch right to the mortal dimension of desire — concentrating not on areas of the body but how the body acts, presents itself or delays its motion. The pleasure it needs is deadly, its shadow is silence.

The ironies played around this almost ceremonial replenishment of sexuality are important too. Oliver is Schrader's perennial idealist, seeking a goddess, a Beatrice; wanting something untouchable, and finding her . . . untouchable.

I'll leave the rest undercover.

This is a bold, brimming new style for Schrader — his subjects inscribed in fluidity, tempo, surface, and as much humour as damnation. The disparate element he has retained from his learned armoury is — above all — the camera as autonomous agent, weaving around the actors, casting a chilly spell, in what is far more a commercial movie than an Art minority's diagram dream. The revolutions of *Cat People* — the *slow* revolutions — make its thread a pretty disorientating one to follow. But in this lies its valour, and value; a re-invention of our nightmares, a rediscovery of cinematic magic.

The film's British distributors for one seem to be scared silly. They're wary of *Cat People*, after its fitful reception in the States, and are hesitantly staggering its release. But the signs are that at least the critical reaction to this marvellous work will be more intelligent than in its homeland.

Distributors: please get it shown, publicized.

Viewers: please get to see it.

A new form of Horror, whose myriad implications are what make it so threatening.

FANTASIA

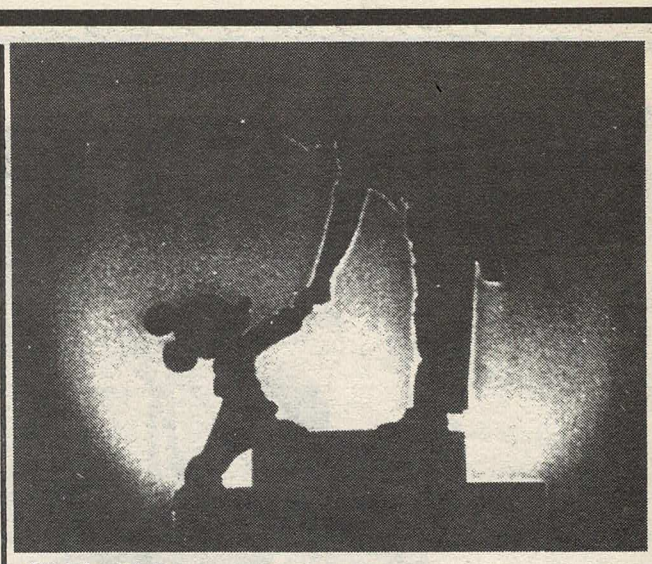
FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

— whatever you think of its emotional content, as a cinematic experience its graphic splendour is almost rich enough to bathe in.

The fidelity and width of the new sound is remarkable enough but for all that the music takes a secondary role, which is at once the picture's prized success and overbearing weakness: most of the sequences are representational in a manner that borders all too often on vulgarity.

When a genuine freedom of imagination is called for, as in the fumbling try at a wholly abstract clotting of images for Bach's D Minor Toccata and Fugue, the result is the dullest and most self-conscious episode of the film.

But when Disney's men return to their strength — a cartoon utopia teeming with the sexless children of Grimm and Anderson, mouths forever agape and eyes like egg-whitened moons — the film hits its mark unerringly. The nymphs that dance to Tchaikovsky and the Olympian fantasy to fit Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony are ingenuous to the point of distastefulness; yet they escape because they are an uncorrupted idealisation, like a cartoon of a cartoon.



G'night, Walt.

Only in the finale, where the ghoulish and unnerving Night On Bald Mountain episode gives way to Schubert's Ave Maria, does Disney's Christian humanism get the better of him.

Forget that, though: go and see colours a cartoon has never shimmered in since, three-dimensional effects and shadings that make petals look soft and pulpy; gaze at the goddess Iris streaking a rainbow across an opal-blue sky; gasp as the awesome Chernabog unfolds his wings atop Bald Mountain.

Because they really don't make them like this any more (although Don Bluth's upcoming *The Secret Of NIMH* may prove me wrong). It's too expensive.

Richard Cook

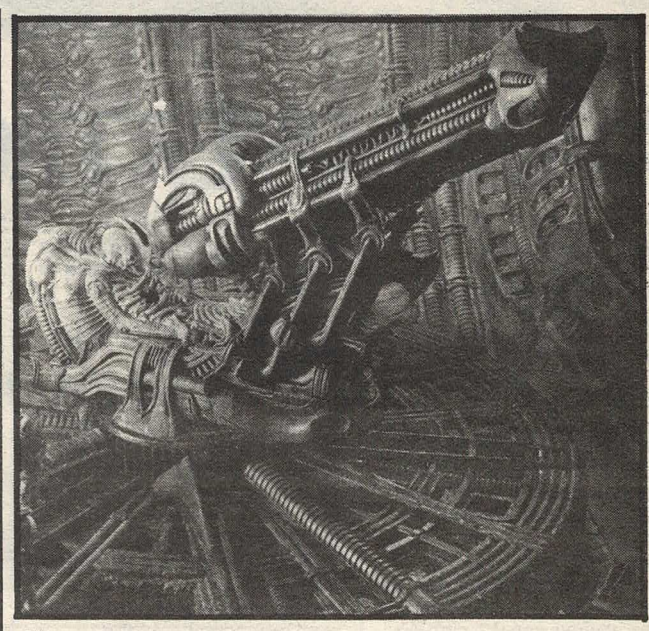
ON THE BOX

March Of The Wooden Soldiers (Charles Rogers 1934). Magical Laurel & Hardy musical based on Victor Herbert's comic operietta *Babes In Toyland* reaching a genuinely eerie climax with the attack of the bogeymen. **(ITV Thames Thursday July 8)**

Lucky Luciano (Francesco Rosi 1974). Gian-Maria Volonte as the eponymous criminal, Rod Steiger as Gene Giannini in Rosi's solid study of American - Italian double - dealing. **(BBC2 Saturday July 10)**

Under The Clock (Vincente Minnelli 1945). Judy Garland and Robert Walker as the timid young lovers in an agreeably sentimental romance set in a New York long since consigned to nostalgic memory. **(BBC1 Sunday July 11).**

Alien (Ridley Scott 1979). Haunted house in outer space, with Yaphet Kotto, John Hurt, Ian Holm and others up against a creature devised by the fervid imagination of H. R. Giger. More efficient than exciting. **(ITV network Sunday July 11)**



Alien

The Alamo (John Wayne 1960). Like *Alien*, only longer. **(BBC2 Sunday July 11)**

High Plains Drifter (Clint Eastwood 1973). Canny Clint in a satisfyingly quirky western that offers a generous nod in the general direction of Sergio Leone. **(BBC1 Monday July 12)**

Hit (Sidney J Furie 1973). Billy Dee Williams and Richard Pryor in the black version of *The French Connection*. **(ITV Thames Monday July 12)**

Monty Smith

IN THE CAN

Altered States (Ken Russell) / Time After Time (Nicholas Meyer). Mad Ken's loony psychedelic epic asks the Big One: How is it that Russia can play so well against Brazil and Scotland and yet so meekly capitulate to the football peasants from Poland? Big Bill Hurt (as Chivadze) looks suitably bemused. The slow-mo replays are a bit special. Meyer's quaint *Time After Time* playfully postulates that Jack the Ripper could've ended up stalking the streets of San Francisco. Malcolm McDowell (as H. G. Wells) and David Warner (as Mad Jack) look suitably English. Excellent double bill. **(Warner Bros)**

Rust Never Sleeps (Bernard Shakey). Neil Young's silly film, dusted off for the faithful. **(Blue Dolphin)**

Fitzcarraldo (Werner Herzog). E'en as I write, Chris Bohn is slouched over his steaming typewriter, stopping only to issue forth proud and profane exhortations on behalf of another well-known nutty German's new film. The results will be published, exclusive to *Silver Screen*, next week. **(Artificial Eye)**

Firefox (Clint Eastwood). Is Big Clint back on the big bucks trail after breaking the macho mould with *Bronco Billy* and marking time with the broad comedy of *Any Which Way You Can?* How the hell should I know? You'll have to wait for Richard Cook's review next week. **(Warner Bros)**

The Blues Brothers (John Landis) / Meatballs (Ivan Reitman). Foil-wrapped double-breasted turkey of a bill. Belushi and Ackroyd are the bulls in Landis' china shop of a 'comedy' that boasts at least three fully-fledged belters (count 'em); not bad going for two hours (count *them* as well). *Meatballs* is one of those penny-dreadful Canadian cash-ins, wasting Bill Murray's talent and your time. Word has it that *Meatballs* is replaced by Steve Martin's great lost comic caper *The Jerk* in some lucky locations. **(UIP)**

Montenegro (Dusan Makavejev) / The World Is Full Of Married Men (Quentin Masters). Curious double bill: Makavejev's masterful black comedy is stuffed full of belly laughs and erotic imagery; the other film is crap. **(New Realm)**

My Dinner With Andre (Louis Malle). Mysteriously, Malle follows the brilliant *Atlantic City* with the kind of idea — two New York intellectuals talk for two hours over dinner in a swanky restaurant — that would've got Woody Allen arrested had he thought of it first. **(Cinegate)**

Georgia's Friends (Arthur Penn). Growing up is hard to do, and even more painful to watch when — as in the case of Georgia and her three self-regarding chums — it's done in public. **(20th Century Fox)**

Teenage Kicks (ICA Cinematheque). Not content with continuing with their excellent David Cronenberg season, the ICA are programming a series of films for August about what it's like to be young and unemployed in Britain today. Full details in next week's *Can*. Don't expect too many gags.

Monty Smith

Montenegro

The RAUNCHIEST Movie about growing up ever made!

PORKY'S
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ASTRAL BELLEVUE PATHE INC.
Presents BOB CLARK'S "PORKY'S"
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SCOTT COLOMBY · KAKI HUNTER
ALEX KARRAS as The Sheriff
SUSAN CLARK as Cherry Forever
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Written and Directed by BOB CLARK

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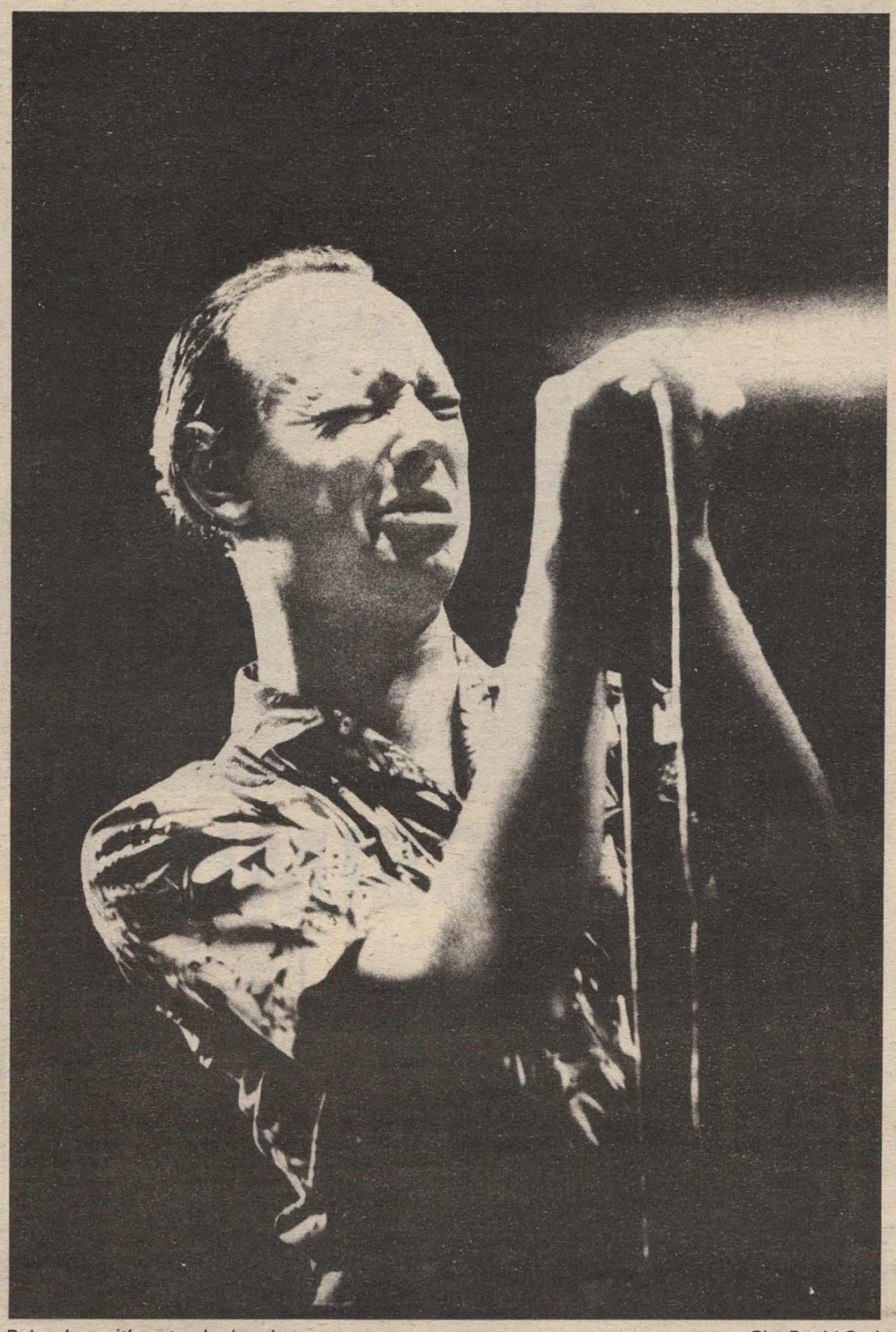
(Cinema details correct at the time of going to press)

LIVE!

SPIV KING JOE'S K.O. BLOWS



Relax Joe ... it's not as bad as that. *Pic: David Corio*

JOE JACKSON

Dominion

A HEALTHY audience waiting for a healthy sound. Humming on their favourites from the new LP — burning at the bar for the new band — jive assed jostles for this new Joe Jackson. This chameleon of the sharp scene. As dapper as ever — spiv faced and square shouldered. Mouth an' trousers Jackson — is he your man?

Or has he changed? Are the songs and the sentiments the same as they used to be or will the jaundice and despair come pre-packed — ready wrapped. But lo! it is he — the born again poet returns from the wilderness — followed by the devoted disciples of DANCE! Hallelujah!

It's just at that moment when you're dying to shout 'turn coat' or 'American Express' that Jackson hits you where your feelings lay. He plays Tragedy on 'Fools in Love' comedy on 'Cancer' — every one LP perfect but better. Every croon crystal — every ivory tinkle a touchstone.

The act was growled out with perfect pitch and timing — every change made with the minimum of fuss — the dealer's hand always faster than the punter's eye. Old Joe pushing and prompting the 'fans' into applause — prodding and pointing at the 'new' songs. This was a guided tour and the guide knew exactly what you wanted to see before lunch and how much you could tolerate after. And that is how this man operates on his sales pitch — sweet tea and cakes — 'Sunday Papers' 'Look Sharp' all the old nostalgic songs — the ones YOU love and know — the ones that YOU can sing to — Looks Familiar!

The 'show' was sharper than that though — with the bravado of a barrow boy Jackson coaxed you along — showing you his wares — wearing his show — with Jackson in control you have to watch carefully and listen hard. The Union Jack backdrop grew from a red beginning to a black finish — striding over the first half like a death march — a requiem for the old tracks — a funeral for the old style. The interval stood quietly — and the second half opened for the christening of the new muse in the man's life.

The poignant love/hate of the first half was lost in the power and glory of the second round — the cherished tracks of the audience were wiped clean by the wave of Americana that splashed across the stage and distant yet embracing rhythms, latin and blue slowly took the audience in hand — the excitement burgeoned — the new style blossomed — the backdrop unfurled its sky-scraping skyline and the Americanisation was complete. The Dominion was down town Manhattan and Jackson was king of the road. Union Jack Joe had become a Stars and Stripes Sam.

The arrangement was inch perfect — every bit the sale of the century — the cocky little sod sold the new songs the old songs and some that weren't even his in a medley of Motown masters.

The style was forgiven by the sound and the aftertaste is bitter sweet but memories still keep the eyes wet and the heart warm. Jackson and an acapella/gospel version of 'Is She Really Going Out With Him' which should have fallen from the harmonised heights that it scaled but survived and planted another flag of conquest in the Jackson crown.

The return of this slippery Joe soap had an American accent of success on its lips — the salesman rap without the death. Joe Jackson strikes a home run.

David Dorrell

BIG BORE SHOOT OUT AT THE OKAY CORRAL

King Trigger ... tried and testing. *Pic: Peter Anderson*

KING TRIGGER THE GO-BETWEENS

University Of London

OK CORRAL time stampeded its way into London — guns ablaze and hats cocked. The get your gunfever was here and stetsons bobbed in the saloon waiting for the big shoot out. Acting deputies — the Go-Betweens took the stage in a threatening mood — intent on getting down under our skins and injecting some of that Australian red eye into our veins. Well that was the plan anyhow — the best laid plans of mice and men (and Sheilas) . . .

The Go-Betweens seem to sweat for your despair — break backs for your depression — all down beat and low key — never open, never un-locking the heart. Three piece bands work hard and fall hard — though in the case of the GB's who keep tight — they never climbed high enough to fall. The moaning hades bound sound was like a bum version of Echo's 'Disease' — there was no soaring disquiet, no spirit lifting heart cry. The drums drove a tense but never tension mounting set into the barbiturate coma — pity searching but wallowing in its own grave thoughts; so dark that it was impossible to glean even a sinew of hope from the doom-laden corpse.

The first casualties for boot hill buried the sheriff moved into line and fired — a Russian roulette — a KING TRIGGER!

Where then are the double barrels? Where are the bullets of insurrection, infection, dance? The drums pounded out pellets of percussive persuasion but the potency that they conveyed was halted — cut short by the drab bass and the grubby 'Hate' guitar. Trudi the drums compounds a malignant force — the gun is loaded but the safety catch is on — the Triggers are not pulling.

The new single 'The River' winds around the banks of speakers but the water is cold and the currents slow. Somewhere the Trigger seem to be shirking their debt to the audience — becoming too involved with a quest for fire — to produce music that offers a warm reception for the crowd — an invitation to dance. 'The Fever' with its contagious bass and virulent guitar failed: though the force was physical the caress was icy, frigid — the squeals of pleasure and points of pure attraction were slayed by overkill — rocky and heavy where it should be swaying and confused where it should be primitive.

The 'chickaboombs' are enervated, sham, and the final conclusion weak. The screams and whelps were wet and sounded for all their energy like cries for help — the King Trigger was drowning.

Trigger are not breaking down the walls of danceache — nor are they Kings holding back the waves of mundanity. King Trigger shoot their barrels — but miss the target. Go straight to Jail — do not pass the buck — do not collect at No. 1.

David Dorrell

LIVE!

Live! in Budapest

Oi is a toy in contented Hungary — *Pic: Jessie Jones*

BUDAPESSIMISM

ETA — named for the Basque terrorists, terrorism not being a popular cause in complacent, comfortable, communist Hungary — snarl around the stage, wearing black on white, rockabilly-tinged punk. Sex Pistols throwback, but with a certain style, if not the most original of sounds. The singer rages, falls, leaps, spits and shouts — usually about anarchy, stuff America, stuff Russia and stuff everybody. But tonight they stick to "Jo Jo Jo" over and again — "Good good good, OK OK OK". Because the police are out in force to listen in, and careless talk costs lives — or at least, places to play.

This concert took place thanks to **Control-Group**, reincarnation of URH, once given gold star rating in this very paper. Control — more explanatory New Wave than ETA — took to compulsive reincarnation to wangle places to play.

But luck struck: they have since been adopted as "amateur rock orchestra" by the Ikarus Bus Factory of suburban Budapest! This gives them no money, but rehearsal space five days a week and the opportunity to organise concerts like this. How did they swing it? "We were looking for a second saxophonist and the guy we found was in a theatre group that used to practise here," says singer and songwriter Peter Muller. How do they get away with it? "Thsi place is far away — no one knows about it but the guys who follow the music." And about 50 policemen . . .

They're treated to **Aggressor** — short spitting spasms of angry punk, indeed it's Oi! — Mohicans, leather, green hair and an Oi Oi Oi chant from centre front. Even badges boasting Oi! Sex Pistols! Dead Kennedys! Exploited! The sudden flourishing of very spikey punks is a new addition to a scene that's tended to be older, more art-school intellectual.

How did 'Oi' get here? "From foreign radio stations and cassettes from friends abroad," says the 16-year-old singer. "Do you like *any* of the bands allowed to record here?" "No, none!"

Off stage he isn't exactly aggressive, as he hugs his 16-year-old girlfriend — no, wife. She works at a printer's; her friend's 13, still at school. "Why'd you marry so young?" Blushes, laughs: "Because we're in love . . ."

He tells Peter Muller he's an anarchist and a neo-fascist: "If there's any fascism around, I'm anti-fascist," says Peter, closer to 30 and with a New Left conditioning.

"So am I really," says Aggressor. "To call them fascists is rather like seeing someone grimacing and straining on the toilet and thinking he's really angry," says Peter. Let's hope.

Then there's **Lemon** — flared jeans, synthesiser, pretentious text and toy gun — who get booed off once they start insulting the punks: "We're normal, you're abnormal." Now that *is* offiensive to a crowd that, if not all Mohican, all identify as New Wave.

Balatan follow, with edgy love songs, irony and existential angst, restless rhythms, playing over past and present, the meaning of memory, paranoia. "Who's that hiding under the big Persian carpet? We don't know, we don't know, it's censorship." Slides show Paris, cameras, trees, tape recorders, Budapest lit to look like New York — how to see the world when you're not allowed a passport. "Hungarian summer, Russian winter, Prague spring, No one remembers." A grey slab of flats is shot into the sun so a neon star bursts from an upper window; the little blonde singer leaps for joy across the screen. Balaton are the most arty and subtle of the bands of show. The Oi! fans listen with respect, it not enthusiasm.

The band is named after a huge inland lake, all Hungary has left of the seaside, and they plan a tour of it this summer, giving concerts by the water's edge to disaffected youth on its summer hols.

After ETA all the young punks troop off to take buses back to town, missing out on **Neurotic**, clowning and drooling, the 19-year-old singer in green harem trousers, gold cummerbund, cream shirt and a fur stole of which he slinkily strips. Night club melodies mingle with rock.

Neurotic, Balatan and Control are mentioned approvingly in an officially published Rock Book of the Year, out this month. They're surprised, but their heads aren't turned. If it were a state recording contract they might be impressed. Though then they'd have to dedide whether to come on in under the state's umbrella. For the moment they stay out in the rain, and the sun.

Jessie Jones

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ISLAND

ZE RECORDS

LIVE!

PRESSURE FLOP

DENNIS BROWN

Zig Zag Club

ANYONE WHO doubts the unequivocal blackness of reggae should sample the atmosphere here — even at an unrecognised venue for the music, featuring an artist tipping alarmingly towards crossover superficiality — and see if they feel at home. Proving it's not so far from Chicago's South Side to a Zairois ballroom to a late night locked away in the Zig Zag Club. These are very strong roots.

Special request for each an' ev'ry body — posse not gon' catch me, yunnow? An' here come the man called . . .

I ask my knowledgeable companion for an estimation of Brown's standing in the pantheon of singers. Pantheon? We decide to make it one of the evening's words — along with remember, roots controller, wolves, seen, cool and bass.

Bass . . . diaphragms vibrate enormously. Enough of this frame-judder beat and nausea threatens to set in. Dennis is VERY very slow to appear so we think some more of the pantheon—

"Weeell I would say Dennis was the controller aroun' '77. It change all the time, y'know? Barrington Levy, Locksley Castell — a man 'as three or four great singles and they say 'im be the controller. Dennis everyone love, the yout' and their parents. And the dreads too. 'Im 'ave love in 'is heart, seen?"

I know. Brown's vast collection of songs parade all the stock preoccupations of the reggae lilt but his personal fire is fed by a universal amour that seamlessly adjoins the incantations and rasta slogans. Perhaps that's why, when he eventually appears for a set short on duration and any really ital involvement, his cover of the Hayes-Porter chestnut 'Ain't That Loving You' acts as the most serious balm to tolerances frayed by the evening's procedure.

When are these Vegas reggae shows going to behave? Interminable delays, flabbily tedious warm-ups by Brown's competent eight-piece group and teasing introductions don't have us slavering with pent-up excitement, just itchy with boredom. Dennis does finally skank on and into 'Someone Special', leather pants and ear-to-ear grin, and the pantheon holds its breath for the wondrous voice to dismiss the opposition: the moment never really arrives, because he's content to shout across the words, missing the test of interpretation under pressure.

In his new 'Love Has Found A Way' Brown has skipped the beat, passed on the inner fire, and a smoother soul loses more in true contact than it gains in gentle affection. We left wishing for the manifest pride of 'Praise Without Raise' . . . just wishing.

Richard Cook

THE LOST JOCKEY

Africa Centre

ON THEIR ten inch single The Lost Jockey render a certain scrappy charm. Played softly the homely textures percolate not unpleasantly as an accompaniment to some chore or other.

Their London concert last weekend — at the tiny and surprisingly packed Africa Centre in Covent Garden — elicited no such amusement.

The 18 participants, intensely busy over their violins, saxes, drums etc (an organ the sole concession to electricity) ran through a clutch of prepared scores that spoke only of deliberations, tricksiness and being very careful.

Call-and-response ideas, overlapping motifs, rhythms grown out of crisscross lines: all devices conservatoire graduates get out of their systems as therapeutic ejection, not artistic substance.

Pale, blotchy echoes of Poulenc, Schoenberg and Braxton only succeeded in tainting the whole enterprise with a dusty aura of *Guide To The Bargain Classics*. A live performance should properly have grafted fresh dimensions to the industry John Leckie muted to successful end on vinyl, but here tension was missed for a wearisome straining to avoid wrong notes or beats.

Natural certain felicities escaped the overall hunch and jostle of an overcrowded frame: a sudden flooding of tones would occasionally tingle through. Mostly, though, monotony took precedence.

The chamber-like mood of onrushing melodic drift is better crafted by John Taylor's Azimuth; the sense of bunched-up extravagance by Philip Glass. The Lost Jockey stayed mislaid in earnest and unrewarding workmanship.

Richard Cook

ESTHER PHILLIPS

The Canteen, London

"I GOTTA keep walking 'til my back ain't got no bone." Esther Phillips' lyric came distressingly true last week when the first set of her ten-day London season showed no backbone, no bite, no damn thing at all. It was, bluntly, a disaster.

Chief reason for this debacle was the band, a bunch of Brit blues hacks who played with all the fire and fervour of cadavers recently dug up from some pubrock graveyard. The drummer, Alan White, was once in a band called Balls, which is a fair indication of their level of subtlety.

Jack Bruce and Tim Hinckley I won't comment on as they were almost inaudible; but Mel Collins (ex-King Crimson) played the ugliest sax I've ever heard, a wretched retching noise, while Bobby Trench's cliched-flash guitar licks typified the band's whole white macho R&B stance, stuck hard in a '60s rut. It was a hopeless mismatch with Phillips' heavy soulful blues, and their clumping assays at disco on 'What A Difference A Day Makes' were utterly risible.

I got the impression that she'd never even *seen* the band until she stepped on stage. To find yourself lumbered, after a long, tiring flight, with a bunch of stiffs playing like Chicken Shack rejects must be disconcerting: but she could have tried a little bit harder. Esther Phillips has one of the strongest, most distinctive voices in soul; a gritty, gospel-edged rasp that comes drenched with sexuality on 'To Lay Down Beside You' or full of pain on the harrowing 'Home Is Where The Hatred Is'. But for this first set, even on these songs, there was no spark, no passion, no *feeling* at all. It was like a run-through for the band to learn the changes; and perhaps that's what it really was.

The second drawback to the gig was the Canteen itself, the most expensive and obnoxious venue I've yet encountered. It costs £6 just to get in: if you want to sit down, you have to reserve a dining table at an extra minimum charge of £5 per person. Those who can't afford this are jammed at the back, and left to jostle for a view between pillars and wandering waiters, while the diners in front gobble and gab at great volume throughout the show.

Such a set-up strikes me as both insulting to the musicians and a cynical exploitation of those people who simply want to listen to them. It's all the more galling because the Canteen book some great people — only to waste them in a place that's really no better than a chic trough for the filthy rich.

Graham Lock

Pic: Peter Anderson

AMANDA LEAR

Camden Palace

THE is she/isn't he debate about gender aside, there's really nothing extraordinary or fascinating about Amanda Lear. At least not in the flesh. She is quite remarkable only for her relentless self-publicity and her uncanny ability to be pictured with the right people —- notably Bowie and Dali — to support the myth of herself as a European equivalent Warhol queen. Unlike Andy's best girls, though, she lacks *class*. Like a mealy-mouthed country and western singer, she's a parody of femininity, and her show's little more than often-quoted catalogue of camp gestures, from Nancy Sinatra, *Girl On A Motorbike*, through Dietrich, Lili Marleen and tearful Marianne Faithfull. The predominant theme is naturally the need for a man. Looking for ... ? Perhaps you've come to the right place.

Chris Bohn

THE BIG COUNTRY

Barracuda

THE SOMEWHAT less than breathlessly awaited debut into society of Stuart Adamson's — he who used to be on The Skids — new group took place at the Barracuda last Wednesday night. That is, at a time and place which has already set new standards of mundanity, mediocrity, and plain boredom. The excellently named, though as it transpired, the emptily conceited, The Big Country, were by no means any kind of deviation.

If you ever encountered the bombastic, pompous, altogether dubious noise that The Skids used to make, I expect you've forgotten it by now, in the marvellously defensive way that memory can work for you. I know I had, until the two guitars, bass and drums of TBC reminded me. In my defence, I also recalled to mind how the brilliant Keith Levene appropriated a tune from 'Swan Lake' and channelled it into a brief and exhilarating kick and rush tactic.

TBC pick up this ploy and run themselves ragged with it. After an hour or so-so, they have flogged themselves into lifeless submission, and are left only with 'Scottish-style' folk melodies whirling and jigging and reeling away from the guitarist stage-right. I didn't see McLaren anywhere, but look, we were only kidding about the Folk Revival, really.

Historical note: the Stuart authority of James I was justly derided in its time, by superior men like Ben Jonson, for its indiscriminate bandying about of honours and rewards, thus rendering them worthless. TBC perpetuate this tradition, among others, in doing a similar thing for guitar chords and galloping drum patterns.

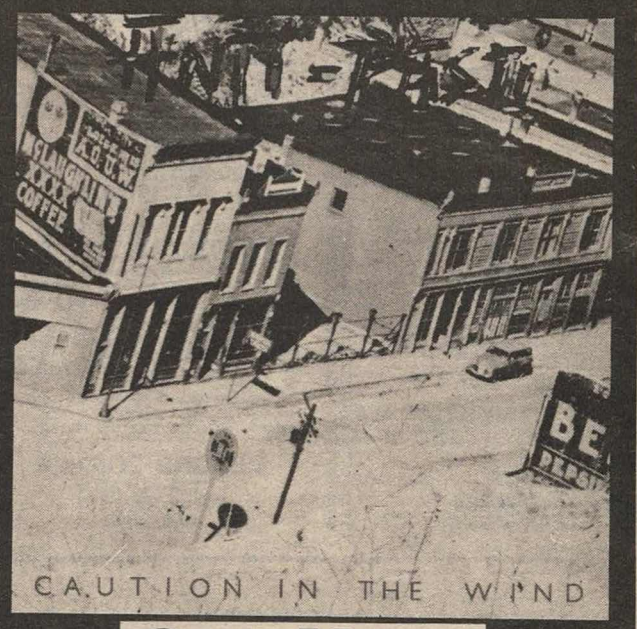
I suggest that, career-wise, it would be to The Big Country's immense advantage to undertake a major tour of the more obscure Dutch bars, or outlying Scandinavian farming communities, where, I am led to believe, they would be highly esteemed.

Mark Cordery

New Album

ANTI PASTI

'Caution In The Wind'



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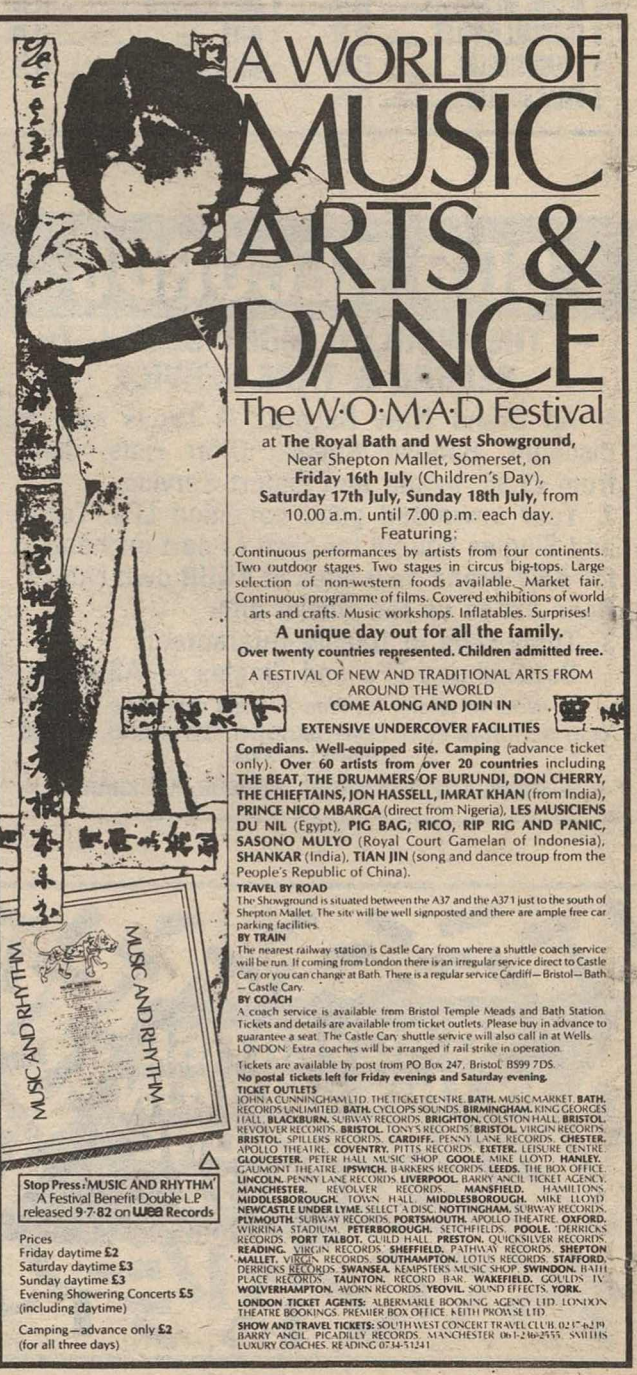
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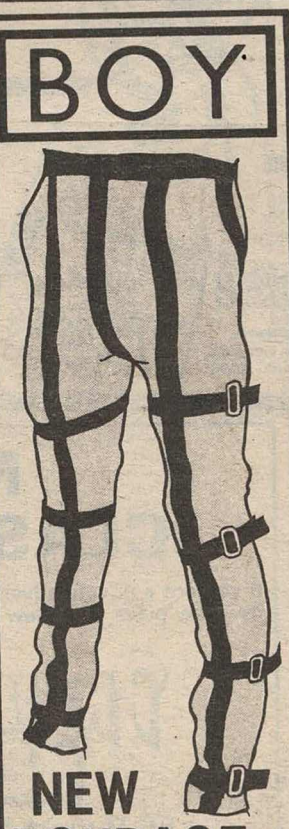

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ORNETTE

FROM PAGE 17

sometimes and enlightens you.

"I think every person that breathes has that within them in some degree of something that they do, it's just a matter of how they find a way of expressing without it being harmful to them.

"But with music, it covers so much emotion and expression in people that the person starts becoming — like, what they say, — fan. To me there's only one thing, and that's the music thing. When a person starts saying, Are you into so and so?, that means you're not into something else. Well, it doesn't make any sense. I have never really disowned anyone who's liked what I've done. I just see them as another person enjoying themselves, and something that I do makes them feel good about being that way. Therefore I would rather for them to feel better about what *that* is, than to make them feel like they're a fan. In Western culture, value is its own reward."

I ask, when did you start finding out about cultures that weren't Western?

"I think my first real experience was in the South," says Ornette. "I mean it was racial. But when I started not thinking that everything had a racial motive because someone wanted you to be with less, I went on an Indian reservation and saw some American Indians participating in their own culture and it awakened, fulfilled me. Then the person spoke about this, they didn't want any white people there. And I assumed that though I wasn't white, I also wasn't Indian, so I was intruding on their personal belief. The thing that really touched me more than anything was how they were praying to their own God that didn't have nothing to do with any religion I've ever experienced. And not only did they know what they were doing, they knew why.

"In the South I had had that same experience, but it always presented itself in a racial issue. I'd see a white person doing something that I wanted to participate in, but I couldn't, because of segregation. I'd see something a white person was doing that I hadn't had the experience to know as a kid. It was so *strange* growing up like that.

"When I was playing in church bands it gave me a real human interest in all those human things, like most people believe that people are equal. Then you realise that basically, most people see equality as something that gives them security in their environment, more than something in their heart that they want everybody to experience. But what can you say? I'm sure these things have already been said in the same way by millions of people.

"I think the same thing that separates human beings and races is the same quality that separates love and creativity. What I'm saying is that when someone finds that you do something and know something that they don't know, and you're in a lesser position, they have to try and destroy you. It seems like that's the pattern.

"Even in education if someone has developed something they do that is much more individual and more in control of the person than the persons that are in possession of the things that he needs to excel in their own field, they usually annihilate. Kill. Because society hasn't allowed the creative man to change the will of someone that is better off. It's not because the people that are better off feel any different about those that aren't. It's just that they assume that they have a right to the place where everyone wants to be; and that's where they think they should be, if they're there already."

ORNETTE'S EXPRESSION and use of language is individual, convoluted, and yet lucid, like an official Philosopher. What was his education like?

"I grew up with a family of school teachers; not my mother, she was a housewife. (Ornette's father died when he was seven.) But sisters, aunts, cousins, uncles, they were all in education.

"When I finished school I got about 10 or 12 scholarships to go to college. At the time I had a band, I was playing, I was making 200 dollars a week. If I was getting paid that in proportion to what I'm doing now, I'd be very wealthy. But it just had something to do with the fact of the need of what you were doing. I was playing in this kind of syndicate type of thing, where I played in white clubs on Wednesdays and Fridays and the Mexican clubs Thursdays, and the crowd was always large.

"So I was making a comfortable kind of living as a young teenager, for my mother, because we were very poor. It wasn't till I was 22 or 23 years old that I had my own room. At that point it was just my mother and sister and me, and I still didn't have my own room, so you can imagine how big the house was.

"So I decided to go down to a college, and see. When I got there, the guys were starving, they were in worse conditions than I was! So I said I can't go to college and not be able to support my family right. I decided that I would return home, since I realised I was going to be paid for something I learnt to do, and since I had already found something that I could do that I could get paid at. I took that security.

"It wasn't till deep in the late years of bebop that I realised that in classical music, there was music that hadn't had an applied result to it, just to be music. That's when I began to realise that there was what you call culture, and those kind of things. Because I've always thought that those kind of things was just people being human beings, and I didn't never think that culture, wealth, poverty, was something that had been done by design. I thought it was just a person.

"No one is born knowing that they're not rich or poor. When you was a baby, you didn't know that. So it's by design. That's why I don't understand those words called Socialism or Communism. Those kinds of things are really design. They're designed to instill you with the very thing that (they're) supposed to free you of. What it would be if that design didn't exist? But they took the design from the design.

"The only thing that I have literally tried to join that I thought was good, is religion. I really think that real religion eliminates the need of you having to design someone else's behaviour, because you don't want to trust them. You don't have to design someone's behaviour if you have a religious feeling. All the other things are designed because of human behaviour ..."

But don't you feel restricted in established religions? They have a very rigid code, I interrupt.

Ornette answers: "Only because of the fact that they challenge your will of who you are, not what you can do, and what you got. If you want to be a good person, and that's what your goals are, then it doesn't matter what your religion is, what it is that you want to achieve with your living, because that's the highest goal, to be a sincere good person. Once the patterns are applied, then you are restricted like you say.

IT'S ALMOST as common to see jazz musicians wearing the Moslem skull-cap as it is to see a reggae musician's dreadlocks.

Since you grew up in one of the most overtly racially hostile areas in the world, you've lived through many phases of growing black consciousness, a lot of which have been religious. How did you feel when your friends started taking African names, for example?

"I hadn't really thought about all the problems of social prejudice, because I didn't think that some particular race had caused my parents to become poor. I didn't think of it racially; I just thought of it as being poor. Where I grew up, there was no segregation — well, there was, but because there were no white people I didn't realise it was segregation. I didn't see other races."

So when did you start to relate to white people?

"I saw them, but I wasn't socialising with them. The conversation I have with you, I couldn't have with them. When I went to California in 1950 or '51 was the first time I had a conversation with a white person without thinking another white person was gonna come up and say, You can't do this. But all of those scenes came to my mind a different way than just black and white. They came to me according to what you could say was a territory.

"In my hometown there was a black man who had a bank, and then you'd go up the street and see a hillbilly in a worse condition. But you still couldn't talk to him, so it was always strange to me to understand the motive of what that system really meant to white people.

"Changing your name . . . your religion doesn't change your race. Sometimes people think you change your race by religion, but regardless of what religion you're going to accept, if you're black and look in the mirror, you see a black. I think a lot of minority people have changed their social and religious structures to try and find more individual freedom for themselves. Whether they do that, I don't know, but it seems to bring a certain respect to the minority. I think that if human beings didn't have to be bothered with the category of being a lesser being among someone else, they wouldn't have to change anything about who they are.

"Whenever a white person becomes religious, it's about him getting closer to his identity. But with minorities, it gives them more relationship to being accepted on a cultural, religious concept. You've got to understand that in Western society, the concept that we live and struggle in is by someone's design, and you know it's not your own."

What do you mean, Ornette? Are you thinking about conspiracy theories, multinational corporations pulling the strings of puppet politicians?

"Is that what you think?" asks Ornette, in polite surprise.

I see it as a crucial whodunnit, and I haven't read the last page.

"You already have over 200 million people; whether they're a corporation or not doesn't matter. For one thing, you don't have to be a part of something to know you have the privilege of doing something that someone else doesn't have, if you're a part of that mass imagery that we call human beings. In this particular, Western, environment, the darker skinned people are in a lesser position. I guess, I've heard, only because of numbers — not concepts or intellect, or ability, just a minority because of numbers."

You've worked with lots of people outside jazz — from Yoko Ono to the Master Musicians of Joujouka. What kinds of things did you learn from them?

"I've got on with most people involved in music; all they really want to do is their best. But to solve that problem is so hard to do. I think Yoko has always had an instinctual feeling to her, to make an impression on Western culture, and I think she found a way to do that in the non-black side of Western culture. The Joujouka people have been omitted from Western culture, and they're not even black!

"So what I've learnt is that in Western culture, the struggle is for the individual to relate to the masses, not for the masses to relate to the individual."

We're back to that whodunnit ... plots to keep the Lowest Common Denominator going, so that people aren't encouraged to think I say.

Ornette: "You mean — the idea of keeping somebody with less? ... maybe that's true too, but what I'm saying is that the difference between living to make something that you are trying to achieve become valuable in your lifetime, as opposed to letting things that are outdated make you feel that you are inferior to whatever it is you're trying to achieve."

WHAT ARE YOUR goals now? You've succeeded in making a lot of people think, as well as making their lives more pleasurable ... what seems most important to you now?

"What I'd like to do is to continue to advance the concept of living without being affected by anyone," Ornette answers swiftly and firmly, "as long as the motive that you have will be advantageous to people. That for me is much more noble. No one wants to be unhappy or unsuccessful; everybody wants the same thing, more or less. I would like to continue to get better, and have less problems about how I get to do that."

Next week in *NME*

HENRY

Lenny Henry that is, alias Joshua Zimbabwe, alias Delbert Wilkins, alias Radio One and Smiths Crisps' latest recruit.

HERZOG

Werner Herzog that is, alias the German movie mogul who dragged a steamboat, film crew and three lost tribes across The Andes.

SHRIEKBACK

Shriekback that is, alias Dave Allen and Barry Andrews' latest primal therapy session.

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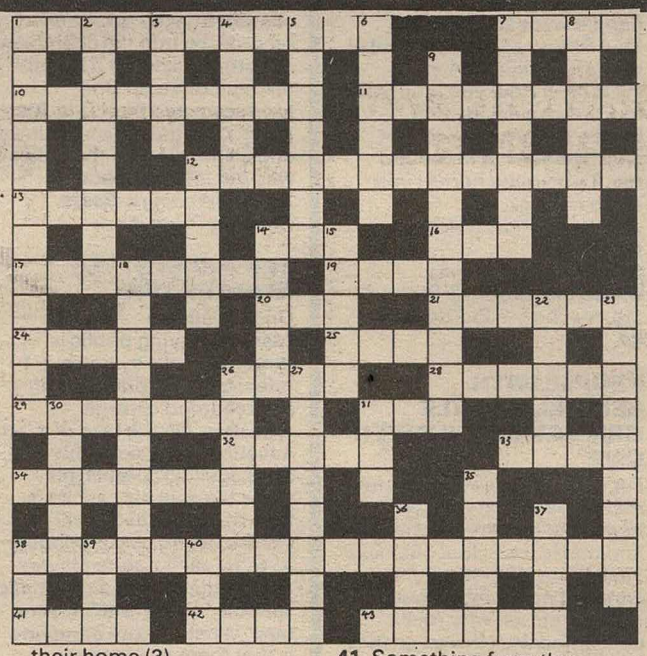


ACROSS

1 Individually they're Trudi, Sam, Martin, Stuart & Ian and currently receiving popular acclaim (4-7)
7 See 15D
10 Recently 'Out Of Reach' — avec squid? (4-5)
11 See 4D
12 The Stones first number one — and the end of them now and civilisation as we know it? (3-3-4-3)
13 John Lee ——, whose 'Dimples' was played by *every* guitarist in the sixties (6)
14 Forename of singer(?) who crooned with Careless Hands and I Pretend (3)
16 & 36D Classic R & R number performed by Bill Haley, Little Richard, Elvis Presley (3-2-2)
17 & 19 Pink Floyd's last hit prior to Another Brick (3-5-4)
20 This comes before and after Bob Dylan's Lady (3)
21 What Chas and Dave don't need to go shopping in Sainsbury's for (6)
24 Stevie Wonder song from the Kiwi's homeland (1-4)
25 Rod Stewart's label (4)
26 & 23D Skids down the slopes to the lower regions (4-3-6)
28 Roger Daltrey number which was not part of his McVicar period (2-4)
29 Damned Rat (7)
31 What Lindisfarne did for their home (3)
32 Live At ——, Who L.P. (5)
33 The supergroups return, and these are the latest (4)
34 Chart beauty has a tan — sort of (7)
38 Rod Stewart's cover version of an Isley Brothers hit (4-3-5-2-4)
41 Something from the Passage (4)
42 Did anyone say this to Lene Lovich? (4)
43 Buzzcocks go round and round in ever-decreasing circles for a scratch (6)

DOWN

1 Bauhaus resident (5-7)
2 Well respected record producer, but sounds like he steals from the gutter and other such places (4-4)
3 Fleetwood Mac on the horn (4)
4 & 11A The Rutles take off of The Beatles (1-4-2-2-4)
5 & 27 Dateline — June 1977: Scene — A fascist regime: outlook — no future (3-4-3-5)
6 They backed Duane Eddy (6)
7 Gordon ——, guitarist best known for 'Heartsong' (7)
8 Title of Buddy Holly single and L.P. (4-2)
9 Even I don't know this one, but — a hit apparently for Cliff in 1971 (7-4)
12 Big Dee —— (5)
14 Mr Zimmerman (5)
15 & 7A Jazz rock combo who scored with 'Morning Dance' (5-4)
18 Bowie's 'Pin-Ups' version of 'Friday On My Mind' was originally by this band (9)
22 Stiff Little Fingered Jake (5)
23 See 26A
26 & 37 This was Elton's 15th hit (6-4)
27 See 5D
30 They've suffered from white riots, English civil wars, bank-robbers and the cost of living (5)
31 Bee Gees label (1-1-1)
35 '— — A Penny' by Slade (2-3)
36 See 16A
37 See 26D
38 Joe, who bumped no more with no big fat woman (3)
39 — League, tossing and turning in 1965 (3)
40 The sufferers from 30 down fought this lot and won (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: — 1 King Trigger, 7 (Spyro) Gyra, 10 Vice Squad, 11 '(I Must) Be In Love', 12 'It's All Over Now', 13 Hooker, 14 Des (O'Connor), 16 'Rip (It Up)'. 17 & 19 'See Emily Play', 20 'Lay', 21 'Rabbit', 24 'I Wish', 25 'Riva', 26 'Into (The Valley', 28 'I'm Free', 29 Scabies, 31 'Run', 32 Leeds, 33 Asia, 34 Natasha, 38 'This Old Heart Of Mine', 41 'Xo Yo', 42 'When', 43 'Spiral'.

Down: — 1 Kevin Haskins, 2 Nick Lowe, 3 'Tusk', 4 'I Must (Be In Love)', 5 'God Save (The Queen)', 6 'Rebels', 7 Giltrap, 8 'Rave On', 9 'Silvery Rain', 12 Irwin, 14 Dylan, 15 Spyro (Gyra), 18 Easybeats, 22 Burns, 23 '(Into) The Valley', 26 'Island (Girl)', 27 '(God Save) The Queen', 30 Clash, 31 RSO, 35 'In For', 36, '(Rip) It Up', 37 '(Island) Girl', 38 Tex, 39 Ivy, 40 Law.

Illustration by Kathryn Glover

Genuine ethnic-style hand-woven GASBAG

Readers letters PERUsed by Paul Du Noyer

Is Monty Smith animated by Ray Harryhausen?
Taffy O'Raftery, Leeds.
Not especially. — PDN

Brazil will win Wimbledon. Connors will win the World Cup. Paul Du Noyer is a genius. Right? Right.
Crazy John, Somewhere.
Hey! Like, thanks! (Long pause followed by question mark). — PDN

I can't imagine that any of the *NME* writers would refer to blacks as "niggers" or to Jews as "yids". However, referring to homosexuals as "fags" (Danny Baker in his *Singles* column) is apparently okay.
Contemptible.
Vincent Homolka, Clifton, Bristol.
He goes even further! He calls pubs "boozers", he calls a pound-note "a quid", and ciggies are "fags" as well. Phew, it doesn't do to be sensitive when that Baker, boy's around. Nor pathetically paranoiac. — PDN

I enjoyed nearly all of last week's *NME*. The written word was interesting, stimulating, even funny! For all the mistakes, the soul-searching . . . LET ME SAY . . . your concern for music as music, for youth and political honesty — it is authentic. A vital contrast to daytime Radio 1, to Richard Branson, to *Sounds:* worms!
Si Cophant.
So much for the bouquets. Now for the Stones . . . — PDN

To (old man) Barney Tosskins. Did you write the review of The Rolling Stones before actually going? Whatever the case, you were totally predictable. Before I even reached page 45 I knew that *NME* would dismiss this event with little passing thought. The review was unfunny and at times inaccurate. I expect you were listening to 'The Gift' on your Walkman while they were playing *(Barney is, indeed, a well-known Jam supporter. — Ed.)* and you had the intention of leaving feeling unimpressed by The Greatest Rock Group In The World who played for two hours and produced a show which is so far unparalleled in the UK.
The Stones are to rock what *Coronation Street* is to Penman and two million other grannies. Both have been going for at least twenty years and neither look like stopping. In twenty years time Strummer, Weller, Brandon and countless other luminaries will be long forgotten by your paper, yet few weeks have passed this year without a reference to at least one of the Stones. This is twenty years on, Blarney. You're not blind to reason, just pig-headed. You won't be reviewing gigs for *NME* in twenty years Mr Tosskins, and I suggest that you transmit yourself back to space (the biggest area being between your ears).
Margaret Trudeau, Battersea.

I think we had to wait too long at Bristol.
Andy, Portchester.

To the guy at Turnstile 'F' at Wembley Stadium who admitted me free, one number into the Stones' set. I don't know who you are my friend, I probably never will, but being unemployed I was most reluctant to give Michael Philip & Co ten quid. So when to my absolute delight and disbelief you told me to run on through I started to believe in miracles. May the bird of paradise fly up your nose and here's looking at ya kid. Yours in ecstacy,
Midnight Rambler, Earls Court.
But Barney, we had review tickets for you back at the office! — PDN

This time you have gone too far. Your *Live!* section from the June 26 issue contained reviews of the following "artists" (among others): Allan Eager, The Big Combo, Design For Living, Gorp, Cherry Boys and The Perfect Crime. I am not criticising your coverage of these groups. BUT if you cover these "famous"(?) "celebrities" you should also cover the *real* stars. You seem to have forgotten 72,000 people went and watched Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel perform (brilliantly) at Wembley. How you ignorant morons can decide that Simon & Garfunkel are not worth reviewing is beyond me. To be quite honest you make me *sick.*
Stephen Jones, Colchester, Essex.
Simon And . . . dunno. Buskers outside the Stones' gig, maybe? — Puzzled *Live!* Ed.

PEOPLE WITH SENSIBLE–STYLE GRIEVANCES NUMBER ONE

For some time now I have felt that the *NME* has always neglected one area of music, and that is the actual business itself. Issue after issue contains news, interviews, reviews etc, all very much concerned with the musicians. Until recently I believed your paper was certainly following the right lines, considering that most people are more concerned with information on those they admire, than with the person distributing records to wherever they purchase their discs.
But since handling fan-mail to The Farmers Boys, my attention has been drawn to one thing: the lack of nationwide distribution by the independent companies such as Rough Trade, Red Rhino and others. Week after week Backs Records have to send copies through the post to people in Southampton, Woking, Watford, Stockport and many other towns in the country. It seems obvious that people are willing to buy independent records but I think the hesitation by Rough Trade etc leads to a case of demand and no supply.
I was wondering if *NME* would do an article on the inefficiency of the independent distributors, mainly because of the old complaint: why do some records get into the charts and not others? I doubt if it's all the fault of Radio One producers and their DJs. It's about time the music business and all the glory of the indies was put into perspective.
Kathy Hutchings, Backs Records, Norwich.

SENSIBLE–STYLE NUMBER TWO

Once again the cassette-buying public is forced to make a choice — I refer to the introduction of pre-recorded chrome cassettes. On the face of it, an advance, for once — but wait, does Joe (Jill?) Public play these tapes in his car? If so then the tape head is very likely to be quickly damaged as most car cassette players are not made with a tape head suitable for use with chrome tape. What is more annoying is that there is no warning printed on the inlay card to advise potential buyers of the risk. What of the future? No more cassette purchases if chrome tape is used? Buy a new (very expensive) car cassette player?
It seems that the record companies are determined to kill cassettes altogether, with their campaign against home-taping and the poor information given on inlay a piece of paper and look at it. It is covered in sardines and silver beet. The hot plates won't heat up, so I have to think of Tch-Tch-Tch, Asphyxiation and Equal Local by myself. My plants are happy but I wish I saw more of Gus Gorilla. One day I'll break my old Sherbert records.
Bohdan X, Fitzroy, Australia.
Er, fine. Have a nice day!— PDN

X-OCET MISSIVE

Dear X. Moore, If you really are intent on trying to change things for the better, a couple of suggestions:-
1. Find a better medium than second-rate imitations of a journalistic style that went out of fashion four years ago.
2. Move to somewhere a bit closer to the edge, nearer to the front line, up against the wall, astride the barricades, maaaaan, than (stifled sniggers) York (hoots of unctrollable mirth).
Or are you just another papier-mache poseur?
U. R. Allmouth, Hip Sheffield.

A-NARKY ONE

I'm just writing to complain about 'Boy"s T-shirts advert in *NME* the other week. Their supposed Anarchy T-shirts, which showed Micky Mouse screwing Minnie Mouse, were totally an unfair representation of what anarchy means. Boy is a capitalist clothes shop which pretends to be the friend of youth, and yet it disfigures anarchy to rape. This is totally wrong and a lie! Anarchy means peace, freedom and the end of governments. This is the kind of tactic that tries to supress anarchy. Well anarchy's alive and kicking and it's not like that.
Thross Paradise of Towards Zero, St Albans.

There's something wrong cards. The price difference between records and tapes seems quite unjustifiable as all but the printed components are mass produced and only the tape copying a significant factor. The latest type of case used for the Toyah and Jethro Tull cassettes is diabolical as they do not fit any standard shelves in home, car or shop. Island's paper carton is also poor.
The record companies complain about falling sales and wonder what to do about it. Well, how about giving the public a good and fair deal for once. Stop ripping us off, and maybe then the need to try and get something back will disappear, the need for home taping could become a thing of the past, and perhaps the public's goodwill and the companies' sales start to rise again. Some hope?
A. D. B. Burr, St Albans, Herts.

Gavin "to the lure of overpaid hack journalism" Martin interviews a 28-year-old man. The man is a physical fitness freak who plays "Celtic soul", needs to say "prick" once in every three words, and pays for full page adverts in the music press explaining how intense his music is. Then the "man" and sycophantic hack Gavin joke about how out of touch The Au Pairs are.
Show Me: a man who makes a career out of imitating and tinkering with "soul music", desperately jealous of a band who update and broaden soul music. *I'll Show You:* Kevin Rowland.
Dave Domestos, Birmingham 11.
All Gavin did was receive the "joke" into his tape recorder, as part of a (very good) interview; the words were all Rowland's. The slur was cruel, agreed, but jealous? I doubt it. — PDN

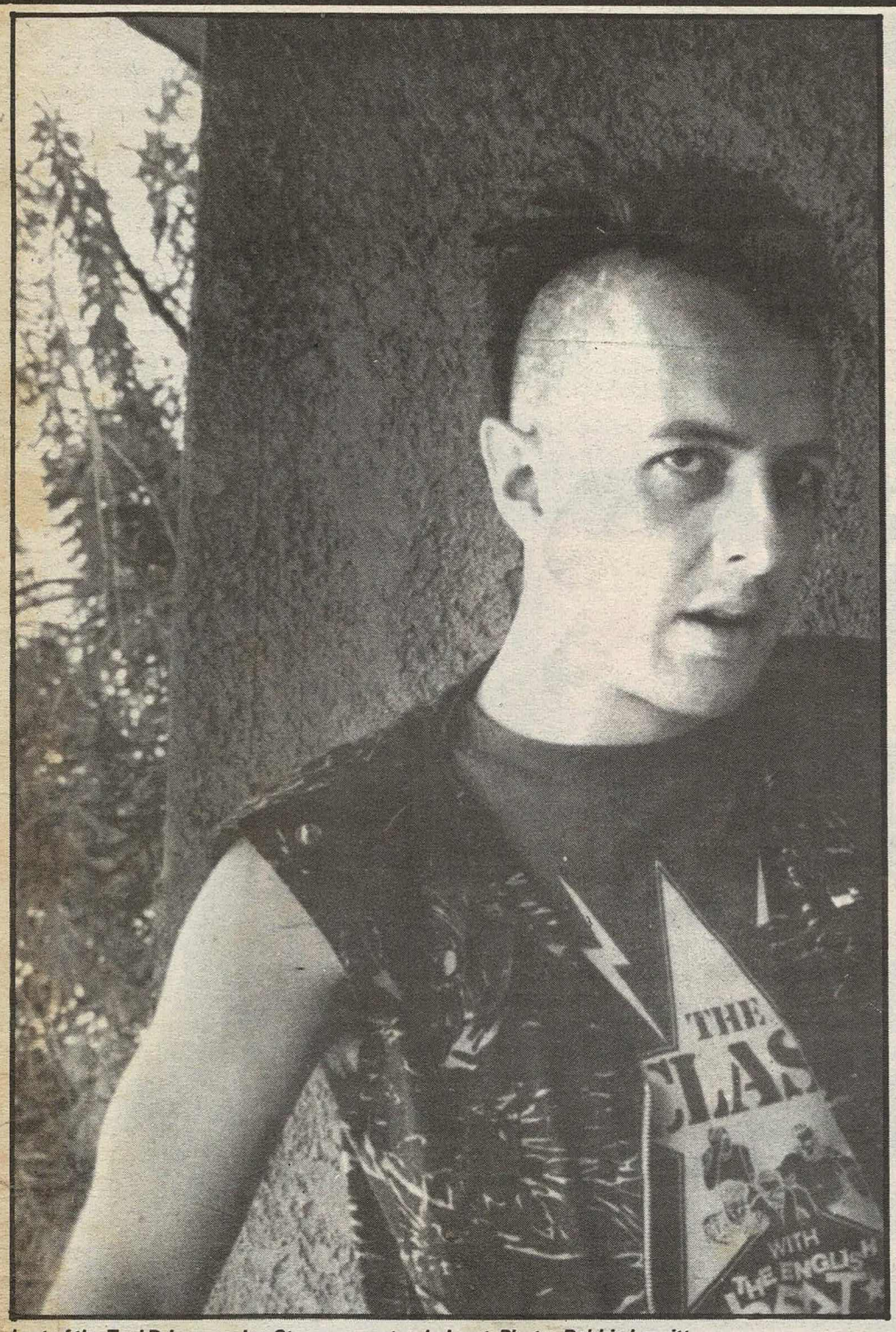
Life in an Australian suburb . . . Four times a day I pick up with *NME*. Last week's issue had a review of Frank Zappa's lastest LP, consisting of just 96 words, and a review of his new single taken from the album, which was 148 words long. Also, both reviews were unfavourable. I think Messrs Baker and Snow should go back to reading the news (geddit?!?).
Dame Bryan, Nowhere, Nr Kent.
No. Apologies for the over-long single review, all the same. — PDN

Regarding your interview with Iron Maiden, we as three lady rock fans are appalled at the comments made by Steve Harris and Bruce Dickenson mentioning that they were not aware of females in the audience. It is obvious that they are still in the Stone Age and have been giving autographs and too much attention to men only, and the reason for this is that females alone at a rock concert are classed as groupies. We are not able to make our presence known, even though we would love to meet groups in person, but we don't want to put over the wrong impression.
Steve Harris commented that they thought women were not attracted to them. This is not so. We're sure if other women saw them on stage in tight trousers and skimpy tops, they would be attracted to them as well. In any case, this does not hide the fact that we enjoy the music, and if we're ever brazen enough to meet them, we will buy them a pint if they lend us a quid.
Three Invisible Maidens, Cornwall.

I must just say that it's getting very tiring witnessing increasing numbers of British artists making ceaseless expeditions to Germany and Japan. God. What do you think they do with their first advance? They head in their droves to Berlin; first stop the Wall. What do they do when they get there? They munch a couple of wurst, visit a club and a beer keller then return with an experimental album.
If they happen to be fortunate enough to receive a second advance do they spend it on anything sensible? No. They're off again. This time Tokyo. They have posey photos taken of them all wearing kimonos and eagerly learning the tea ceremony, pretending to like raw fish and seaweed or any other 'cuisine that gets washed up on the beach. They buy the compulsory *sake* at the duty free (probably to punish friends and unblock drains), get back to England and waffle unrelentingly about culture to the first unfortunate interviewer assigned to the case.
Isn't there enough culture in the rest of the planet, even here come to that. Just because Bowie visits these places for his holidays doesn't mean we all have to!
Gerpan B. Lash, Abu Dabi.

I've read many articles that in the past have incensed me beyond belief but the Glastonbury review is the limit.
You have totally ignored the whole atmosphere of the fayre. Where else do you get 60,000 people gathered together with plenty of drink and drugs and not a nanogramme of bad vibes? It was a festival of peace which raised £50,000 for CND — the largest ever single contribution to the movement — sneer at that if you want to be clever.
Do I need to mention the food supplied by hundreds of the people you would probably call dopey hippies? Vegetable curry 60p; citroen presse 20; soup followed by pitta bread with cheese and homemade aubergine chutney with crepes to finish. Why no mention of the all-night dub tent; the theatre and cinema?

Send your offerings to *Gasbag, NME,* 5-7 Carnaby St. London W1V 1PG



Last of the Taxi Drivers — Joe Strummer gets a hair cut. Photo: Debbie Leavitt.

To top it all you said there was nothing to attract the mods and the drugs were underground — huh! SKF blues four @ £1.00 and all drugs freely on sale, generally less than London prices. Manner of advertising ranged from sandwich boards to flags above tents.

Need I say more than that you've probably discouraged many people who might have come next year to what I think is one of the most incredible atmospheres to spend a weekend in.

Shove that up your dirt box.
Y. Yang, Blackheath.

Re *Gasbag* debate: There is no such thing as a male feminist. . .
MenAgainstWomanAgainstMen Against . . .
Yes, I like to think I'm committed
I feel I can really identify
I truly believe in our sisters' cause;
I'm sure as a man, I can help.
So many women aren't conscious enough
Of the damage that's being done —
They need someone with determination
To open their eyes to the truth,
Someone to explain feminism to them,
And guide their thoughts correctly.
Though I say so myself
Who better than I?
Founder of the Campus Men Against Sexism Creche,
To explain things to them logically.
Yes, what these poor misguided women need
Is a man, to organise and lead them —
And anyway, it's the only way I seem to get laid these days. . .
Joolz, Bradford, W Yorks.
This correspondence is now closed. Well, we can wish, can't we? — PDN

AND WE OPEN this week's column with . . . a lump of wood. Really. Just an ordinary piece of wood. It's a pity you can't see it. It's a shame we can't give away a single splinter of it with every copy of the paper. It's, ooh, three inches long, about one-and-a-half wide, maybe an inch thick, all jagged at either end, lightly varnished, slightly soiled, considerably scratched. That's about it, really. What's next?

Ah, right. Here's a nice little *T-Zer* about **Lene Lovich** — *(Hang on, what's this about the wood? — Ed.)* Oh nothing, it's just a piece of wood. Anyway, about Lene Lovich. She's lined up to play **Mata Hari,** to whom she "bears an uncanny likeness" says Hammersmith's Lyric Studio Theatre. The play will open there on 19 October, and it's called *Mata Hari,* which means, in the stage jargon we're apt to slip into so effortlessly, that Lene will have "the title role". It also makes Mata the "eponymous heroine" of the play. Did you know that October 15 — just days before the play opens, is the 65th anniversary of Mata getting shot? Lene designs all her own costumes for the part. She even co-wrote the thing, along with **Les Chappell** and **Chris Judge Smith.** It's a musical. We could go on all day telling you about Lene Lovich playing Mata Hari at the Hammersmith Lyric Studio Theatre. But there's just too much other interesting stuff to get through. Like . . .

(The wood? — Ed.) Look, forget the wood. It's so ordinary you wouldn't believe it. Jeez, why'd we ever mention it in the first place? *(Yeah, why did you mention it in the first place? — Ed.)* Here, take your mind off it with this: Radio Clyde are broadcasting a two-hour interview with **Robert Plant,** at midnight this Friday. Exciting news, eh? And on we go . . .

Speaking of local wireless stations — and let's face it, who isn't these days? — why, we wonder, just why, why exactly, in fact, did *Radio Times* advertise a Radio Oxford prog of Asian music last week . . . with a photo of someone holding a **Nina Hagen** LP? Apologise, damn you! I mean, *we* have to apologise all the time. Even when we've said nothing wrong. Well, only a bit wrong anyhow. *NME* readers are urged to bombast *(That's a noun, not a verb — Ed.)* yeah the hell with it, *bombast* the mag with letters of wrath and rage, like "You've gone too far this time, *Radio Times!*" and "In future, sir, I shall rely on the ever-reliable *T-Zer* column of the splendid *New Musical Express* for all information concerning upcoming radio items of interest." Take that! Oh yes, *RT;* granted (assume tone of high-minded scorn and withering irony) *granted* that Fraulein Hagen is wearing some exotic headpiece, on her head, in the picture. But, you know, Berlin is not, we repeat *not* Bombast. Er, Bombay. We believe in getting things right, you know. Smug? *We?* Well yes . . .

On now to an intriguing snippet about Denmark's folk/salsa fusion quintet **The Trees.** *(We'd really rather hear about the lump of wood —* *Ed.)* Honestly! Some people round here can't seem to see The Trees for the wood. So Danish folk/salsa fusion music doesn't interest you, eh? So be it. It makes our job *so much* easier if you only want garbage about pieces of wood. Wood ye shall have. We wash our metaphorical hands of the whole affair. Wood coming up, then . . .

The piece of wood comes with a press release, entitled **"Sid Sideboard** — A Legend In His Own Front Room" and, need we proceed? *(Um, okay, let's nail the wood thing then — Ed.)* Nail the wood! Ha ha! Yeah, right, really good! (Aside: oi-vey, what can you do?) . . .

Our role is but to serve *you,* the all-important consumer. With this, our column's motto, firmly in our minds — and tattooed, for extra measure, across our foreheads, but backwards so we can read it in the mirror — we bring you A Public Service Announcement. Stripping away all the unnecessary verbals, it goes something like this. The band **Bow Wow** who are playing at this year's more-than-usually-hideous Reading Festival, are not our own dear **Bow Wow Wow.** They are, in fact, a Japanese heavy metal act. Achtung. You have been warned . Beware of Japanese imitations. Not authentic without that extra "Wow". There. This has been a *T-Zer* -style Public-style Announcement . . .

SAY WHAT YOU like about **The Swinging Laurels.** We don't care. But we admire a band with guts to *apologise* — are you receiving us, *Radio Times?* — yes, to apologise, when apologies are called for. The Swinging Laurels would like to apologise to anyone who turned up to see them at Basildon Racquels Club last Thursday. The group didn't turn up. So why do they need to apologise? Oh, we *see.* They're apologising for not showing up. By God, that's admirable, don't you think? The reason for their no-show scenario was a sudden throat infection suffered by singer **Gary Birtles.** And they're sorry. Deeply sorry. Okay, let's not overdo the remorse, shall we? Meanwhile, as an act of solidarity with all the regulars of Basildon Racquels Club, the following *T-Zer* has decided not to show up either . . .

(Five-second silence . . .)

Hello again. At a loose end? Disgusted by so-called funk music yet stuck for a London nightclub to attend every Wednesday night from 11pm "till late"? No? Fine, push off and go to the next *T-Zer* then. The rest of youse might like to know about the Batcave. That's a new niterie that'll specialise in sounds like **Bauhaus, Sweet, Doors, T. Rex, NY Dolls,** in fact anything in make-up and leather underpants. Plus they'll have drag cabaret, mud wrestling, live groups, fireshows, and that all-important ingredient, "etc". But no funk. Admission is free, membership is £3, leather underpants are even more. The Batcave opens on July 21, at the Gargoyle in 69 Dean Street, Soho. As an additional attraction, all patrons of the Batcave will be suspended from the ceiling, upside-down-style, upon entry, and remain in that position until dawn. No, they won't *really* . . .

It sounds very much the sort of place where you might meet **Nick Cave** of **The Birthday Party.** As readers of *Loving* magazine know, Nick is homeless. You might even say he doesn't have a cave to his name, except that he has. *Loving* readers know, because Nick told them, and he gave them his publicist's number to ring with offers of shelter. These are now pouring in, to his embarrassment as it was a mere prank in the first place . . .

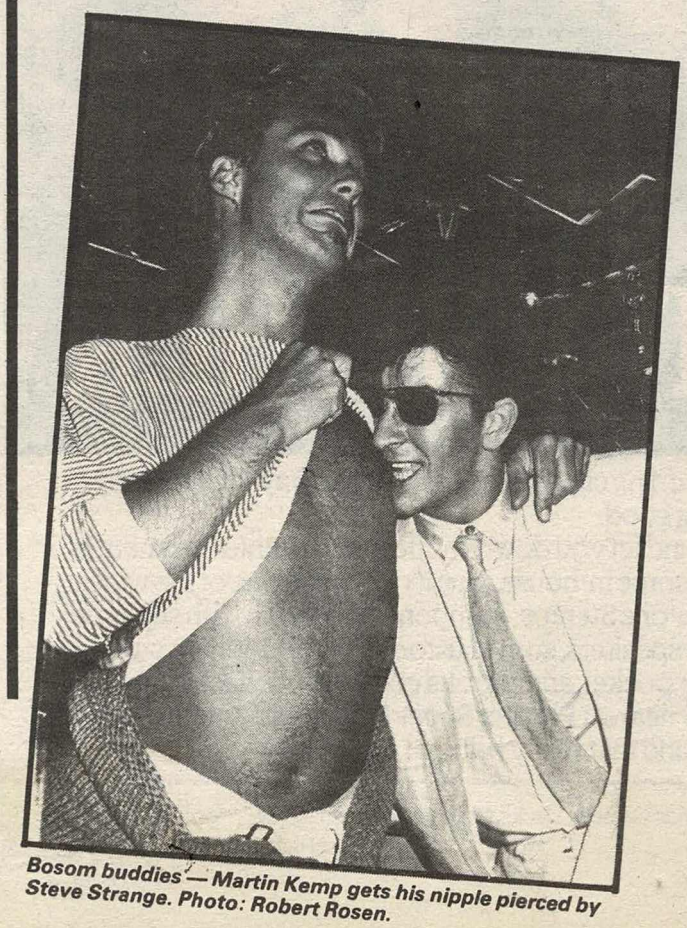
Well, that's about all we have time for. So, from *T-Zers,* it's GOODBYE . . .

(The staff adjourn to the pub. The typewriters are silenced. Into the darkened *NME* office, a small silhouette is creeping, with the stealth of an accomplished burglar. It is the piece of wood).

Primitive artist Sid Sideboard has spoken from his Watford garret. "All the world's a chair," says the reclusive genius. Sideboard, who came to prominence with his '60s one-man exhibition in Greenwich Village, near Watford, which consisted of 250 broken chairs piled across a tin of **Andy Warhol** and entitled *Street Level Perception,* has been strangely quiet of late. "Now I am sending the world my soul again. Furniture art is the axis on which the world revolves," says Sid.

"Sid's too humble," says his agent **Sam Silver.** "We've tied up a deal with Acme Merchandising Inc. worth 3.7 million. We're doing furniture art for the masses. The first line is desk-top paperweights. Nice little number. Every piece smashed — make that *created* — by Sid. Good seller at £19.99."

There. Oh I know the *NME's* too high-and-mighty to tell you stuff like this. Well that's their look-out. Take it from me, a piece of wood. Who'd you rather believe? Nail me to your car, and I will show you who you are! Over and out . . .



Bosom buddies — Martin Kemp gets his nipple pierced by Steve Strange. Photo: Robert Rosen.

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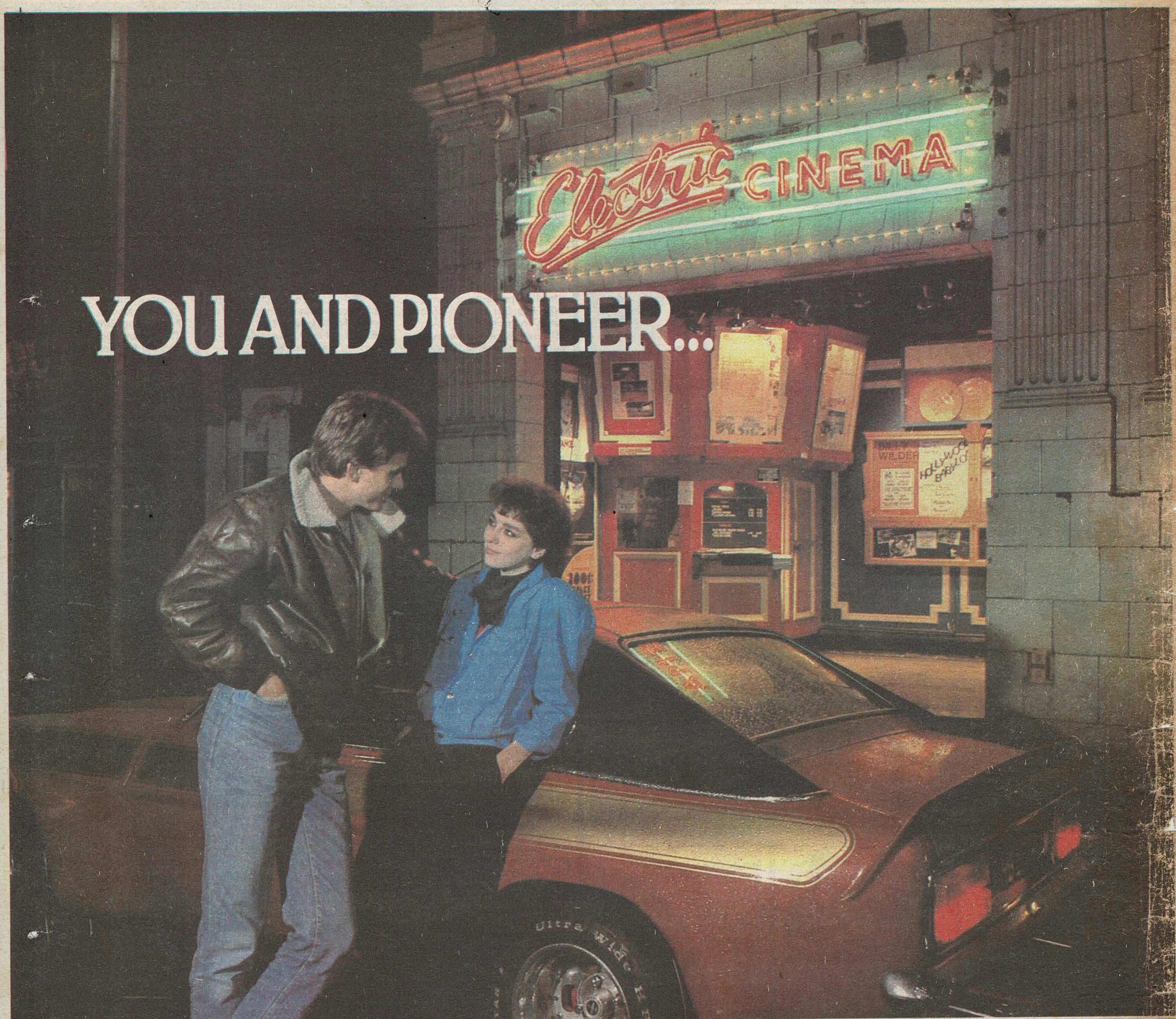

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